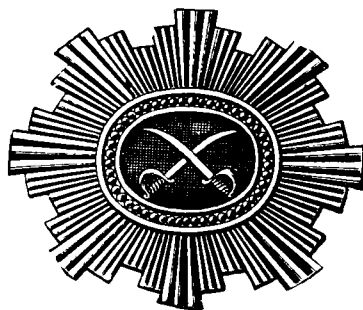




BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL
THOMAS E. CHICKERING

THE
THIRD MASSACHUSETTS CAVALRY
IN THE
WAR FOR THE UNION



BY
REV JAMES K. EWER.
Company C, Third Mass. Cav.

PUBLISHED BY DIRECTION OF THE
HISTORICAL COMMITTEE OF THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION,
1903.

DEDICATION.

To the Heroic Men, who, in the
War for the Union,
followed the Flag, on Land and Sea,
this Volume is affectionately
Dedicated by
The Author.



FOREWORD.



AFTER many year of waiting, a history of the Third Mass. Cavalry is now given to the world. Having been commissioned to execute the work, it is with great satisfaction that the author now announces that the enterprise has been brought to a successful consummation. Great labor has been involved in the undertaking. So scattered are the living members of the regiment, and so imperfect the records kept by the officers, that the task imposed of making a complete history of the organization has not been ordinary. The historian has striven to give as complete and accurate a statement of facts as possible under the circumstances. Mistakes will be discovered, the impossible has not been attempted.

In performing this work the writer has been greatly aided by the members of the Historical Committee, by Sec. George H. Rymill, and by Capt. J. W. Hervey.

His thanks are due to Putnam & Sons, New York, for cuts of battlefields, to Harper & Bros., and to the Star Publishing Co. of Chicago, for permission to copy certain interesting scenes in the regimental life.

The following works have been consulted

"Greeley's American Conflict," "Harper's Pictorial History of the War," Irwin's History of the 19th Corps," published by Putnam & Sons, N. Y., and "Campaigning with Banks and Sheridan," by Flynn.

The author is greatly indebted to the Adjutant General's Reports for 1863-6, as compiled by Lieut.-Col. D. P. Muzzey, of Cambridge.

If this History shall in some degree serve to perpetuate the record of the gallant regiment whose deeds are herein narrated, and if the rising generation shall, perchance, gather somewhat of inspiration from the perusal of these pages, the author shall be rewarded for the time and toil expended in the preparation and publication of the work.

J K. E



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WHERE THE REGIMENTAL LIFE BEGAN.

INTRODUCTION.

THE record of the struggle for liberty in America constitutes one of the brightest pages in the history of the world. In her gigantic struggle, Freedom has summoned to her side the fairest and the best of the children of men. Her poets, her orators, her statesmen, her philosophers have stirred the hearts of millions, while her soldiers have filled the world with the fame and glory of their deeds. Just as the Northern Lights illumine Arctic skies at night, and make all things luminous with their electric rays, so the lives of the advocates and defenders of American civilization and American freedom light up the age in which they lived and wrought for God, and right, and native land. Their supreme devotion to the great principles for which they toiled, their invincible heroism displayed upon the field of battle, their sincere consecration to those far-reaching ideas that have made the nation great, have challenged the attention of the world; and, as the rising sun drives away the darkness of night, and ushers in a new day of light and joy, so has our people brought to the world a new day of liberty and gladness.

The following pages will deal with the exploits of some of the men who helped make our history illustrious. Never while memory lasts can the volunteer soldiers of 1861-5 forget those four red years of war. Never while reason shall endure shall he cease to talk of the camp, the march, the bivouac, the charge, the siege, the struggle, the

victory, and the ten thousand unwritten experiences that came to him in that stupendous effort to save the Union, and never, while this Great Republic occupies her present proud position in the world, ought the people, North, South, East and West, to cease to hold in lasting remembrance the deeds of those who dared to do and dared to die in order that a "government of the people, by the people, for the people, might not perish from the earth."

There are certain distinguishing characteristics of the American soldier in the war for the Union, which mark him and make him to stand forth illustrious.

He was characterized by a most remarkable patriotism. His patriotism was not passive, but active. Daniel Webster once said that there are times when the most eloquent thing in the world is action. He tells us when those times occur. They come to a man when the life of his family or the nation hangs trembling in the balance. "Then patriotism is eloquent, then self-devotion is eloquent." That time came when the gathering storm of disunion burst upon the country. The nation's life hung trembling in the balance. Treason was in the air. Sumter had fallen. The flag had been insulted. Washington was menaced, and the streets of Baltimore ran red with Massachusetts blood. Then, flashing along the wires, there came the call for troops. How it thrilled the pulse of the loyal North, as it had rarely been thrilled before! How the cry went round, "Whom shall we send, and who will go for us?" Then out spoke the volunteer soldier. His response was hearty and sincere. His patriotism had the right ring. From city, town and hamlet there came back a cry like the voice of many waters, "Here am I; send me, send me!" And so they marched, as Homer makes his heroes march, with silence for their guide, through Boston, Baltimore and Washington, down to the Potomac, down to the Rappahannock,

down to the Mississippi, down to the Rio Grande; and Bull Run, and Yorktown, and Antietam, and Fredericksburg, and Vicksburg, and Gettysburg, and Port Hudson, and the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, and Petersburg, and Winchester, and Cedar Creek, and Appomattox, and a hundred other well-fought fields of battle told all the world that freemen's hearts are made of sterner stuff than that of cowards, and that their thought of liberty they could make emphatic, if need be, amid the rattle of the musketry and "the cannon's opening roar."

The Volunteer soldier was also distinguished by a remarkable courage and intrepidity, displayed upon the field of battle. He was no shirk. He had a strong conviction that something must be done. He obeyed orders. Very few cases of insubordination occurred during the Civil War. Sydney Smith once said that a great deal of talent is lost to the world for want of a little courage. Another has told us that things out of hope are compassed off by venturing.

The venture of a brave man has accomplished wonders for the good of man. The history of the war for the Union, is bright with illustrations of this colossal truth. The campaign against Vicksburg was the venture of brave men. The successful issue of Shiloh was the venture of brave men. The Union army was defeated when the sun set at the close of the first day's conflict. That was a serious setting of the sun. Senator Pugh, of Alabama says that that day was the great opportunity of the Southern Confederacy.

That night there was a council of war. Sherman was there. Lew Wallace was there. Slocum and McClernand were there. There was a strong desire to fall back. Our lines had been broken, our losses had been severe; much of our artillery was in the hands

of the enemy, and thousands of our brave men lay dead or dying on the field of battle. But Ulysses S. Grant was invincible: he knew no defeat. At length he spoke. "Gentlemen," said he, "we will re-form the lines, and attack the enemy at daybreak." The lines were re-formed. They did attack at daybreak. They swept forward like an avalanche. They recovered lost ground. They drove the enemy before them in confusion. And when the next sun set, they slept as victors upon the very field from which they had been driven on the day before. General Grant believed in the courage and intrepidity of his men. He could trust his soldiers to execute his plans. He conquered because the rank and file were obedient even unto death.

A similar scene occurred at Cedar Creek. Here the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, with other regiments of the Nineteenth Corps, had been surprised by General Early and forced back from their camp and away from the line of battle. Sheridan's arrival did not add a single regiment to the army. He made use of the men who composed that army. "Turn the other way!" was his command, and it was obeyed. "Forward!" was the watchword; and no man halted. "Charge!" was the signal; and every man did his best. There was the clear conception, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit; and it brooked no defeat. The man for the hour had arrived; the men for the hour were before him: and the result electrified the world. Tin soldiers could never have won at Cedar Creek.

Another distinguishing characteristic of the Union soldier was his patient endurance of the hardship and privation incident to a soldier's life. The writer served three years at the front. He was with his regiment amid some very trying circumstances. He saw the men march through swamps and bayous through mud and

water, knee-deep; he saw them sleeping out of doors on dark, stormy nights, far from home; he saw them footsore, hungry, sick, and dying from exposure and wounds; but does not recall a single case of murmuring or unreasonable complaint during the entire time the regiment was in the service. The men sometimes sighed for home. They oftentimes wished the "cruel war was over." But he does not remember hearing any soldier say he was sorry he had enlisted, or was unwilling to stay till the war was at an end. The men were generally good-natured. They sang songs in the night. Like true soldiers, they submitted gracefully to the inevitable. They were patient amid suffering. They bore their burdens in a spirit of uncomplaining fortitude.

After one of the great battles of the war, a Union soldier—a cavalryman—lay upon the amputation table. A bullet had gone through his right arm, shattering the bone. Amputation was necessary. His right arm was removed and thrown upon a huge pile of arms and legs outside. At length he awakes. "Where is my arm? Bring me my arm. I want to see my strong right arm." They brought it in. He looked at the lifeless member, then passed his left hand over the cold, clammy fingers, and said, "Good bye, old arm, good bye. We've been a long time together, and you've been a good friend to me, but we must part company now! You'll never swing another sabre nor pull another carbine for the government!" And then the hot tears poured down his manly cheeks. Turning to those who stood near, he said, "Mind you, I don't regret its loss. This strong right arm has been torn from my body that not one star shall be torn from this glorious Union!" Such was the spirit with which our men went forth to battle, such was the spirit with which they laid their limbs and lives upon a common altar, in a common cause.

Another prominent characteristic of the Northern volunteer was his great magnanimity to a conquered foe. When Tamerlane went forth to battle, he piled the skulls of his numerous victims into pyramids that he might feast his eyes on the revolting sight. Sylla commanded the bones of Marius to be broken, his eyes to be pulled out, his hands to be cut off, and his body to be torn to pieces with pincers. Cataline was executioner. Fierce conquerors, in the olden time, cut off the heads of princes made captive by the fortune of war. When Vicksburg surrendered was any man's head cut off? Was General Banks cruel toward General Gardner when Port Hudson fell? The Spaniards by their cruelty in Cuba rendered themselves odious. Chiefs have been burned alive; men shot to death for trivial offences, and numerous horrible barbarities practised, to the everlasting shame of the Spanish kingdom. The Union soldier was not cruel. On the other hand, he was magnanimous. He oftentimes shared his rations with the enemy. He traded coffee for tobacco. He did not hate the Southern soldier. He bore no ill-will toward him when he laid down his arms. Malevolence was not in his nature. He was ready to forgive. "If," as Lord Bacon says, "generous and magnanimous minds are readiest to forgive," then the men who fought for the Union were generous and magnanimous. For it must be remembered that Grant wreaked no vengeance at Vicksburg, nor Banks at Port Hudson, nor anyone at Appomattox. When Lee offered up his sword at the surrender, Grant gave it back. When the Southern soldiers threw down their arms, the conqueror gave them back their horses; and in less than thirty years after the close of the war the Southern soldier was seated in the National Congress, making laws for the governing of the very nation against which in the Civil War

he had lifted up his hand, and which he had sought to destroy. That was an impressive scene which was witnessed by one of our men during one of the great battles of the war. The battle was at its height; shot and shell were flying through the air, and a Georgian fell before the awful fire. Several of his ribs were torn away by a piece of shell. The life blood was fast oozing out. Suddenly, a Union soldier came dashing forward, and fell, sharply wounded, close by the Southerner's side. The Confederate recognized his uniform, held out his hand and said, "We came into this battle as enemies, let us die friends." The Northern soldier took the extended hand, spoke kindly to the dying Confederate as he listened to his feeble "farewell." The Georgian passed over into the unseen world, but his companion in suffering escaped, and lived to relate this touching fact.

The South was terribly torn when the great struggle ended. The conflict had cost her everything. Evidences of war's "foul desolation" were on every hand. At Appomattox the Northern soldier extended the hand of friendship, and through the intervening years it has never been withdrawn.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE CAMP OF INSTRUCTION — LYNNFIELD AND BOXFORD.

The Summer of '62 — Lincoln's Call — The Men of the Forty-First — Beginnings of Regimental Life — Our Officers — The First Night in Camp — Captain Swift Makes a Speech — The Regimental Line — Major, Sergeant ; Lieut-Colonel Wass, Colonel Chickering — The Staff — Removal to Boxford — Drill — Our Colors, Uniforms, Arms and Equipments — Dress Parade — Amusements — Colonel Wass tells a Story — Soldier's Songs — Food and Drink — Sworn in — "All Aboard for Boston" — Good Bye to Camp Stanton.

THE summer of 1862 was a most eventful period for the Union arms. Early in the season, General George B. McClellan, with as fine an army as was ever marshalled on the Western Continent, had started from Fortress Monroe on the famous Peninsula campaign. So auspiciously had this movement been inaugurated that much was naturally expected of McClellan ere the summer closed.

The battle of Williamsburg had been fought and won ; Yorktown had fallen, and the Union army had marched to within a few miles of the Confederate capital. The spires of Richmond could be seen. Then came the battle of Fair Oaks and Mechanicsville, and the change of base. Then the Seven Days Battle and Malvern Hill, and the retreat to Harrison's Landing, on the banks of the James. The nation was disappointed. The Peninsula campaign was a failure.

Momentous history was now making. The Peninsula

10th ROW: 1. Curry, 2. Hooley, 3. Harney, 4. Stevens, 5. Eschelder, 6. Kilatt, 7. Kipott, 8. Frothingham, 9. Saunders, 10. Utton,
 11. Adams, 12. Gould, 13. Dins, 14. Kelington, 15. Fenn, 16. Oliver, 17. Kogoley, 18. Joyce, 19. Stoddard, 20. Campbell, 21. Harris,
 22. Brownell, 23. Grover, 24. Weston



PHOTO RITW—1. Farbell, 2. Blanchard, 3. Boyd, 4. Munsey, 5. Pope, 6. Wass, 7. Chickering, 8. Sargent, 9. Vinal, 10. Nye,
 11. Combs, 12. Stone, 13. Moulton, 14. Henfield.

was abandoned. Pope was in the saddle; the second Bull Run was fought and lost; Chantilly followed the second Bull Run, and South Mountain followed Chantilly; the invasion of Maryland was on, ending in the great battle of Antietam, the bloodiest battle of the war. McClellan was asking for reinforcements. President Lincoln had already called for three hundred thousand volunteers, and all through the summer days of 1862 men had been enlisting and drilling, and hurrying down to the front. Many of the finest regiments that Massachusetts furnished for the great conflict went out during these momentous days. The Forty-first Massachusetts Volunteers was the last three-years regiment furnished by the State.

It is extremely interesting, after many years, to trace and describe the beginnings of the regimental life. In the early summer days of 1862, a few companies of volunteer soldiers found their way to Camp Stanton, then located in the town of Lynnfield, not far from the present town of Wakefield, or South Reading, as it was then called. Some of these men came from New Bedford, others from Lawrence; others still from Roxbury, one company was from Boston, another from East Boston, a few came from Lynn and Salem, and Gloucester, and the Cape. It is needless to say that much of the material of which the regiment was composed was raw, and some of the officers found a portion of it exceedingly raw. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak.

To organize these young patriots into companies; to form the companies into a regiment, and to prepare by rigid discipline for the stern duties that were before them, was the task imposed upon the officers commissioned by Governor Andrew, the War Governor of the Commonwealth. It is Longfellow who says that "war is a terrible

trade; but when the cause is righteous, sweet is the smell of powder." Those men were at Camp Stanton to learn a trade. How well they learned it, let the pages of this historical narrative tell.

Captain John A. Vinal was made commander of Company A. His commission was dated August 23, 1862. Associated with him were Lieuts. James W. Hervey and Eliphilet H. Robbins. These three officers were from New Bedford, and were commissioned by Governor Andrew, the same day. Commanding Company B was Captain Edward L. Noyes, who was commissioned August 27th, and with him were Lieuts. Cyrus T. Batchelder and Charles Stone, both commissioned the same day (August 27th). They came from Lawrence. On September 27, Captain John L. Swift was commissioned to lead Company C, and with him was First Lieut. William T. Hodges, and Second Lieut. Theodore C. Otis, all of Roxbury. Captain Swift had formerly served as Sergeant in the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers.

Company C had been mustered in a certain hall in Roxbury. Captain Swift had brought his men to camp late in the day, and discovered that there were no tents in which the men might sleep during the night. It was determined that the company should go out of the line and find quarters in an old chapel which stood by the roadside, not far away. The doors were opened and the men marched in. There was found no furniture in the room. The walls were bare and cold. It looked disconsolate. The men said nothing, but thoughts of home and friends rushed through their minds. Captain Swift stood up to explain. He was celebrated as a stump speaker. As he took the floor all eyes were fastened on him. "Men," said he, "there are no quarters for us inside the lines, and this is the best that we can do for a sleeping place tonight. I have been invited to stop with my

brother officers at the hotel, but declined the invitation, and shall stay with you here." Then, waxing eloquent, he said, "We have volunteered together to serve our country, we shall sleep together, march together, eat together, fight together, and, if need be, die together on the field of battle." This speech soothed their troubled minds, and the men soon lay down on the cold, hard floor and were quickly folded in the arms of sleep.

Other "Captains Courageous" came to the regiment in due time. Among these were Capt. Frederic D. Pope, of Company D, Capt. Lyman W. Gould, of Company E, and Capt. Francis E. Boyd, of Company F. On the regimental line at dress parade were seen the gallant forms of Lieut. William M. Gifford, of Company D, and Lieut. Wesley A. Gove, of Company E. Beside these there were Lieutenants Dane and Rhoades, and Muzzey and Frothingham, and Harris and Weston, and Henfield and Commerford, and others who served bravely at the front, and who, in after months, were promoted for "gallant and meritorious conduct on the field of battle."

These three companies, A, B and C, have been mentioned first, since theirs were the highest honors in the regimental organization. Company A stood at the right of the line, Company B was on the left, and Company C occupied the centre. Company C was also the color company of the regiment. To her brave officers and enlisted men belonged the honor of carrying and caring for the State and National ensigns. The colors of the Forty-first never were trailed in the dust, nor were they ever dishonored on the "far-flung battle line."

As the company organizations increased, a battalion was formed, and Major Lorenzo D. Sargent, of Lowell, was the man for the place. He was commissioned by Governor Andrew, August 23, 1862, and immediately

assumed the responsibilities of his station. He was a brave man, every inch a soldier, and one who challenged the respect and confidence of the men. The writer remembers well the old green overcoat the major used to wear as he went about camp during the cool morning and evening hours. One day in September there came to camp a man who was to be the Lieut.-Colonel of the regiment. He limped and used a cane. Our Lieut.-Colonel, Ansel D. Wass had already seen service at the front. As a captain in the Nineteenth Massachusetts, he had served under McClellan, during the Peninsula campaign, and had been wounded in the foot at Glendale. He was now recovering, and on September 6th, 1862, had been commissioned Lieut.-Colonel of the Forty-first. The men recognized in him a leader. He had a good voice, a commanding presence, and a soldierly bearing. He was an excellent disciplinarian; he understood his business. He handled the regiment without gloves. Of him, it could truly be said, there was the "clear conception, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit." His was the spirit of a soldier. "It beamed in the eye, it spoke on the lip; it informed every feature, and it urged the whole man onward, right onward to his goal."

On September 15th, 1862, our Colonel came to camp. He was a fine looking man, of gentlemanly bearing, kind in his manner, and courteous in his conversation. He had served the Commonwealth for some years in the State Militia, and was gladly welcomed by the officers and men as our leader and commander.

This record of the regiment would not be complete without some reference to the staff.

Albert H. Blanchard, of Sherborn, was commissioned Surgeon. With him were two assistants, Daniel F. Leavitt and Daniel S. Allen. Rev. Henry F. Lane, of Lawrence, was made Chaplain. Then there was Quar-

termaster Charles B. Stoddard, ranking First Lieutenant, and Adjutant Henry S. Adams, of the same rank. These were the men who organized, drilled and fed the regiment, at Camp Stanton, in '62.

Late in the season, an order came for the regiment to pack up and make ready to move. A change of base was contemplated. Knapsacks were packed, baggage was boxed, and the men marched down to the railroad, where a long train of cars awaited them. During the night the train, bearing the Forty-first Regiment, rolled along toward South Reading, then switching to another track, conveyed the warriors to the town of Boxford, where they were to continue their military training. Boxford was located in Essex County farther north than Lynnfield, and about halfway between Andover and Haverhill on a branch of the Boston & Maine Railroad. Here the regiment remained until its departure for the seat of war

But the drill of the men was the most important thing, after all. This occupied many hours each day. At first, the men must learn to "dress up," and "keep step," and "wheel into line." Then came company drill, and the manual of arms: "Attention, company!" "Shoulder arms!" "Right face!" "Forward march!" "Right wheel!" "Left wheel!" "Halt!" "Order arms!" and many more orders of a similar nature were familiar sounds heard during those eventful days in Camp Stanton.

As a whole, the men learned with facility. If they were slow to obey orders, they were remanded to the awkward squad, where they were handled by the sergeant in a most impressive manner.

A beautiful stand of colors was presented to the regiment during the summer, and placed in front of the colonel's tent. A color guard was organized, and sergeants Bullock and Caswell were detailed from Company C

to be the regimental color-bearers. Both were strong, brave men, and they did their duty well.

The men drew clothing: blue coats and blouses, with one row of brass buttons in front, cap of a similar color, and pants of a lighter shade. Ah! those were wonderful things we put on when we were uniformed. Warriors' apparel was never designed for parlor or drawing room. The coats were big, the pants immense, and the shoes were generous to a fault. Had the uniforms been upholstered with the man inside, the latter had been safe from the whizzing bullet and the shrieking shell.

In due time the regiment was furnished with arms and equipments. The rifles were the old Springfield, of the pattern in use in '62. Belts, boxes, and buckles were added, with haversacks and canteens. These were all marked, and the equipment was complete.

Dress parade was the last important duty of the day. The Forty-first looked well in the regimental line. The Band was an attraction and many spectators from near and far witnessed the movements of the regiment at the close of day. The first thing in the morning was "Reveille," the last at night was "Taps." Then "Lights out!" was the order, and then "sweet sleep and pleasant dreams."

The men of the Forty-first believed in fun. In making it, they sometimes showed great inventive genius. Many of the recruits played cards; many more played pranks on their comrades in arms. Sometimes they tossed one another from blankets into the air, and caught the victim as he came down, in fear and trepidation. One night an elephant was seen in camp near headquarters. He had a trunk and four legs, one in each corner. He was a large-sized brute, and moved about with great facility, he was not, however, imported; he had not been borrowed from any menagerie, but manufactured for the occasion.

Two men constituted the body, and several army blankets made the skin of the wild beast. This, with a little manipulation on the part of ingenious and enterprising promoters of the show, made a pretty fair imitation. One night the men serenaded Colonel Wass. The music was patriotic, the men more so. The Colonel seemed gratified and made a speech. "A Soldier's Reminiscences," was his theme. He had just come from the front, via the hospital. He knew something of life on the firing line. Among other things, he referred to the battle of Bull Run. He told of a man — either himself, or some one else—who took part in the famous stampede. Colonel Wass said that the man wanted to be a hero, but his legs wouldn't let him. He ran likelightning. His movements, the Colonel claimed, were accelerated because the minie balls were chasing him. One of these came quite near his back. He put on more steam. He ran in hot haste toward Washington. The point the Colonel made was this: That for several miles that particular bullet remained about one inch from his backbone, but got no nearer. Some of the boys who had never heard soldiers swap lies, thought the man or the bullet, or both, remarkable.

The songs of the soldiers were another interesting feature of camp life. Many of the men had fine voices, and carried their parts well. It was inspiring to hear a dozen or more voices singing Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," or, "John Brown's body Lies Mouldering in the Grave." A very popular song of the day was expressed in the following stirring words:

"The soldiers are gathering from near and from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war.
With God as our leader, and with hearts brave and strong,
We'll gird on our armor, and go marching along."

To properly feed an army is not any ordinary task. The food of the raw recruits at Camp Stanton was of a

most interesting variety. Roast beef was rare. It was sought for, but could not be found. Of Parker House rolls there were none. Stewed beans were plentiful; potatoes seldom failed to come to time. Salt beef, sometimes familiarly known as "salt horse," was conspicuous for its staying qualities. Something was served to the boys called "coffee." They used to say it was mixed with chicory. If our memory serves us correctly, it was more of a laxative than a tonic. Some of the more sceptical told their friends that, as a purgative, it was "thorough-going." For their third meal, there was given the men a pot of tea and a thick slice of bread—"only this, and nothing more." The men, however, did not complain. They were quite willing to accept the situation, eating what was set before them, asking no questions, very often, for conscience' sake, and for the sake of the country and the flag.

Quite a number of the men did a thriving business in milk, large quantities of which were brought to camp by the farmers from the surrounding country. The income derived from this retail milk business enriched their coffers and the coffee at the same time. That year there was trouble from a contraction of the currency. Postage stamps were consequently used instead. These, moistened by being handled by milk-wet hands, naturally became sticky, and one fellow said that the longer he stuck to his business, the more his income became "stuck up."

In due time we were sworn into the service of Uncle Sam. Every man raised his hand and solemnly affirmed that he would uphold the honor of the flag and defend the Constitution of the country. The men who took that oath kept it inviolate. On many a Southern battlefield they fulfilled the pledge they that day made before God and many witnesses. The confidence reposed in them by Massachusetts was not misplaced.



Lt. Col.
David P. Muzzey



Maj
E. L. Noyes



Capt. H. D. Pope



Capt.
Chas. E. Grover



C. E. Poland



C. F. Littlefield

HISTORICAL COMMITTEE.

The time had now come when the regiment was to leave the State for the seat of war. To the men this was good news. Some of them had been in camp over three months. They had been longing for active service at the front. For many days they had been eager to go somewhere and do something in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

At last, marching orders arrived. They were read on dress parade by Adjutant Henry S. Adams. They were as follows

HEADQUARTERS, FORTY-FIRST REGIMENT, MASS. VOLUNTEERS, }
CAMP STANTON, BOXFORD, October 30, 1862. }

General Order No 1.

Upon assuming the command of this regiment, the Commander congratulates himself upon finding in its officers and ranks such good material to aid him in his ambition and desire to make this one of the best regiments in the service of our country. No exertions on his part shall be wanting to perfect this end; but, aware that his individual efforts will not accomplish this, he avails himself of this introductory order to request—what he has the right to demand and enforce—the co-operation of all officers, and the rank and file. We have all enlisted in a glorious and worthy cause. We are pledged to our Government and to each other for three years to fight the battles of our country, to live or die together in defence of her laws and rights; and the voice of every true soldier will respond: “We will do it!” No matter to us the cause of the war, or the opinions of others in relation to it, or what we are to fight for. Sufficient for us to know we are to aid in crushing out rebellion, and by our oaths, already pledged, to “support the CONSTITUTION and the UNION, and bear true allegiance to the United States, to serve faithfully against all their enemies, and obey the orders of all superior officers.” Your Commander calls upon you to consider well the importance of the work you have undertaken, to accomplish which we must be united as one man. “In union is our strength.” Let every officer and soldier feel that the reputation and success of our Regiment depends upon his individual efforts, actions, and example.

The Regulations and Laws which govern our army will be strictly

enforced in every detail ; yet while he has the power to enforce submission to the law, the Commander trusts that the inclinations and desires of the men will prompt them to do that only which is right, thereby avoiding the necessity of a resort to compulsion.

Our destination beyond Washington (after leaving this camp) is not known ; but wherever we go, let us be actuated by one feeling and desire, in common, to earn a reputation for our Regiment that ourselves, our friends, and coming generations shall read with pride and pleasure in the pages of the history of this country.

By order of

COLONEL T. E. CHICKERING.

ADJUTANT.

On Nov. 4th, 1862, preparation was making to leave Boxford, and on the 5th the men were ready to depart. The last drill was over, the last dress parade was witnessed, the last meal eaten, and the last song sung. The long train of cars was ready at the station, and the men eagerly entered it and took their seats. "All aboard for Boston!" was the order of the hour, and the men of the Forty-first soon found themselves rolling through the country toward the great metropolis.

CHAPTER II.

EN ROUTE FOR THE WAR.

Arrival in Boston — Haymarket Square — Our Escort — Revolutionary Memories — Boston Common — Governor Andrew Reviews the Regiment — March to Old Colony Station — On the Fall River Steamer "State of Maine" — Arrival in New York — In the Park Barracks — Officers' Reception — The Camp at Long Island — A Cook-House Riot — Thanksgiving Day, 1862 — Off for New York — A Secret Expedition.

ON their arrival in Boston, the lines were formed near Haymarket Square, and the regiment, without delay, took up its march through the principal street of the historic town. It was known that we were on our way to New York, and that before we left Boston, the regiment would be reviewed by Governor Andrew. Many of the men had never seen Governor Andrew or New York. These new experiences, therefore, were most agreeable. Another agreeable surprise was the escort by which the regiment was honored. Colonel Chickering had for many years before the war been connected with the Volunteer Militia of the State. As a member of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, he was not forgotten on the day when, at the head of his own regiment, he was to march through the streets of Boston. Colonel Chickering had also served as Captain in the New England Guards. Both of these organizations were ready and eager to do honor to the regiment of which their former comrade in arms was now

Commander. Another honor in store for the regiment was the presence of General Banks in the procession. Chickering's command was to escort Banks through Boston.

"Attention, Battalion!" "Shoulder Arms!" "By Platoons!" "Right Wheel!" "Forward March!" These were the orders that fell upon the ear of the men as the Forty-first began its march through Boston.

The regiment attracted much attention on its march through the city. The demonstration in its favor was



BOSTON & MAINE R.R. STATION, HAYMARKET SQUARE, BOSTON.

[As it appeared in 1862.]

something unusual. Colonel Chickering had many friends in the Capitol, while three Companies had come from the immediate vicinity. Crowds of people lined the streets on either side, martial music floated out upon the air; elderly men looked on with a serious and thoughtful mien; while wives and sweethearts waved hands and handkerchiefs in honor of the departing heroes. The men marched well. Platoon followed platoon. Behind them was Bunker Hill; in front was Faneuil Hall. Out of the historic past Hancock, Adams and Otis looked down upon them from the battlements of fame. The Old South Church was passed, King's

Chapel next; then came Boston Common; then the State House on Beacon Hill. Governor Andrew stood upon the steps. Past those steps forty thousand men had gone forth to strenuous service for the Union. The Forty-first Regiment passed in review. Eight companies were in the line. Seated on his richly caparisoned charger, Colonel Chickering never looked finer in his life. Lieut.-Colonel Wass followed on a spirited steed. Major Sargent rode next on a black horse; while the Head-Quarters Staff occupied their respective places in the line. The sight was grand. The measured tread; the roll of drums, the dancing banners, and the glittering bayonets; mingled with the tears of women and the cheers of men, made a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.



GOV. JOHN A. ANDREW.

The Press spoke well of the Forty-first. As a sample, we copy the following, from the news column of the Boston Journal, Nov. 6, 1862:—

AN EXCITED DAY IN BOSTON.

RECEPTION OF THE FORTY-FIRST REGIMENT. — ESCORT AND OVATION TO MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

The demonstration and procession in honor of the 41st Regiment, Col. Chickering, was a grand affair. The various bodies constituting the escort were as follows: Boston Lancers, Capt. Slade, about seventy-five in number; Massachusetts Charitable Association, 200 men, with barouches of the veterans, accompanied by Gilmore's band; Mechanics of Boston, not members of the Association, 100 men, with the Warren Drum Corps, S. A. Stetson, Marshal; delegation of citizens from East Boston, which has furnished a company

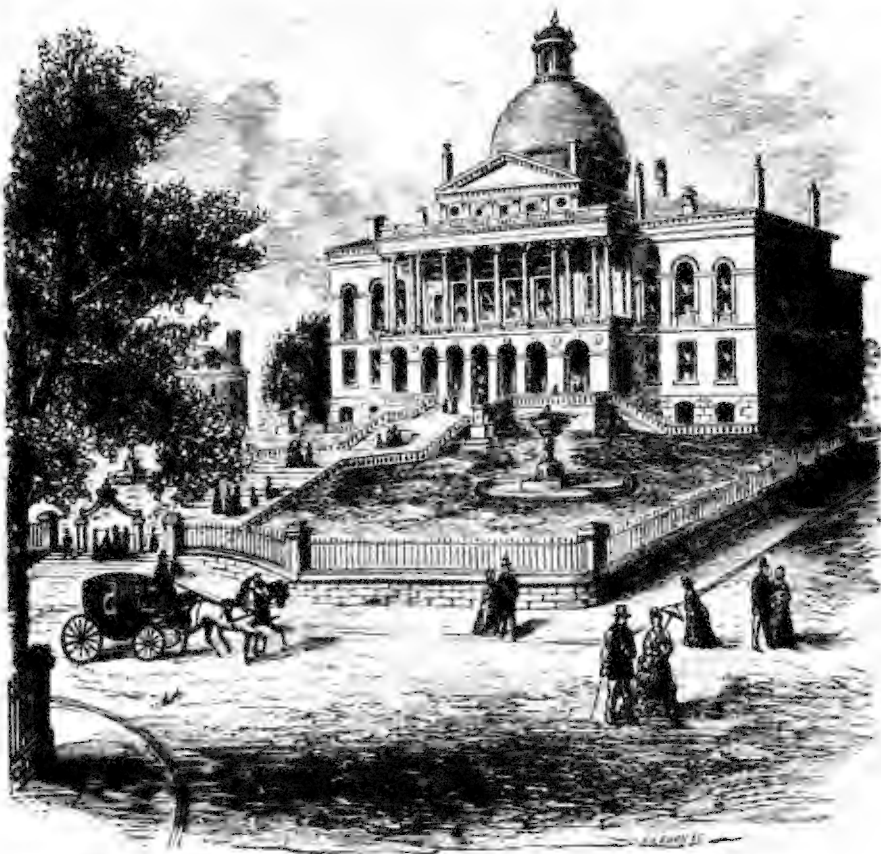
for the regiment, seventy-five men, accompanied by the Chelsea Brass Band, E. F. Porter, Marshal; piano-forte and melodeon manufacturers, comprising workmen of Hallett, Davis & Co., Mason & Hamlin, and E. & G. G. Hook, 150 men, C. F. Austin, marshal; workmen of Mr. Chickering, 130 men, besides many old workmen in carriages, with the Brigade band. D. T. Harraden, L. A. Cutter, D. L. Rice and Thomas Bothorp, marshals; the whole procession being under the direction of N. J. Bradlee as chief marshal.

The procession formed on the corner of Chauncy and Bedford streets, and proceeded to the Parker House on School street, where they received Maj. Gen. Banks, and escorted him to Haymarket square, to await the arrival of the regiment, which had tendered him an escort to his headquarters in New York. On his appearance, General Banks was received with most hearty cheers by the assembled multitude. He took his seat in an open barouche, which was drawn by four splendid gray horses. Mayor Wightman and Captain Hatfield of General Banks' staff, also occupied seats in the carriage with him.

The procession moved on to Tremont street, where it was joined by the Roxbury Reserve Guard, 55 men, under Captain Wyman, and proceeded thence to Haymarket square. Here they were destined to wait until half past 2 before the regiment arrived. Meanwhile, an immense concourse of people had assembled in the square and its vicinity. The streets were crowded, and the windows of the buildings in the vicinity were filled with earnest waiters for the regiment. General Banks was greeted on his arrival by the most enthusiastic cheers of the multitude. On arriving at the depot the regiment immediately disembarked and formed in Canal street, and under the escort before described, proceeded through Blackstone, Commercial, State and Washington streets to the Common.

The scene as the procession moved along the streets, and especially up State street, must have been seen to be realized. No description can convey any idea of it. As Colonel Chickering came in view, sitting on his magnificent charger, and

looking every inch a soldier, the multitudes who lined the streets testified their esteem for the man by the most enthusiastic cheers. Company after company received the greetings of their friends, and when the carriage containing General Banks came in sight it seemed as though the crowd



STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

could not contain themselves. The men cheered, and swung their hats and canes. The ladies who crowded every balcony and window waved their handkerchiefs, clapped their gloved hands, and showered bouquets upon Massachusetts' able and gallant son. General Banks was evidently deeply affected by the earnestness and warmth of the people for him, as expressed

in their greetings, and acknowledged the honor paid him by frequently rising and bowing to the multitude. On arriving at the Common, General Banks was received by the major-general's salute of 13 guns.

The colors of the regiment were borne by the Roxbury company, Captain Swift.

Owing to the lateness of the hour, the regiment at once resumed the line of march through Beacon, Park, Winter, Washington, Essex, Harrison Avenue and Kneeland streets, to the Old Colony depot, where the men took cars for New York by the Fall River route.

The regiment is the last of the three-year regiments from this State, and numbers seven hundred men. It is armed with Springfield rifles.

That the demonstration was something immense we learn from an editorial in the same paper, Nov. 6, 1862. We read:

In the whole course of the war Boston has not seen a day more remarkable and interesting in many respects than yesterday. We have sent off many noble regiments of soldiers, carrying with them as much love and pride as any body of men could merit or wish; but we have never before received and passed on the way to battle four Massachusetts regiments in a single day. That we did yesterday, amid demonstrations which were alike honorable to givers and receivers. The people thronged the streets, and with the beautiful sunshine resting upon them almost filled the walks of the Common. The enchantment of music, the steady marching of the troops, the waving of flags, the appropriate responses of the commanders to the patriotic reminiscences of Winthrop, and the enthusiastic ovation paid to General Banks, all entered into the fascination of the scene, and will long live in the memory of every spectator.



COM. SERGET. CHARLES R. STONE.



COLOR SERGET. ALFRED W. BULLOCK.

As the writer recalls the scenes of that eventful day, there is nothing he remembers more than the youthful enthusiasm of the men who made up the rank and file.

Reared in happy homes, trained in the arts of peace, and without experience in the arts of war, summoned now by State and Nation to go forth and bare their breast to the fury of the storm, they now respond. The spirit of that response was in the air, it filled every man. "It burst forth like volcanic fire, with spontaneous, original, native force."

The men of '62 possessed in a remarkable degree the hopefulness and enthusiasm of youth. A large proportion of the rank and file of the Union army were under age, many had not seen eighteen summers, thousands were fourteen, fifteen, sixteen years of age. But, because they were young, they were hopeful; their youth brought to the army a large amount of irrepressible enthusiasm.

When the allied armies of Europe marched against the city of Paris in 1814, the most heroic deeds performed by its defenders were the deeds of boys. On the heights of Montmartre the Parisian artillery was posted. The guns were manned by pupils from the Polytechnic school, from twelve to fifteen years of age. They were inexperienced in war; and yet they made a record, rivalling, if not excelling the record of the veterans with whom they were associated. So well directed was their fire, that the approaches to their position were filled with the dead bodies of the enemy.

When the storm of civil war burst upon this country, it was young men who filled the ranks of the Union armies. Young men became the defenders of the Constitution and the Union. Transformed into disciples of war, they manned the forts, they worked the guns, they served the Union batteries, with the enthusiasm and energy of youth. They walked through the fire, and

never shrank from any post of duty, until the war was over, and the Republic was secure.

The review ended, the regiment proceeded to the Old Colony Depot, and took the cars for Fall River. At the latter city, the Sound steamer, "State of Maine," received the youthful warriors, and the men soon found themselves



OLD COLONY R. R. STATION, KNEELAND STREET, BOSTON.

[As it appeared in 1862.]

sweeping over the waters of Long Island Sound, on their way to the great city at the mouth of the Hudson.

New York gave Colonel Chickering and his men a warm reception. The regiment marched up Broadway to "Park Barracks," opposite City Hall. These barracks had been erected in the "Park" as a temporary stopping place of regiments passing through New York to the front. Here the men remained one week. During this

time the officers and men were given an opportunity to "see the sights, and do the town."

Regimental guard was maintained; but beyond this the duties imposed upon the men were light. During the week the officers were tendered a gracious reception by patriotic friends in the city. The papers said it was a brilliant affair. The officers were dined and wined at the Astor House, and eloquent men spoke on the state of the Nation, the progress of the war, and what the Forty-first would endeavor to do to bring the struggle to a successful issue.

The week in Park Barracks, however, was soon over. Such experiences could only be an incident in the life of a soldier. What next, and where next, was the question on every lip. The uncertainty of the situation was soon eliminated by the arrival of an order for the regiment to proceed to Long Island, and establish a camp at Union Racecourse. The men packed knapsacks, fell in, said good bye to Park Barracks, marched to the ferry, crossed the East River, and were soon on the march to camp. It was the first march of any length the regiment had made in the open country. About five miles out from the city was the somewhat famous Union Racecourse.

Here the men were to make a Camp and remain one month. It must be confessed that the men were somewhat disappointed at this turn in the tide of affairs. They had hoped that when their stay in New York should end, they would be sent to the front. It was whispered that a secret expedition was organizing in New York, and that the Forty-first was to be identified with it. What was the object of the expedition, nobody knew. Some said it was Charleston, others affirmed that we were going to Port Royal, wiser heads asserted that we were going to capture Mobile, and a few, who thought they had got the secret, said New Orleans.



CAMP OF FORTY-FIRST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT AT UNION RACQUETTE, I. L., NOVEMBER 459.

The experience of the regiment at the racecourse on Long Island was marked by nothing unusual or exciting. Tents were pitched daily, guard-mounting was maintained, drill and dress parade was the usual order of the day. Cold weather came. Ice and snow saluted us. Thanksgiving came, and with its coming came loaded teams. Kind friends at home had not forgotten the boys who had left home. A great variety of good things came out of the boxes with which the express teams were loaded. Pies, cakes, chickens, turkeys, doughnuts, and mittens, gloves and underwear, and many other things too numerous to mention made glad the hearts of the men, during those somewhat severe November days, in '62.

Other regiments came to the camp at Long Island. One day the Fifteenth N. H. Volunteers marched through the gateway. At its head rode Colonel Kingman and Lieutenant-Colonel Blair, afterwards U. S. Senator from the Granite State. The relations between this regiment and the Forty-first were generally of an amicable character, but one day they became somewhat strained on account of what somebody called "poor rations." Irritation resulted, loud talk followed, and a small-sized cook-house riot came next.

In after years, at a reunion of New Hampshire veterans, in a "Soldier's Poem," occurred the following allusion to the famous cook-house riot on Long Island.

New Hampshire troops were in that fight.
I am quite sure 'twould not be right
To pass in silence certain men
Who fought, and live to fight again.

Their Colonel was a Kingly man,
His place was always in the van.
He fought two fights and fought them through,
Long Island and Port Hudson too.

Long Island was a cook-house fight.
He said the rations were not right,
But, as he led his valiant host,
The Colonel's spectacles were lost,

At length there came the welcome news that our sojourn on Long Island was to end. A happier set of men could not be found. "Ready for service" was the thought and desire of all. On the 4th day of December, 1862, the regiment broke camp; marched out of the Racecourse, and proceeded toward New York City. It was a muddy march, but not a long or tiresome one. We reached town in good spirits, and passed through the streets to a certain pier, where lay an ocean steamer which was to be to us another temporary home.

CHAPTER III.

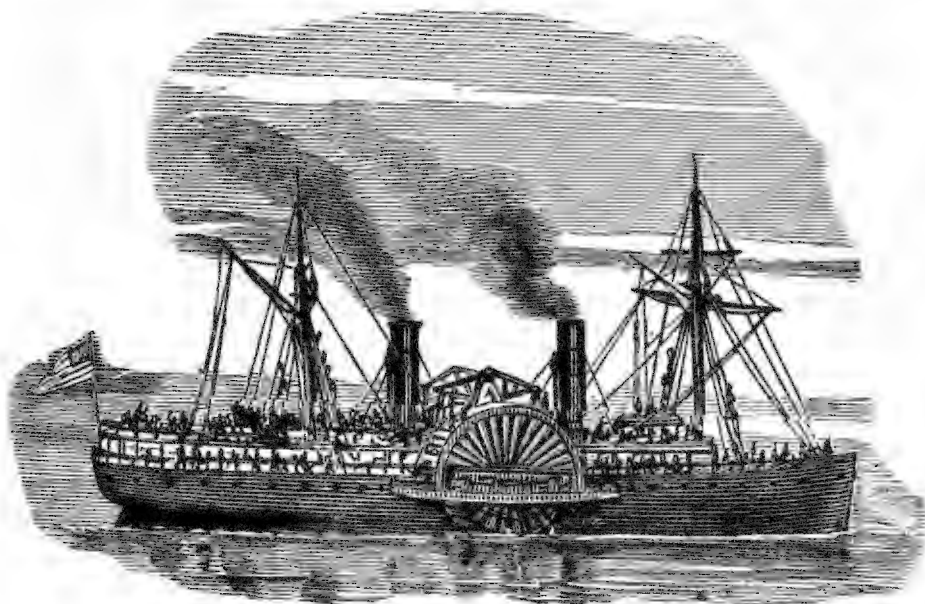
ON AN OCEAN TRANSPORT.

Embarkation of the Forty-first—The “North Star”—“A Life on the Ocean Wave”—Seasickness—In the Gulf of Mexico—Ship Island—Arrival at New Orleans—Banks Relieves Butler—Rapid Firing on the Forty-first—The Nineteenth Army Corps—General Cuvier Grover’s Division—A Solemn Night—The Retaking of Baton Rouge—Landing of the Forty-first—A Bloodless Engagement.

AT four o’clock on December 4th, 1862, the regiment went on board the “North Star.” This steamer had been chartered by the Government to convey the troops to their destination. She was a side-wheel steamer—large for the times—furnished by Commodore Vanderbilt, capable of carrying about a thousand men. Bunks had been constructed between decks for the accommodation of the men, who were made as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. The gang-plank was soon cast off, and the good ship swung from her moorings, and steamed out into the harbor. She had not gone far before she dropped anchor and awaited future developments. It was soon learned that General Banks and Staff were to accompany the regiment on the trip, and the men felt honored in having the company of the Commander of the expedition.

Meanwhile, other regiments were gathering at other places of rendezvous, in order to embark on other transports for the same place of destination. The “Banks

Expedition " had now become well organized, and important developments were expected soon. About fifty steamers had been chartered for this movement, and 10,000 troops were to be transported by them. The fleet was divided into two parts or divisions. One part was to sail from Fortress Monroe, under the immediate supervision of General Emory. His flagship was the "Baltic," which carried the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts,



STEAMSHIP "NORTH STAR."

which had been near us in the camp at Lynnfield. This fleet was composed of six steamers, convoyed by the gunboat *Augusta*. Another fleet was composed of seven steamers, accompanied by another gunboat. The "Baltic," the "Atlantic" and the "North Star" were the largest and fastest steamers in the expedition. The "North Star" went alone; no gunboat was in sight. Banks, doubtless, felt perfectly safe with the *Forty-first* so near him.

Great things were expected of this army, now afloat on the ocean. Great secrecy was enjoined. In speaking of it a writer says "A padlock was put on every officer's lip. It was considered a criminal offence to guess as to its destination." It is reported that an officer came near being shot because he asked General Banks "where they were going, and whether he should take light or heavy clothing." The answer of the General shed no light on the dark problem. "Take both, sir!" was all that came from his lips. War secrets, however, leaked out with surprising rapidity. The enemy, in those days, often knew more about a given movement than the people of the North. The secret crossed the line much more rapidly than the advance guard of the army. The Southerners knew all about the Banks Expedition from its very inception.

And it has very gravely been said by one who knows of what he writes, that the "Confederates made no attempt to sink the fleet, feeling sure that Banks alive and in their territory, "might be of more service to them, than by making him and his men food for powder or fishes."

During the evening, General Banks and staff came on board, and the "North Star" started on her mysterious voyage. Down the harbor, under cover of darkness, and past Sandy Hook we steamed, then southward and along the Jersey coast.

Now, for the first time, the men enjoyed, or failed to enjoy "a life on the ocean wave." Many of them had never been on the sea before. "A home on the rolling deep," was something altogether new and strange. It was some time before many of them got on their "sea legs." One man said he "got on his back much easier and much oftener than on his legs." Sea-sickness broke out in certain quarters at certain times during the voyage. The

rations given, did not help matters much. Salt pork (raw) and hard-tack (hard) did not conduce to the health and happiness of the men.

A comrade, referring to this part of his experience, writes: "I well remember my free ride on the 'North Star.' The impression made upon my youthful mind has never been effaced. The only 'square meal' I got on that army transport consisted of hard-tack and raw pork. The pork was extremely raw. It was 'rawer' than any recruit we had in the entire command. I ate it, because I had to, or starve. I came near starving as it was; because after I had eaten it, I could not keep it down. I tried hard enough, but the slippery thing would not stay down. I sat down on my dinner several times, but the pork and hard-tack, like murder, would 'out.' To tell the truth, I was seasick. There were times when I sighed for dry land. The man who wrote 'A Life on the Ocean Wave' didn't know what he was talking about. I was naturally generous hearted, but I had never seen the time before when I was willing to empty myself of all my possessions, for the sake of being well.

"I said as I looked at my bread: 'This is hard.' I deliberately made up my mind to 'cast my bread upon the waters.' I did so, and with it, the pork. Involuntary generosity may lack merit. It relieved me, however, and supplied a need among the finny tribe. That trip of the 'North Star' yielded them a generous contribution. I often saw men looking over the ship's rail. They appeared to be in deep meditation. Suddenly, as the ship would heave, they would do likewise, and their earthly possessions were gone. I had often been told that the seafaring men were generous hearted. I never knew before, however, that it came on so suddenly."

Another comrade thus writes of what he remembers of

his voyage on the "North Star." "I was born a landlubber I had none of the material in me of which an 'old salt' is made. I lost my appetite on some days on the trip from New York to New Orleans. I lost something else overboard several times. I was like the man who went to Europe for his health for the first time. When he came home, they asked him if the sea voyage gave him an appetite. 'Oh, yes,' said he. 'I had six meals a day three down and three up.'"

Another comrade muses thus —

I was one of the few,
Who was taken to do,
Because I did not feel well.
My temper was riled,
My stomach was biled.
My feelings no language can tell.

The old army ration
Produced irritation ;
But the men took down what they drew.
And so raw was the pork,
We had brought from New York ;
Where they put it all, nobody knew.

Now, the dear little fishes
Were fond of such dishes ;
And came round as if they were sent ;
And they opened their mouth,
As the men journeyed South,
And over the ship's side the food went.

I read in my "log,"
They were fond of salt hog,
And almost laughed themselves hoarse ;
With appetites hearty,
A Thanksgiving party,
It paid them to watch the ship's course.

As I think of those days,
My soul offers praise
That at length we were freed from our pain;
And this comfort, in part,
Comes home to my heart :
Our loss was the dear fishes' gain.

At sea, every object is interesting. Even a storm broke up the monotony of life on shipboard. The first day out we saw nothing, for we were out of sight of land. The second day, we saw horse mackerel and flying-fish. Soon we were in the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream. Men sat on deck and told stories and sang songs.

One of these was an old-timer : A man, by the name of John had gone to sea for the first time. When he came home he had some wonderful stories to tell.

"What have you seen?" said his aged mother.

"Oh, wonderful sights," said John. "I have seen rivers of rum, mountains of gold, and flying-fish."

The old lady replied: "John, you lie. God never never made fish with wings, I'll not believe you."

The next time John came home he had another tale to tell.

"John, what have you seen, this time?"

"Well, mother," said John, "I went down to Egypt, and I fished in the waters of the Red Sea, and at the first throw, I fished up something very heavy. It was round, and made of gold. What do you suppose it was?" said John.

"Don't know," said his mother.

"Well, mother; it was one of the tires of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels," said John.

"Now I believe you," said the old lady; that sounds natural. But when you tell me that you have seen flying-fish, I'll not believe a single word you say."

Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. The wonders of the deep are numerous, and the men of the Forty-first now looked for the first time on some of them.

On the evening of the 9th, we saw a revolving light on one of the Bahama Islands. Now, we were off Hatteras. Not long before a fearful storm had spread devastation along this dangerous coast. We were all glad when, on the 10th, we entered the Gulf of Mexico. Several steamers were sighted, but no land. Men were now guessing as to our place of destination. It was either Mobile or New Orleans, sure. On the 14th of December we sighted Ship Island, a low, sandy place, not fit for a barbarian to dwell upon. At 9 o'clock we dropped anchor in the harbor, and watched the arrival of other transports. Our stay, however, was short. At about 2 P. M. the "North Star" weighed anchor, and steamed out into the Gulf. The rest of the fleet followed. Ship Island had no attractions for the Forty-first. It had been General Butler's base of operations before Farragut had immortalized his name by running past the forts on the lower Mississippi, and by the capture of New Orleans in '61. The "North Star" now steered a straight course toward the mouth of the Mississippi. Suddenly, when about to clear the bar at South West Pass she ran aground, and stuck fast in the mud. The good ship remained in this position from two in the morning until six o'clock, when having taken a pilot on board, we got off the bar and proceeded up the river. Twenty-five miles above South West Pass are the forts, "Jackson" and "Philip;" one on either side of the river. As we passed these fortifications, now manned by Uncle Sam's bluecoats, a Major-General's salute was fired, and we hurried on our way. Beautiful trees lined the bank of the river on either hand. Rich plantations of wealthy men; fields of cotton, rice and sugar, orchards laden with

ripening oranges, greeted the men as we passed along. Past the "English Turn" we go, and the famous field of Chalmette, where General Jackson defeated Pakenham in the last great battle of 1812. Now, there come in view the spires of the Crescent City, with its forest of smokestacks and crowded levees, and at one of which we stop, and the ponderous engines of the "North Star" are still. Our ocean voyage was over.

Soon after our arrival at New Orleans, General Banks and Staff left the steamer, and we saw him no more for a season. He had come to relieve General Butler, whose headquarters were at the St. Charles Hotel. This, therefore, was the first duty he must perform, and in due time, without much ceremony or flourish of trumpets, the command of the Department of the Gulf passed from General Butler to General Banks.

Not long after the "North Star" had tied up at the levee, the boys were treated to one of the greatest surprises of their lives. The men supposed that the city had been pacified under the patriotic and loyal administration of General Butler. The flag of our country could be seen flying from the staff over the Custom House; United States troops were in the city, unmolested, quite a strong force was in the "regions beyond," and large reinforcements were arriving. We were not looking for any inimical demonstrations. The regiment was, therefore, greatly surprised when rapid-firing guns opened on them from the shore. It should be remembered, however, that the ammunition used was not "grape and canister;" not shot and shell; but oranges. A large company of vendors of fruit were on the levee. At first many of the men bought what they could with what little money they possessed, but as their appetites for oranges was large, and their financial ability small, trading soon ceased, and bombarding began. It was the first time the men had been "under

fire," and they stood it well. Every shot took effect, and the firing (of oranges) ceased only after the ammunition had been exhausted. This "warm reception" accorded the Forty-first Regiment at New Orleans produced a profound impression on the men, and has never been forgotten.

General Banks had been sent to New Orleans to ac-



GENERAL GROVER.

complish three things. In the first place, he was to maintain and regulate civil government in Louisiana. In the second place he was to originate a military movement against all armed rebellion in Louisiana and Texas. The third task imposed upon him was to co-operate with General Grant in opening the Mississippi. While Grant was to operate against Vicksburg, Banks was to move against Port Hudson. The first thing done by General Banks

on his assuming command was the organization of the Nineteenth Army Corps. One of the Division Commanders was to be Brigadier-General Cuvier Grover. This division was ordered up the river at once, and General Grover was commanded by General Banks to retake and hold Baton Rouge as a base of operations. The Forty-first Regiment was to take an important part in this movement, and the "North Star" was therefore ordered to proceed without delay to the designated place of rendezvous. Accordingly, at 10 o'clock on the morning of December 16th, 1862, the "North Star" left her moorings at New Orleans, said good bye to our new-made friends on shore, and turned her prow up stream. The rest of the fleet followed, under the command of General Grover. We did not know what kind of a reception awaited the regiment at the next stopping place. Baton Rouge had once been occupied by Northern troops, but had been abandoned some months before. On Aug. 5th, 1862, while the Forty-first was drilling at Lynnfield, Baton Rouge had been attacked by the Confederate General Breckenridge, with quite a strong force of Southern soldiers. General Thomas Williams had commanded the Union forces, and had met his death in the midst of the conflict. In this battle, the Thirtieth Massachusetts Volunteers and Nim's Mass. battery had done valiant service. The battle was a severe engagement, in which the Union forces were victorious, and which resulted in the retreat of Breckenridge to the interior, and the destruction of the ram "Arkansas" by the gunboat "Essex." It seemed advisable, however, a few days after the battle, for the Northern troops to be withdrawn from the city, accordingly, on August 16th, Baton Rouge was evacuated by the Union Army.

The Forty-first Regiment was now on its way up the Mississippi, to recover this lost ground. Everything was



COL. LORENZO D. SARGENT.

put in readiness in order that our landing might not be impeded. Guns were loaded, arms and equipments put in order, knapsacks packed; and the regiment prepared for action. On the night before we took the city, the men assembled in the cabin. We were soon to land in the enemy's country. Serious work was possibly before us. How serious the taking of Baton Rouge would be, no one could tell. It was a solemn moment to most who were present that night. Colonel Chickering and the other field officers looked grave. The line officers shared their feelings. Chaplain Lane conducted divine service, and spoke kindly and hopefully to the men. A fervent prayer was offered that the God of Nations would order all things well, and that no misfortune might befall the regiment and the expedition on the coming day.

On the morrow, great was our relief to meet the iron-clad "Essex" and other gunboats, which now convoyed our unarmed steamships to their place of destination.

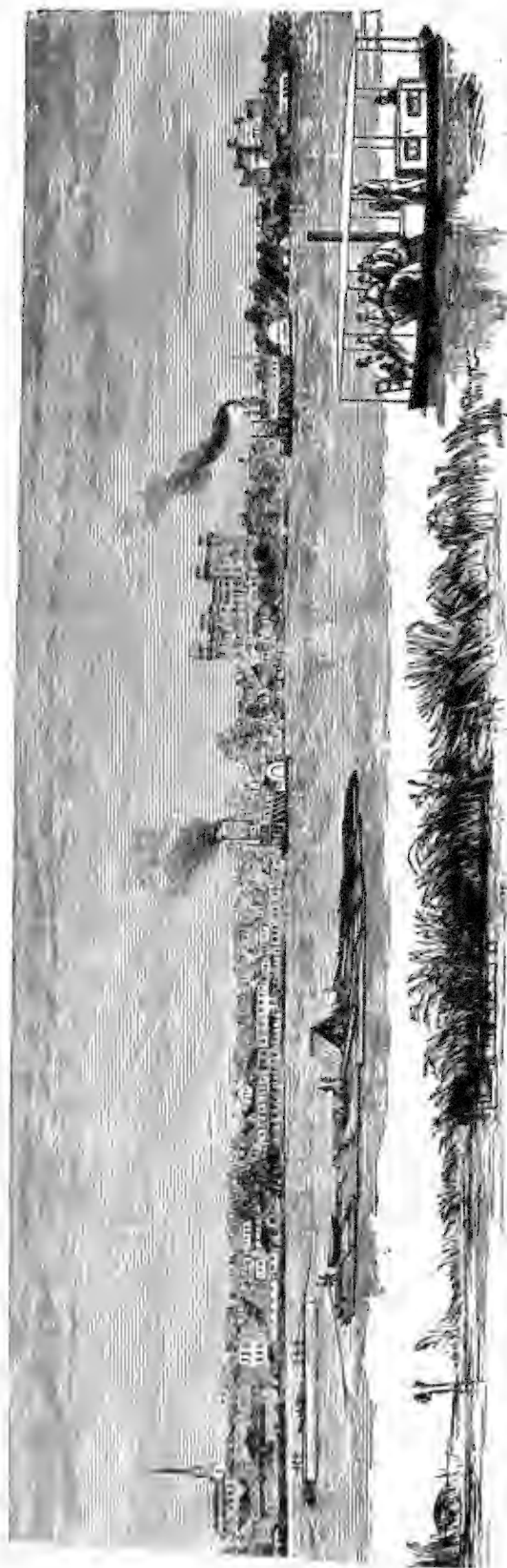
On the morning of December 17, the "North Star" came in sight of the city. Yonder, on the right bank, was the beautiful State House, whose white walls, piled block on block, rose in substantial symmetry before us. Beyond was the State Asylum and the spires of a neighboring church.

Soon the dogs of war were let loose, and the "Essex" opened fire upon the city. It had been reported that a force of Confederate cavalry was in the vicinity. How large this force was we did not know, neither did we know what opposition to our landing might be made. The firing ceased, and the Forty-first was ordered to land. The gunboat "Essex" drew in close to the shore, the "North Star" came in close alongside the "Essex;" and the men of the Forty-first, leaving the decks of the "North Star" for ever, crossed the deck of the "Essex," and, for the first time, stood upon Southern soil.

Landing

State House

Asylum

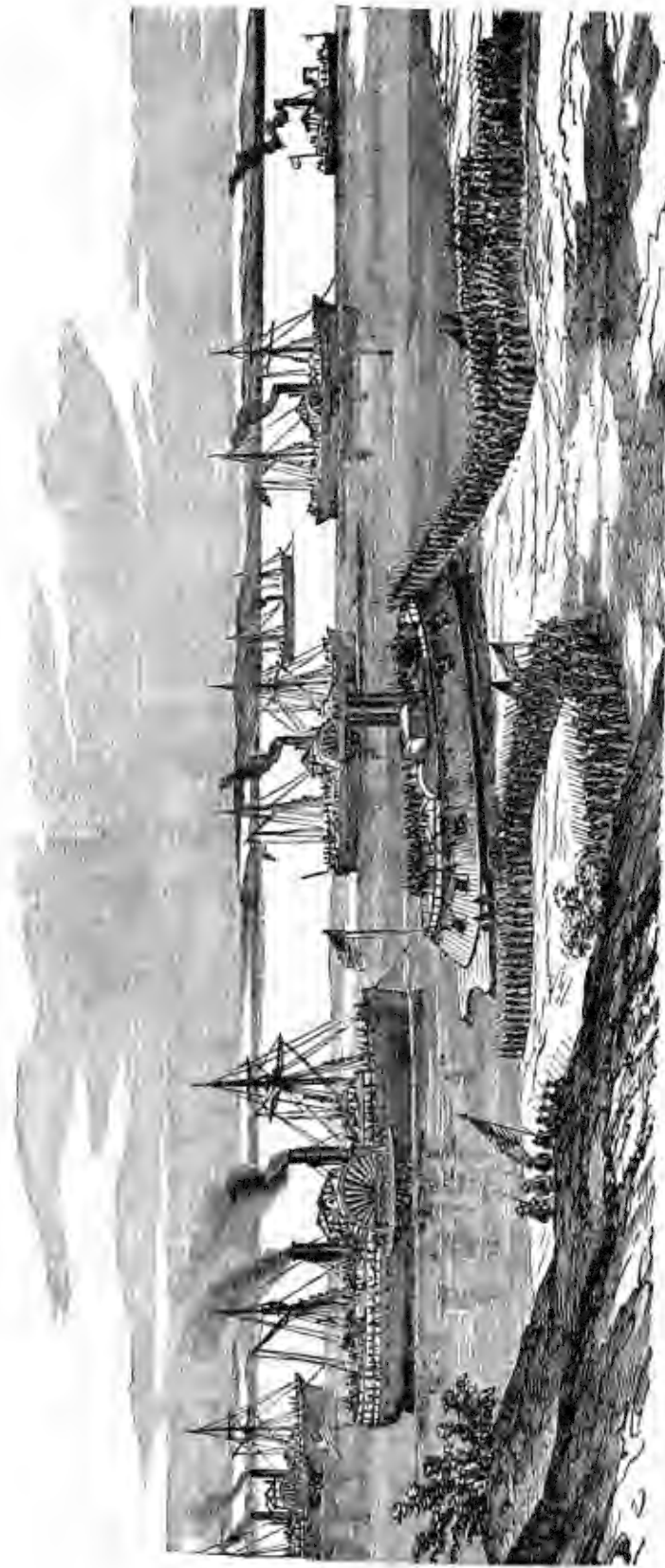


BATON ROUGE IN 1862.

By permission from Harper's Pictorial History.

Sergeants Bullock and Caswell bore the regimental colors up the steep embankment, on through the streets of the city, the Confederate cavalry fleeing in all directions; and the flag of the Union, the emblem of liberty, was once more set up in the capital city of Louisiana, never again to be hauled down or trailed in the dust.

The city had been taken without the loss of a man!



Colonel Molieux's Command.

Colonel Chickering's Command.

THE FORTY-FIRST MASSACHUSETTS LANDING AT BATON ROUGE, DECEMBER 17, 1862

By permission, from Harper's Pictorial History.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY

Throwing up Earthworks — On Picket — Burning of State House — General Inspection — Loading and Firing — Brigade Drill — Reviewed by General Grover — Death of James Steele — Resignation of Colonel Wass — Another Removal of Camp — Picket Firing — Bridge Burning — Grand Review by Banks, Augur and Grover — The Feint on Port Hudson — Destruction of the "Mississippi."

THE first order given by General Grover, after the regiment had occupied the city, was to "throw up earthworks." Our commander believed in the spade; with him, an ounce of prevention was worth more than a pound of cure. Some of the men had seen a spade before, others knew the use of a pen better than that of the spade. All went to work with a will, and before long a good line of earthworks environed our camp. We did not know how soon the enemy might attack. He was not far away, and might come at any time. General Grover was not to be caught napping. He kept the men on the alert day and night. On December 18th, the next day after landing, the regiment was turned out at half past four in the morning, and kept under arms until daylight. If the enemy had put in an appearance that morning before breakfast, the garrison would have given them a warm reception.

The next day the "long roll" sounded, and once more the men sprang to arms. It was very early. We could hardly see what we were doing. We marched to the

breastworks and remained until daylight, waiting for the coming of a foe who did not come. On the 21st, another "long roll" sounded; another rush to the works, but no attack. The men began to think the enemy was not coming at all. The next day Company C went on picket. This was a new experience for the men.

At the junction of the Greenburg and Clinton roads a



ON PICKET DUTY.

picket post was established, about one mile east of the city. On the night of the 28th of December the beautiful State House, whose lofty walls had greeted us as we came up the river, was in flames. All efforts to save the property were futile, and the massive structure was soon in ruins. Nothing but the blackened walls remained. On the 29th, our pickets had a brush with the enemy. Some of their cavalry had come a little too near for safety. They

were easily routed and driven off, leaving four of their number killed, and having two wounded. This was the first time our men had met the foe. On the 31st of December, there occurred a general inspection of the regiment. Everything was in perfect order. Muskets were cleaned, brasses brightened, clothing brushed, and shoes blacked. Many a soldier's rating was the result of these inspections. The regimental officers seemed pleased at the appearance of the men; while the men seemed greatly relieved when the operation was over. The routine of camp life went on; guard mounting, picket duty, drill and dress parade were the order of the day. Occasionally, a respite was thrown in to break up the monotony. Such a surprise came with the beginning of the new year. On January 11th the regiment was turned out, ordered into line in light marching order, marched to the breastworks, where the men were drilled for an hour in loading and firing. Many of them wished they could see something to fire at. It can truthfully be said that some of them were spoiling for a fight. The firing ceased, and a brigade drill followed. On January 13, while the regiment was on brigade drill, they were again surprised by the long roll. "Double quick!" was the order, and away the men hurried to the earthworks. General Grover was evidently preparing the men for serious work. What they were now learning was of great value to the regiment in after days. On January 18th, the Forty-first was brigaded with the Twenty-fourth Connecticut, Fifty-second Massachusetts, and Ninety-first New York regiments of infantry, Colonel Van Zant commanding. On January 24th, the brigade was reviewed by General Grover. It was a fine parade, and the largest body of troops we had seen together at one time.

On the 30th of January, the first death came to the regiment. Private James Steele, of Boston, a member of

Company C, passed into the unseen world. He was a fine young man, amiable in disposition, courteous in his relations with his comrades, and heroic unto death. He had eagerly desired to serve his country; had enlisted as a private in Captain Swift's company, then forming in Roxbury, and leaving mother and sister behind, had braved the hardship of a soldier's life at his country's call.

He did not live long, however, to serve the cause he loved. Stricken by consumption, soon after reaching Baton Rouge, the wasting disease had consumed his feeble form, and on the 30th of January he breathed his last. Many in the regiment sincerely mourned his untimely departure. The following tribute, the author most willingly bears to the memory of one with whom he was well acquainted and whose name he will always revere

IN MEMORIAM.

BY CHAPLAIN JAMES K. EWER.

Our comrade has passed from our natural sight :
He has ended the march and fought his last fight.
He has reached the fair shore of a beautiful land.
He has gone into camp with a glorified band.

When the Civil War raged, in the days that are past,
He was willing to go, and was brave to the last ;
He sacrificed home and entered the strife.
And defended with others the national life.

In the walks of peace he was loyal and true ;
The Bible he loved, his Redeemer he knew ;
The Church found in him a reliable friend ;
His life was devoted, and peaceful his end.

We shall miss from our ranks his genial face ;
Another may sit in his usual place ;
But around our Camp-fire we shall mention his name.
Who now camps on the ground of perpetual Fame.



LIEUT.-COL. JOHN F. VINAL.



SURGEON ALBERT H. BLANCHARD.

Comrade Steele was buried in a soldier's grave in the suburbs of Baton Rouge, Colonel Chickering and the entire regiment escorting the body to its last resting place. The last rites were solemnized, and another life was laid on a common altar in a common cause.

With the beginning of the new year came timely re-inforcements to the regiment. It will be remembered that the Forty-first left Massachusetts with only eight companies. Now, at length, two more were to be added to our number. On February 4th, there came to camp two companies from the Thirty-third Massachusetts Volunteers. These companies had served in the Thirty-third, with honor to themselves and their command, and had been located in the vicinity of Washington.

Henceforth, they were to be identified with the life and fortunes of the Forty-first. Two new captains were now on the regimental roster, viz., John C. Wyman, who was on detached service elsewhere, and David T. Bunker, who afterwards became one of the Majors in the Third Cavalry. The regiment now sustained a second loss, in the departure of Colonel Wass. On February 6th he resigned and left camp for home. He had done excellent service in drilling and disciplining the regiment, and his resignation and departure were sincerely regretted by all.

Major Sargent was now made Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment and Captain Vinal was soon commissioned Major. First Lieutenant Hervey of Company A was appointed Captain to succeed Captain Vinal, and Second Lieutenant Robbins was made First Lieutenant in the place of Hervey. First Sergeant Howland was made Second Lieutenant in the place of Robbins, and so down through the line of non-commissioned officers, promotions were in order in Company A. The above commissions, viz.: Sargent, Vinal, Hervey and others were issued February 1st, 1863.

During these winter days and nights there were occasional attacks on the picket line. As a result, this made the men not only vigilant, but somewhat nervous as well. The following amusing incident will illustrate some of the experiences to which the men were subjected in the line of duty. Says one comrade: "I shall never forget my picket duty in the rear of Baton Rouge. The first night I went on picket I was dreadfully frightened. During the night, as I stood out there alone under a tree, thinking of home and friends, and sometimes of the possible approach of some stealthy and bloodthirsty enemy, I was suddenly startled by one of the most unearthly noises I had ever heard. It seemed not far away. What could it be? Was it a wild beast seeking whom he might devour? Was it some ghost come down from ghost-land to torment me before my time? Was it some sneaking spy, who was bent on getting through our lines? I must confess I was frightened. The hair of my head stood up; my heart was in my mouth, I tried to swallow it, but it would not go down. I thought of my wife and children and mother-in-law. I gripped my rifle and put it to my shoulder. I was determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. I did not die that time. It was told me, next day, that the noise was the hooting of an owl. First impressions are sometimes lasting. That owl made a profound impression on my youthful mind."

Another comrade tells in the following narrative, how he enjoyed picket duty in that lonely winter of '62-63: "I was on picket many times while the Forty-first was in camp at Baton Rouge. Sometimes I was near a road. Ofttimes we were stationed near an old tree. We were told to keep a sharp lookout for the enemy. The night I was on the picket line, there was a general impression among the men that the outpost would be attacked that

night. I think I felt the seriousness of the situation. I was stationed by the officer near a magnolia tree, was ordered to keep a sharp lookout, halt anyone approaching from beyond our lines, and if they did not halt to fire without delay, and give the alarm. I was bound to obey orders. This, I had been taught was the first duty of the soldier. Between one and two in the morning I heard a noise. It sounded like the snapping of twigs. Then I heard the sound of horses' hoofs. They were advancing. My blood was up in an instant. I cocked my rifle, brought it to my shoulder, and cried: 'Halt! Who goes there!' No answer came, but the advancing hoofs came nearer. There was no time to waste, my orders were to act promptly, without parleying or debate. I pulled the trigger of my rifle and my gun went off. My rifle rang out through the stillness of the night, and woke up the reserves. I expected that the advancing enemy would open fire and blow me into smithereens. I hugged that tree with a fondness I cannot describe. Strange to say, no shots were returned. By this time, other comrades were near me, and began to fire. We did our best to beat back the invader. Crack! crack! crack! went the rifles, as one by one the men opened fire on the unseen foe. Suddenly the horses wheeled, and galloped off in an opposite direction, into the woods beyond. We could not understand until morning, why the enemy did not return our fire. We learned the next day that the sound of hoofs had come from a lot of sore-back horses and mules, who had been feeding in the fields beyond. Attracted by our camp-fires they had approached too near our lines, and, not heeding the order of the ever-vigilant sentinel, had exposed themselves to the fire of our pickets, noted above. This was one of the narrow escapes I had while following the flag in the "Louisiana lowlands," during the war for the Union. Much ammunition was wasted

in many engagements during the Civil War. This was the first wicked waste of which I was guilty, during my service with the regiment."

During that winter at Baton Rouge a terrible tragedy was enacted in the regimental life. From some petty quarrel, one comrade became exasperated, seized his gun, and shot a brother soldier through the body, so that he died. The scene was in the cook-house, and the company the color company of the regiment. The soldier who shot Heft, cook of Company C, was John C. Beane, of the same company. He was tried by court-martial, and being found somewhat demented, was imprisoned, and soon after died.

The time was approaching when General Banks was to commence operations against Port Hudson. Certain preliminaries must, however, be attended to. Among these was the cutting off of communication between Port Hudson and the interior. Certain streams, spanned by bridges, now claimed the attention of the Commander.

In order to safeguard his movements against Port Hudson, and to prevent reinforcements from coming from the interior, these bridges must be destroyed. To the Forty-first Regiment was the task committed. Accordingly, on the 9th of March, 1863, Colonel Chickering was ordered to proceed with his regiment into the interior, and destroy several bridges over the Comite River, east of Port Hudson and Baton Rouge. Accompanying the Forty-first was one company of cavalry, commanded by Captain McGee, and two pieces of artillery from Nim's Mass. Battery.

The expedition left camp about three o'clock, P.M., and marched past the old battle-ground, out into the enemy's country, eager to do something to immortalize their names. The men soon found themselves swinging along the road through an open country and sometimes through

pieces of thick woods. After walking about six miles, Colonel Chickering ordered four companies (A, D, H and I), with the cavalry, to be sent forward about four miles farther, to destroy Bogler's Bridge, while the remainder of the regiment stacked arms, and bivouacked for the night. About ten o'clock at night the four companies returned, and reported that they had obeyed orders, and burned the bridge without much trouble, with the loss of one horse belonging to the cavalry. At four o'clock the next morning, Companies B, C and H were sent forward, with the cavalry, to destroy bridge number two. The men, with the cavalry in the advance, marched about two miles over a good road, then turned off into the woods, and marched another two miles. The mud was terrible. In some places it was over the men's boots. There was, however, no retreat, but in failure and dishonor. "Forward!" was the order, and the men pressed on until the river-bank was reached, and the bridge destroyed. All this was before breakfast. The three companies now returned to the regiment, arriving about seven o'clock in the morning. After breakfast, and a rest of about an hour, the entire force under the command of Colonel Chickering marched four miles farther east, to destroy bridge number three. About ten o'clock, the advance guard came in sight of the bridge. One of Company A — a man named Heinz — stepped out into the road, which brought a shot from the sentinel on the bridge. A rush was made at once, which was met at the bridge by a volley from the enemy. Attempting to cross, the men found the planks taken up. They could not see the enemy, concealed by the thick underbrush, so they took shelter in the woods on one side, and from that position fired as best they could. Nim's battery now unlimbered, and about twenty shells were thrown in the direction of the enemy. Receiving no reply, the men

marched to Roberts' Bridge, and destroyed it by fire, without the loss of a man. Only a few Confederate cavalrymen were seen, and they made no disturbance. We were now twelve miles from camp, in an enemy's country. A large force of Confederates was at Port Hudson, not far away. Had they known of our whereabouts, it had been quite an easy task for them to have sent a force of cavalry, and intercepted our return march. As we crossed the bridge at first attack, an old fellow said, "You better look out, or some of you may get hurt—the woods are full of Confederates." We did not know therefore what trouble might meet us on our return to camp. At two o'clock, the men struck out for Baton Rouge, and at six o'clock they arrived safely in camp, much fatigued by their journey. On entering the city, the regiment was met by General Banks, who was evidently much pleased at the successful outcome of the expedition. Some of the men were footsore, and came to town carrying their custom-made boots and shoes in their hands, or slung over their shoulders. One poor fellow, of tender years, came hobbling along barefoot. Meeting General Banks, he saluted his Commander, and the General thus accosted him: "Well, my boy, don't you find those boots rather harder to march in than government shoes?" The footsore youth replied that he did, and passed on.

This expedition of Colonel Chickering was not without its perils. It was known that a force of about 1200 Confederate cavalry were somewhere between Clinton and Baton Rouge, and it required the utmost vigilance on the part of Banks and his officers to make a successful move against Port Hudson, and to retire successfully when the object of his "feint" had been accomplished.

On the 12th of March occurred the grand review of

the Nineteenth Army Corps by Generals Banks, Augur and Grover. It was the most inspiring military pageant the men had witnessed. General Grover had command of the First Division; General Emory led the Second, and General Augur the Third. The troops looked well, marched well, and would, no doubt, behave well in the coming contemplated movement against Port Hudson.

The review occurred on the old battle-ground of Aug. 5th, 1862, where the gallant Williams fell, and where the heroic Dudley fought the battle to a finish, and sent Breckenridge back to his camp discomfited. During the review, Admiral Farragut was present, and seemed deeply interested in the movements of the troops.

The time had now arrived when General Banks was to move his army up the river and co-operate with Admiral Farragut in his attempt to pass the batteries on the bluff.

While Banks had been gathering and organizing his troops, Farragut had been assembling a powerful fleet. His ships, as they lay at anchor opposite the city, were a familiar sight to the men of the Forty-first. The largest of these vessels was the Admiral's flagship, the "Hartford," which had done such signal service a year before at the mouth of the Mississippi. Beside the "Hartford," were the "Richmond," the "Mississippi," the "Monongahela," the "Albatross," the "Genesee," the "Kinco," and the "Sachem." The plan was for Banks to make a feint in the rear of Port Hudson, while Farragut was to run past the batteries. It has been stated by some writers that, had Banks gone with his entire force at this time, he could have taken Port Hudson without much trouble, while others claim that the Confederate force was too large for Banks to encounter at this time with any hope of success.

On the 13th of March, 1863, the troops began to pour out of the city on their way to the rear of Port Hudson.

It was a grand sight to see those fine full regiments as they passed along. Among the troops were the men of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, who had been our neighbors at Lynnfield. As the regiment passed General Dudley's headquarters, they saw the General standing on the steps. The General knew the regiment, and said: "Men of the Thirty-eighth, keep cool; obey orders, and fire low." The boys gave the General three hearty cheers, and marched on. The Forty-first Regiment did not participate in this first movement on Port Hudson. Colonel Chickering was ordered by General Banks to remain with his regiment at Baton Rouge, and was appointed Post Commander. With the Forty-first there remained, to hold the place, several regiments of infantry, two batteries of artillery and one squadron of cavalry.* At eight o'clock on the evening of the 14th, the garrison was turned out by the sound of the long roll, and kept under arms for some time. The men were ordered to sleep on their arms, and be ready for any emergency. We knew not how soon we might receive a call from the enemy. Accordingly, every man was on the alert. They attended roll-call, armed and equipped, and stood in line until dismissed.

Early in the morning of the 15th we heard stirring sounds and witnessed a startling scene. The army, of course, was out of sight and hearing; not so the fleet. Heavy firing could be heard, and the men knew that Farragut and his jolly tars were giving a good account of themselves.

* About 3000 men were necessary to hold Baton Rouge during Banks' absence. These included the Forty-first Massachusetts, One Hundred and Seventy-third New York, One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York, First Indiana Artillery, Third Louisiana, Mack's Battery, and Troop F, Rhode Island Cavalry. These were placed under the command of Colonel Chickering.



COL. FRED. G. POPE.

Farragut's fleet had passed up the river in the following order: The "Hartford" and the "Albatross," lashed together, the "Albatross" being, as farmers would say, on the "off-side." Then came the "Richmond" and "Genesee," then the "Monongahela" and "Kineo;" then the "Mississippi" and "Sachem." Four-yoke — a strong team! The darkness was intense! Everybody was expectant. About midnight the ball opened. The fleet had passed a point in the river called Prophet Island. The mortar boats were not far away. The enemy knew we were coming, and had prepared to give the fleet and the army a warm reception.

A large fire blazed on the Port Hudson side of the river. Suddenly a rocket shot up from the west side of the river, and exploded. Now the conflict begins. It was literally a tug of war. The "Hartford" steamed right on her course. Her ponderous engines groan. Farragut is in the rigging; the other vessels follow; there are no lights on deck. The batteries can be located only by the light of the flash of the guns. Clouds of sulphurous smoke float over the scene. And now the roar of the great guns goes on. On rides the Commodore right into the teeth of peril, right into the very jaws of death. The "Richmond" comes dangerously near running into the "Hartford," and the "Hartford" narrowly escapes pouring a broadside into the "Richmond." The "Mississippi" runs aground on the west bank. The enemies' batteries riddle her with shot and shell. It is impossible for her to go farther or to get off. She must be fired, in order to escape capture. As she becomes lighter, she floats away from her dangerous position down the river.

As the Forty-first Regiment stood in line on that eventful morning in '63, wondering what might occur next, suddenly the heavens were illuminated by a mysterious light, and there came to the ears of the men

one of the most startling sounds they had ever heard. The fire had reached the Mississippi's magazine. The explosion was terrific, and the noble frigate was a thing of the past. The "Hartford" and the "Albatross" had passed the batteries. The remainder of the fleet had been obliged to remain below.

On the deck of the burning "Mississippi" was a young officer, who was, in years to come, to play an important part in the history of the country. While the batteries at Port Hudson were pouring shot and shell into the "Mississippi," none fought with greater bravery in the frigate than Ensign George Dewey. When the ship was at length abandoned, he, with others, threw themselves into the water, and finally escaped to the shore in safety. Thus was preserved to his country the man who was to be the future head of the naval forces of the nation, the "Hero of Manilla Bay."

Banks was now free to carry out the remainder of his plan of campaign. The army was hurriedly withdrawn from Port Hudson, and thrown as quickly as possible into Western Louisiana.

As Banks had about 12,000 men to operate against Port Hudson, and Gardner had over 16,000 men behind earthworks, it seemed hardly wise for Banks to attempt to take the place at this time.

Gardner was strongly entrenched, with twenty-two guns in position, besides thirteen light batteries. Banks very wisely decided to do something else first.

CHAPTER V

THE TECHE CAMPAIGN.

The Departure of Grover's Division from Baton Rouge — Through the Country to Brashear City — Longfellow's Description of this Place — Up Grand Lake — Battle of Irish Bend — Battle of Bisland — Retreat of Dick Taylor — Destruction of the "Diana" — Arrival at New Iberia — Destruction of Salt Works — On to Opelousas — Colonel Chickering in Command — Capture of Alexandria — The March to Barre's Landing — Infantile Cavalymen — Chickering's Retreat — Arrival at Brashear City — End of Teche Campaign.

THE Forty-first Regiment was now about to enter upon the duties of an arduous campaign. For this campaign Banks had been planning many days. While he was moving his troops to the rear of Port Hudson, and while the enemy may have thought he was coming to wrest that stronghold from his grasp, Banks really had no such intention, at least for the present. He had his eye on other game. He was not looking north, but west. In that part of the State was a force of Confederates under General "Dick" Taylor, numbering about 6000 or 7000 men. It was Banks' plan to move suddenly against this force, capture them if possible, then sweeping around to the east from Alexandria, cross the Mississippi, move against Port Hudson, and invest the enemy's position from above. Accordingly, on the 27th of March, the Forty-first regiment received marching orders. Grover's Division left Baton Rouge on transports, a large number having gathered for that purpose, and went down the river as far

as Donaldsonville, on the west bank. Here they disembarked, and commenced an overland march to Brashear City. Their route lay along the banks of the Bayou Plaquemine, where beautiful houses and rich plantations met the eye on either hand. Past the villages of Placerville, Napoleonville, Thibodeaux and Terrebonne, the division marched, making fifteen or twenty miles per day. Longfellow, in his "Evangeline," refers most beautifully to this charming country, and the bayous by which it is watered. He speaks of these streams as a "maze of sluggish and devious waters, which like a network of steel extended in every direction." As the army marched through this "Eden of Louisiana," they saw over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress. In midair were the trailing mosses, which waved as the men went by,

"Like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals."

Though this very country came Evangeline, with her guide, the Father Felician. Day after day they glided along these very streams, from whose waters our tired, footsore soldiers quenched their thirst. The Northern troops were bound for the same prairies of fair Opelousas, marched through a wilderness sombre with forests. Night after night, by their blazing fires, they encamped on its borders. There are green spots in the garden of memory. This march of Grover's Division through this fertile country is one of them.

"Dreamlike and indistinct and strange were all things around them ;
Lovely the moonlight was, as it glanced and gleamed on the water."

and as, with these things around them, they thought of home,

"Over their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness."

Never can time efface from memory those scenes around the campfires of the Forty-first Regiment in the spring of '63, in Western Louisiana.

Our songs and merry laughter were oftentimes "mixed with the whoop of the owl, and the roar of the grim alligators." Like Evangeline, however, the men marched on, sustained by a vision that beckoned them on in their journey. Evangeline was hunting for Gabriel, we were hunting for Dick Taylor and the Confederate army.

After a short rest at Terrebonne, the men were put on board a freight train, and carried some ten miles farther in their journey to Bayou Bœuf. On the 9th the regiment left Bayou Bœuf, and marched about nine miles when we came in sight of Brashear City, where the regiment went into camp, and secured a little much-needed rest. Blackberries were abundant at this place, and the men lost no time in helping themselves to the delicious fruit.

When the Forty-first Regiment reached Brashear City, the army of General Banks had arrived in large numbers. Weitzel had command of the advance, and, with his division, was already to move against Dick Taylor, at Camp Bisland. Emory, with his fine division, was ready to support Weitzel; and these two divisions, under the immediate eye of Banks, were ready to cross Berwick Bay, and give battle to the enemy. Grover's Division was ordered up Grand Lake, and were to land above and to the east of Franklin, strike Taylor on his flank and rear, cut off his retreat, and compel his unconditional surrender. It was a fine plan; how well it was executed the following pages will tell.

At ten o'clock, on the morning of April 11th, 1863, the regiment received marching orders, and at one o'clock, started for the wharf, where the men embarked on the steamer "Arizona." The rest of the division were carried on the "Clifton," "St. Mary," "Estrella" and "Laurel Hill." The Forty-first left the wharf at about dark, anchored in the stream, and waited until morning. On the 12th, everything was in readiness, and the fleet began to

move up-stream, to cut off Taylor's retreat. The fleet numbered eight transports, three of which carried guns. Every man had high hopes concerning the coming victory. The fleet moved on through the waters of Grand Lake, past abandoned Confederate batteries ; past Grand Island ; until we reached a place called Cypress Pass, where the "Arizona," with the Forty-first, ran aground. In war, as in peace, it is the unexpected that often happens. This was an unexpected experience for Grover and his men.

At eleven o'clock, the flagship "Clifton" was signalled ; the whole fleet halted, and the "Clifton" came to our relief. No amount of tugging could move the "Arizona." The ship must be lightened. Four hundred men were put on board the "Clifton," and another effort was made to move the "Arizona." She was immovable. General Grover was getting impatient. This delay boded no good for the expedition. He told the captain he must go on without him. "Land your men on the island lighten the ship, and get off if you can." The flagship left a few lighters behind, and steamed away. A pontoon bridge was constructed of the lighters, the men were landed on the island, hawsers were attached to the ship, and the men began to pull for dear life. We could not stay there long. We should miss it if we did. Already the ball had opened. We could hear the guns of Weitzel and Emory in the west. We worked hard on that ship till midnight, then gave it up. The next morning another effort was made to float the "Arizona;" this time with success.

A great shout went up as the Arizona came out of the mud. At 8 o'clock we were on board of her, and once more we started for the scene of conflict.

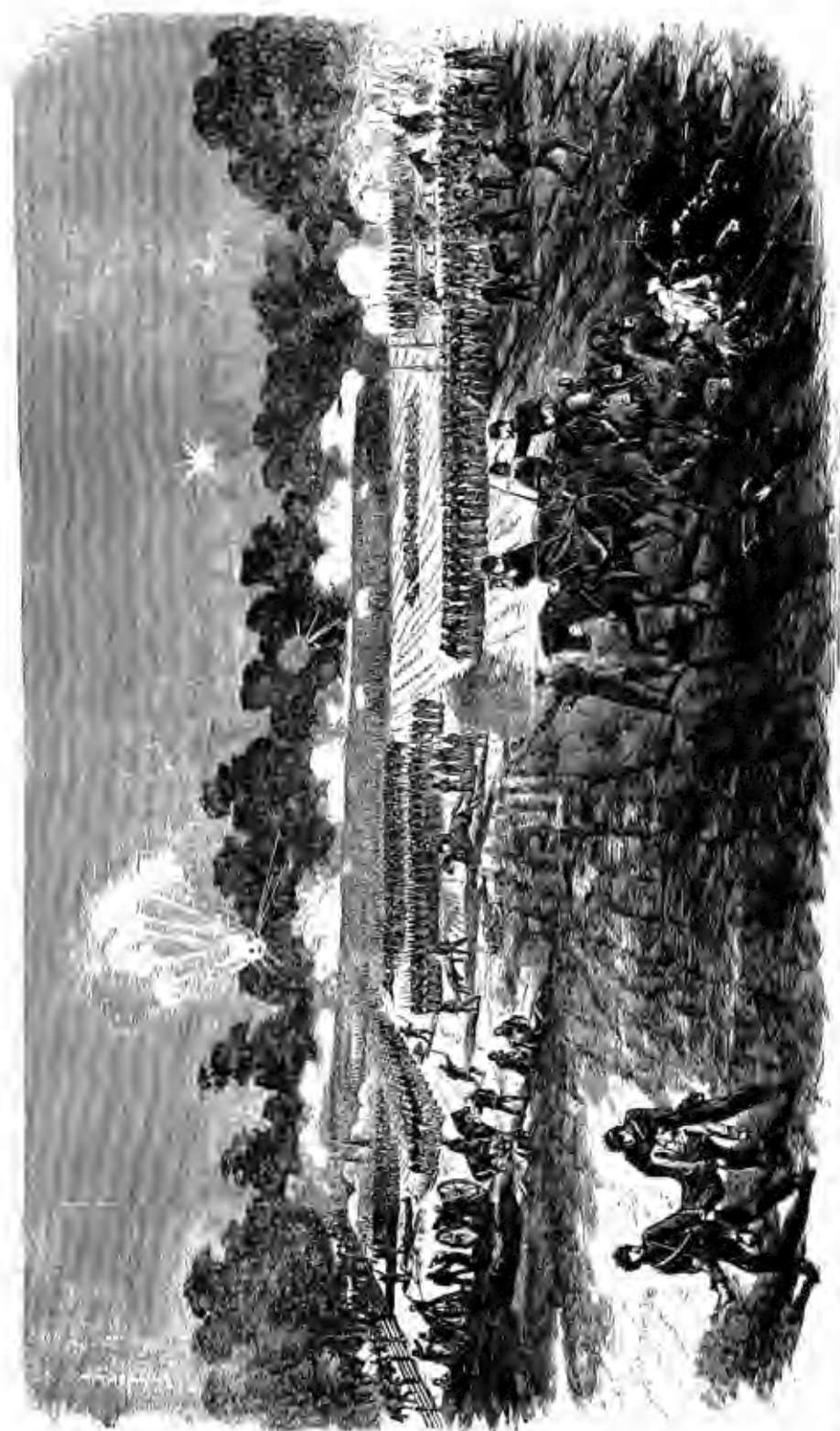
There was a thrilling incident on board the "Arizona," when the steamer stuck on the sunken island in Grand Lake. In the stern of a boat, just in front of one of the

paddle wheels, sat a seaman. Suddenly the engineer started the engines, and the suction drew the boat under the wheel, the paddles striking the seaman, and drawing him, with the boat under the wheel, until only his feet could be seen. Quickly as possible the engineer reversed, and the man crushed almost dead, was taken on board. Whether or not he recovered is not known to the writer.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we landed about six miles above Franklin, on Dick Taylor's flank and rear. Now the strings were to be tightened, and Banks was to bag his game—if possible! Grover's division was now safely landed, and formed in line not far from a place called Irish Bend.

It was not long before the enemy's pickets were encountered, and skirmishing commenced. Five companies of the Forty-first were thrown forward as skirmishers on Madam Porter's Plantation, and engaged the enemy until nightfall. The movements of these companies elicited favorable comment from the brigade commander. As Kimball saw the men move forward, he said, "I wouldn't believe that troops could deploy like that, even on drill."

That night we slept on our arms, and in an open field. The next morning we started in pursuit of the enemy. He saw the point, and kept out of it as long as he could. The First and Second Brigades were in the advance, and were the first to overtake them. Soon the firing began. Batteries unlimbered, and hurried to the front. Orderlies were busy carrying dispatches from General Grover to the various commanders. On the other side, Banks was pushing Taylor with considerable vigor and success. Grover advanced his troops toward the edge of the woods, where he found the enemy in force. A severe battle ensued. Grover ordered the Twenty-fourth Connecticut and Twenty-sixth Maine to charge the enemy's



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THE BATTLE OF BUSHY RUN.

lines, which was done with great loss to the regiments mentioned. The enemy was evidently embarrassed. Dick Taylor now decided to abandon Franklin, and flee before the advancing troops of the Nineteenth Corps. Suddenly a terrible explosion was heard. The gunboat "Diana" had been blown up. The "Queen of the West" was also destroyed, also several transports at Franklin. Dick Taylor, however, knew the country better than either Banks or Grover. Evacuating Franklin, pushing through the woods by an unfrequented road, undiscovered and unoccupied by Grover, he eluded the troops of his pursuers, and escaped.

At the Battle of Irish Bend, the Forty-first was held in reserve, and supported Nim's Batteries on the second line. It was at the Battle of Irish Bend that the gallant Colonel Molyneux distinguished himself as one of the bravest and most efficient officers of the Nineteenth Corps. At the head of the Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York, he moved forward to the attack until his regiment was within short range of the enemy's musketry. Ordering his men to throw off their blankets and coats, after a brief rest, he was just giving the command: "Forward!" when he was struck in the mouth by a bullet, and fell, leaving the command of his regiment to Captain Dayton.

In this engagement, Colonel Birge led, and Colonel Kimball, of Maine, commanded the Second Brigade, to which the Forty-first was attached. The regiments composing the Brigade were, Twelfth Maine, Fifty-second Massachusetts, Twenty-fourth Connecticut, and Forty-first Massachusetts, with Nim's Battery. The Fifty-second Massachusetts and Twenty-fourth Connecticut were nine-months men.

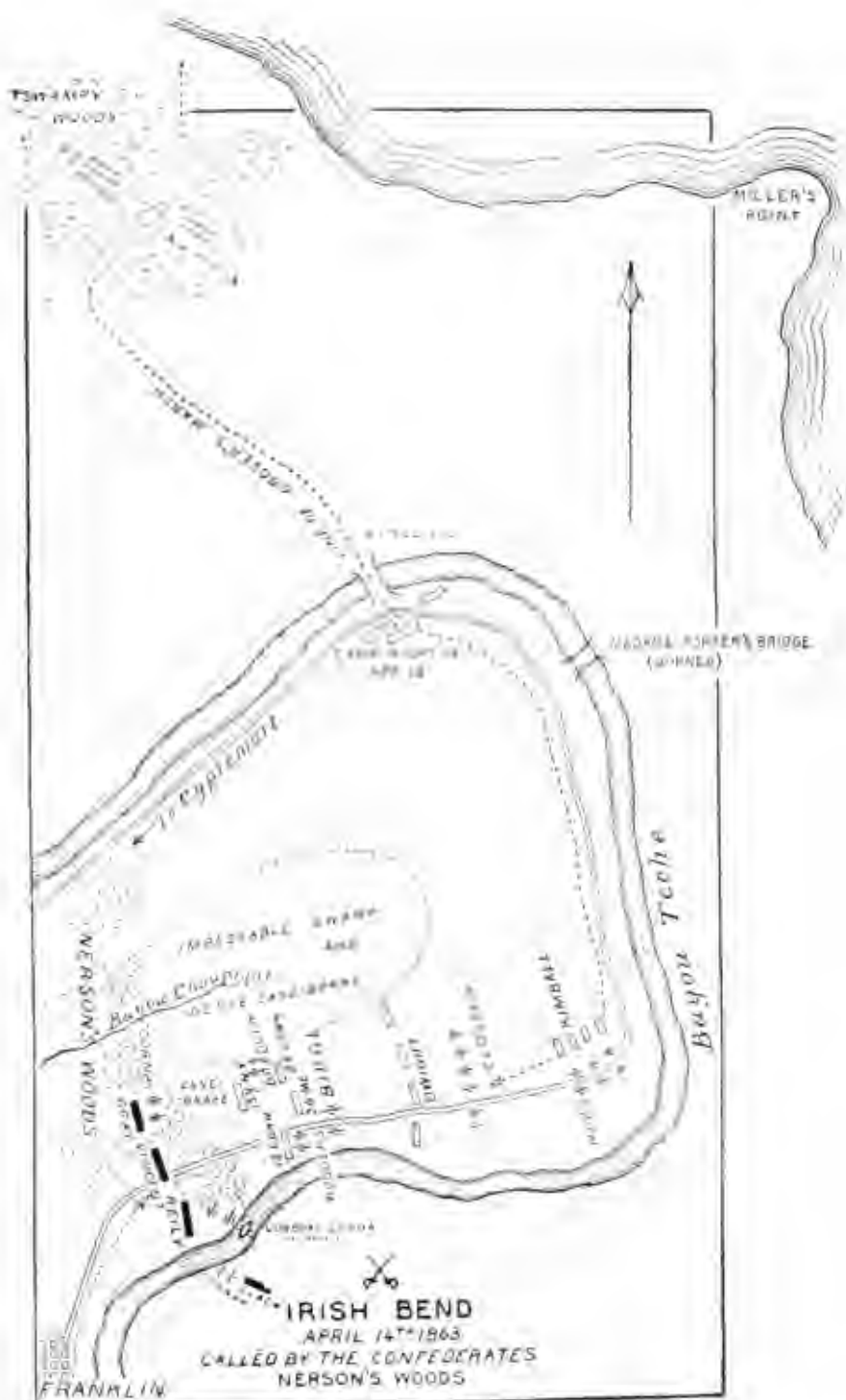
The battle over, General Grover ordered the men to rest, while some of their comrades were sent out to bury

the dead. Birge's brigade had lost three hundred men. Dwight had lost seven killed and twenty-one wounded. The enemy had evacuated a strong line of earthworks, extending from Grand Lake, on the one side, to the Teche on the other, about two and a half miles long.

Although Banks had failed to capture Taylor, he had nevertheless captured a great many of his "belongings." The following will show what was actually accomplished by this movement against Camp Bisland. Franklin was taken, and with it an iron foundry and a sawmill. The "Diana" had been destroyed. Three transports, "News-boy," the "Gossamer, and "Era No. 2," the ironclad "Hart," the "Blue Hammock," "Darby," "Louise," "Uncle Tommy" and "Cricket" were destroyed by the Confederates themselves. The "Cornie," a hospital boat, was captured with over sixty wounded. Two Union officers were retaken, viz., Capt. Jewett and Lieut. Alice, who had been captured by the enemy when the gunboat "Diana" was taken by the Confederates some time before.

A large supply of ammunition and army stores were also destroyed by Taylor as he fled before the victorious army of the Union. It was a victory, though not as complete as was fondly hoped for.

Grover has been criticized by some for allowing Taylor to escape at Irish Bend. We think the criticism just. Grover had a fine opportunity to distinguish himself at Irish Bend. He had plenty of men and abundance of artillery. He should have known where every bridge was, and been acquainted with every avenue of escape. Friendly negroes could have given him all necessary information, and gladly guided him to every strategic point in the locality. Taylor had 4000 men. Grover had three full brigades of about 5000 men, Banks, 10,000. Had Grover placed his troops where they were needed, he could have



By permission from Irwin, "History of the Nineteenth Corps."

made Taylor's escape impossible. Irvin says of Grover, in excusing his blunder: "He was conscientious and cautious." Just so; too cautious to win at Irish Bend. After a fair consideration of the facts, we are compelled to say that had Grover done his duty at Irish Bend, Taylor and his whole army would have surrendered at Franklin.

Nothing remained for Banks to do but to give chase. Accordingly, the three divisions, now united, took up the line of march toward New Iberia. It was a hot, sultry day, as the men passed off the battlefield of Irish Bend and took the road for Opelousas. Perkins' Cavalry was in the advance. Occasionally, the enemy's rear-guard was overhauled, and some brisk firing was the result. As a rule, the Confederates fled in disorder. In one of these fights the enemy was chased four miles, and seventy-five prisoners were captured. On the evening of the 16th the regiment arrived at New Iberia. The men were footsore and tired. It had been a hard day. They were longing for a good night's rest, when orders came to "fall in" and be ready for a midnight expedition. To the south of New Iberia, about six hours' march, at a place called Avery's Island, were located famous salt works. These were very valuable to the Confederates and must be rendered useless. Accordingly, the Forty-first, the Twelfth Maine, a part of the Twenty-fourth Connecticut, together with a section of Nim's Battery, were ordered to proceed to the above-named place and destroy the salt works.

This work accomplished, after an all-night march without stop, the expedition returned to New Iberia, bringing along with them about two hundred horses. At New Iberia the enemy had been at work constructing a gunboat for service on the Teche. On the approach of Banks the unfinished boat was destroyed, together with more stores and ammunition. A cannon foundry was

also destroyed, 1,500 prisoners had been captured, and a large number of horses, mules and beeves had been secured.

Dick Taylor was still retreating. He could do nothing else. After a brief attempt to arrest Grover's advance at Vermillion Bayou, there was nothing between the victorious Union army and Opelousas but a few burned bridges. On April 20th, 1863, at 8 o'clock, A.M., the regiment arrived at Opelousas, via Vermillionville, in light marching order, the knapsacks having previously been sent back to Brashear City.

Since leaving Baton Rouge the regiment had marched over three hundred miles. The men were, therefore, glad to hear that they were to remain awhile at Opelousas, and enjoy a season of much-needed rest.

Colonel Chickering was, on April 20th, appointed by the Commanding Officer, Military Governor of Opelousas; and Lieut.-Colonel Sargent was made Provost Marshal. The regiment, now commanded by Major Vinal, was ordered to do duty in and around the city.

At the same time the valuable products of the country were collected and brought to town for the use of the army. Cotton, horses, mules and other supplies were accordingly brought in.

Meanwhile, the army under General Banks had passed on toward Alexandria, driving everything before it. Severely pressed by the advancing troops of the Union army, Dick Taylor had kept on retreating, having received orders to retire from Louisiana into Texas. Thus Banks had made himself master of the situation in western Louisiana, and could now turn his attention to matters on the Mississippi. After the Nineteenth Corps had taken Alexandria, it turned eastward, passed on to Simonsport, then crossing the Mississippi, it swung around, and in a short time was thundering in the rear

of Port Hudson. General Augur, who had been left at Baton Rouge, had joined Banks in the rear of Port Hudson, and the Confederate stronghold was surrounded. Its capture was only a question of time.

The Forty-first remained at Opelousas from April 20 until May 11th, 1863. During this time order was maintained, the flag was respected and the Constitution enforced. Excellent service was rendered by the regiment in various other ways for the general welfare. Corn mills were set in motion; a free market was opened for the poor; negroes in large numbers were fed. Six thousand bales of cotton were brought in; large quantities of sugar and molasses received, while horses, mules and wagons, saddles and bridles were collected in large numbers. All this property was saved to the general government, and sent down to New Orleans. Ten thousand negroes, men, women and children, who had fled from the land of bondage, looked to our men for protection, and were not disappointed. While at Opelousas, some of the men opened a printing office, issued a daily paper, and exhibited considerable Northern enterprise in a business way. Opelousas had been the Confederate capitol of Louisiana, and many valuable papers were found among the archives of the defunct State government.

The time at length arrived when the men were to leave Opelousas for other scenes. All this property must be taken care of. Steamers were, therefore, ordered to come up the Teche to a place called Barre's Landing, about six miles east of Opelousas. This was to be a base of operations for a time.

On the 11th of May, the regiment left Opelousas for Barre's Landing.

With us were seven regiments of infantry, and a section of Nim's Battery. General Banks was anxious that the property captured at Opelousas and Barre's Landing

might be safely transported to New Orleans. To Colonel Chickering was committed the task of carrying out the General's command. About this time, the Forty-first Regiment experienced a wonderful transformation. Horses were given the men, and henceforth the regiment was to be mounted. Now, instead of going afoot, the men were to ride on horseback. It was a very surprising, but agreeable change. On the 17th of May, 1863, the regiment appeared for the first time as "Mounted Rifles."

There were many amusing experiences that came to the men during their stay at Barre's Landing. The attempt to "break" some of their fiery steeds furnished a large amount of fun. The negroes seemed to succeed better than the men of the Forty-first. Saddles, bridles, horses, everything was new to these infantrymen.

One member of the regiment, in speaking of his army life, says "Those days at Barre's Landing were very exciting. I there learned for the first time to ride horseback. I was given a horse who evidently had never been ridden much. He objected to the bridle, saddle, and indeed to about everything I showed him. He seemed to have some conscientious scruples about joining the Union Cavalry. I remember the first time I tried to mount that animal. I got off as soon as I got on. I got off again. I recollect getting off that horse several times in one forenoon. I usually got off much more rapidly than I got on. It is wonderful how quickly a man can get off a horse, especially when the horse takes hold and helps. At last I conquered the beast, and felt proud of the operation. I began to enjoy riding. I thought it fine pastime. I should now be free from sore feet and weary bones when on the march. After I had ridden that horse, however, about two weeks, I changed my mind. I was naturally tender-hearted, while in the infantry I was tender-footed; but now I was tender 'all along the line.'

I often heard comrades say that their saddles were covered with 'raw hide,' and filled with the same material. I one day met a cavalryman bathing himself in the cool waters, sighing for vaseline or cold cream, or something else to heal his wounded pride."

On Chickering's retreat, when we had our first forced march on horseback, many of the men felt like the fellow who said, when in "sore" distress "There's a divinity that shapes our 'ends' rough, hew them as we may."

A member of Company C thus relates the story of his introduction to a horse. "The horse given me was a very lively animal. He could rear and run and jump, all in quick time. I saw at once that what the horse needed was exercise. I laughed to myself as I put on the bridle, and sought to 'tone him down.' I didn't laugh again for a week. He rolled me off his back in no time. Then he just got up on his hind legs, and began waltzing toward me like an infuriated pile-driver. I had seen perilous times before, but this prancing animal seemed to put my life in greater jeopardy, and I got scared. I didn't enlist to be kicked to death by a horse. I was obliged to call to my aid a 'contraband,' and in due time the wild horse was tamed, and became quite serviceable as a member of the Third Cavalry."

The following was written by one who styles himself an "Infantile Cavalryman."

"In the early part of the war it used to be said that a dead cavalryman was a very rare sight. If the author of that statement had visited Barre's Landing in the spring of 1863, he would have found several who were half-dead, at least. The taming of wild animals was something I did not dream of when I enlisted in '62. I went to Louisiana to put down rebellion. I found at Barre's Landing that rebellion had taken hold upon the brute creation. The horse assigned me had no intention of



LIEUT. COL. DAVID P. MUZZEY.

submitting tamely to military authority. He was very fond of 'bucking.' He was also balky. He could break up a whole company formation by going backward in a very persistent manner. I sometimes wondered whether the 'seat of authority' was in me; or the saddle, or the horse. I have heard that some old horseman once said that 'the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man.' It was not so with mine. He stirred up my temper as nothing else did during the war. He was neither good for the inside nor the outside of the man who had to ride him. General Banks was reported to have said that we should have long marches, little fighting, and be home in nine months.' There were times when seated on that horse or trying hard to subdue him, I thought I would never see my home again.

"At length, however, the animal became quite docile and submitted gracefully to the inevitable. He became more valuable as his education went on. Finally, he resembled the horse of which Rev. Henry Ward Beecher speaks. Riding one day behind a spirited animal, he said to the owner 'That's a fine stepper.' 'Yes,' said the owner, with a look of gratification. 'What are his points?' said Mr Beecher. The other replied: 'He'll go where you want him to go, he'll do what you want him to do, and he'll never get you into trouble.' Beecher listened, and then said 'I wish that horse was a member of my church.'"

On the morning of the 21st of May, the troops left Barres' Landing for Brashear City. The march was commenced at daybreak, under the immediate command of Colonel Chickering, and continued the first day until six at night. There was a large train of army wagons, some of which carried the ammunition, then wagons of various sorts and sizes; negroes in large numbers, men, women and children. Piled high on these numerous

wagons, were the belongings of the contrabands, who had fled from the house of bondage to the Union lines for safety. Beds and bedding, household furniture and cooking utensils, cows, geese and corn, cotton, tobacco, sugar, molasses, and other articles too numerous to mention, were packed into those various vehicles and drawn by various beasts of burden. The train, as it moved out on the road was nearly six miles in length. Fifty of the best army wagons in the department carried a large supply of army stores. Following this train was five hundred emigrant wagons. Beside all these wagons there was a large drove of horses, mules, and beef creatures captured from the enemy. Next, there accompanied the troops about six thousand negroes, many of whom were to find employment either in the Lafourche country, or at New Orleans, or as servants of officers in the Union army. The Forty-first Mounted Rifles led the advance. On the flanks, the train was well guarded by infantry; while the rear was protected by infantry and the section of Nim's Battery which had been with Chickering's command at Opelousas and Barre's Landing.

A writer of the 38th Massachusetts, who accompanied General Banks during the Teche Campaign, thus refers to the expeditions of Colonel Chickering and the men who composed his force:—

"The Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry, mounted; the Fifty-second Massachusetts Infantry, 114th, 125th and Ninetieth New York, with one company of the Thirteenth Connecticut, the Twenty-second and Twenty-sixth Maine, and a section of Nim's Massachusetts Battery, under the command of Colonel Thomas E. Chickering, having seen the last steamer-load of cotton on its way by the river to Brashear City, getting the remnants on hand and loading them into three or four hundred wagons, started on the march to Berwick City.

The ponderous train once in motion, soon began to wind itself back along the banks of the Teche on the same road which the army of General Banks had marched a month previously "

It was deemed wise by Colonel Chickering to move down the Eastern bank of the Teche, via Lenoxville. The first day all went well, the second day, the men, refreshed by a good night's sleep, were up before daylight, and at three o'clock the reveille was sounded, and at five the march was resumed. The men did not forget that they were in an enemy's country. Accordingly, a sharp lookout was kept for guerillas and all unfriendly citizens in towns through which the expedition passed. On the second day we went into camp for the night at 4 P.M. The third day we started at 6 A.M., at 9 passed through St. Martinsville, and at 4 P.M. halted for the night at New Iberia, on the western bank of the Teche. On the third day we left New Iberia at 6 A.M. Our march was now along the western bank of the bayou, through Franklin, Centreville, Pattersonville to Berwick Bay. On the third night we encamped within 15 miles of Franklin, the men in good spirits, and the train and property intact. On the fourth day the troops began to move at 6 A.M., and at 10 A.M. the expedition passed through the town of Franklin, the scene of Banks' recent triumph. Here the men saw the remnants of Dick Taylor's camp. The ruins of Confederate gunboats and transports were on the river bank. Among them was the famous gunboat "Cotton." Down through Franklin to Centreville, Chickering's men passed, when he decided to encamp for the night. The men were glad of a rest, and built their camp-fires, and cooked their evening meal with merry delight. Hardly had they eaten it, however, and just as they were preparing a comfortable bed for the night, they were startled by a report that the enemy

was nearing us, and was preparing to attack our rear. Then came the news that a company of guerillas had actually fired upon our rear-guard in the vicinity of Franklin. Colonel Chickering immediately ordered Colonel Sargent to despatch reinforcements to the rear. Company A, Captain Hervey, Company B, Captain Noyes, with the section of Nim's Battery, were accordingly sent back to aid the rear-guard, while at the same time a horseman was despatched to Brashear City to inform the commander of that post of our situation. The Forty-first, still armed with Springfield rifles, was dismounted, and deployed as skirmishers in an open cane-field, not far from our camp, to guard against, and repel any attack the enemy might make from that quarter. The troops sent back to Franklin found no guerillas in sight, but obtained some valuable and startling information. From a captured "individual" they learned that a force of 6000 Confederates was not far away, and the enemy was planning to flank Col. Chickering's command, cut off our retreat, and capture the entire expedition. This was interesting news, and it governed the future movements of the gallant colonel. At 10 o'clock that night Colonel Chickering ordered the troops to "fall in" and "move forward." Colonel Morgan, of the Nineteenth New York, who commanded the rear-guard, was instructed to give battle and retreat, at the same time protect the rear of the train. A few lively skirmishes occurred with scattered bands of the enemy, chiefly guerillas. In the meantime, Colonel Chickering had learned somewhat of the plans of his pursuers. He had been informed, from reliable sources, that the Confederate General Moulton, son of the ex-governor of Louisiana, with Brigadier-General Green, were preparing to attack the expedition and smash things generally. His plan was to engage our rear, then, by a flank movement, attack the train, throw

the drivers into confusion, and make spoil of the property. Colonel Chickering did not move on too quickly. The train pushed forward with surprising rapidity. The crack of the whip could be heard on the backs of the horses and mules. The negroes were terribly excited, but did nothing to retard the progress of the expedition. That night was a night long to be remembered by the men of the Forty-first. No one slept. Eyes, ears, feet and hands were in constant demand. It was nineteen miles from Franklin to Berwick Bay, the end of the route. Seventeen miles had already been covered before we left Franklin, but the thirty-six miles were marched in twenty-four hours, and, by sunrise the next morning, Colonel Chickering and his little army entered Berwick City, amid the cheers of hundreds and the congratulations of all who met them. Not a wagon had been lost, nor a pound of cotton nor a mule captured. Moulton and Green had been baffled. We had but one Lieutenant killed, a few men had been wounded, and a few made prisoners. Beyond this, Colonel Chickering's command had sustained no further loss except that of sleep. Colonel Chickering had, during this movement from Barre's Landing to Berwick, showed great tact and dexterity in eluding his pursuers, and in bringing his train in safety to the Quartermaster at Berwick Bay. He had marched 110 miles in five days, and had made no mistake. His services to the country on this occasion were of the most distinguished character, for which the authorities at Washington should have made him a Brigadier.

The scene at Berwick Bay, on the morning of May 26, beggars description. The braying of mules, the notes of bugles, the sound of drums, mingled with the oaths of the drivers and the shouts of soldiers. Wagons of all kinds covered the camping grounds; while in every

direction roamed the emancipated contraband, whose first taste of freedom he was now enjoying. As for the soldiers, they were "tired."

The men of the Forty-first Mounted Rifles were lame! They were "lame all over." One comrade says: "When I reached Berwick City I was just about 'played out.' I had been in the saddle about thirty-six hours. It was the first forced march I had ever enjoyed, and it was a good one. I did not care for another just like it. As I rubbed my sides, and tried to fix myself up for future operations, I thought of the country captain who exhorted his men before his first battle: 'Men, said he, 'we are about to give battle to the enemy. I want you all to do your duty. Fight like heroes until your ammunition gives out, and then run like 'injuns;' and as I'm a little lame, I guess I'll start now!' We had made a forced march. It was no wonder some of us were a 'little lame!'"

Chickering's soldiers very much like the woman with six children who was endeavoring to board a street car in a great city. "Madam," said the conductor, "Are these all yours, or is this a picnic?" Quick as lightning, the woman replied: "Yes, sir;" they are all mine, and it is *no* picnic." So felt the men as they left Barre's Landing to guard this great caravan across the country to Brashear City. The things were all ours, but taking care of all this property was no picnic.

Thus ended the Teche Campaign. It was began about April 1st, it ended on May 26th, 1863. It began in hope, it ended in fruition. It began with bright anticipation; it ended in victory.

CHAPTER VI.

PORT HUDSON.

From Brashear City to New Orleans — From Algiers to Port Hudson — Springfield Landing — Plains Store — Grierson's Command — Picket Duty — The 14th of June, 1863 — Assault on Port Hudson — A raid on Springfield Landing — An Attack on the Clinton Road — "Blackberries and Bullets for Breakfast" — The "Forlorn Hope" — Order of General Banks, No. 144 — Arms and Equipments — A Promise that was Never Kept — Surrender of Port Hudson.

THE Teche Campaign had ended in a blaze of glory. The Forty-first had borne an honorable part in that movement, and were now prepared for further service on other fields. General Banks had found Port Hudson a harder place to take than he had at first supposed; and now he needed every available regiment in the department to assist him in its reduction.

Accordingly, the little army of Colonel Chickering, now flushed with victory, was ordered to proceed as quickly as possible to Port Hudson, to take part in the sanguinary scenes soon to be enacted on its hard-fought fields. Nim's Battery and the infantry soon found themselves face to face with the Confederate garrison, who were "holding the fort" with bull-dog tenacity at Port Hudson.

Thus the sojourn of the Forty-first at Brashear City was exceedingly brief, for, on the 28th of May—just two days after our arrival,—the men were ordered to proceed

without delay to New Orleans, from which place they were to go up the river by steamer to Springfield Landing, below Port Hudson. On the 29th, the men were ordered on board a train of cars at Brashear City, and rolled across the swampy country toward the "Crescent City." Here, in this swamp, was the place of the crane, the reptile and the grim alligator. We arrived at Algiers at midnight, and the men slept on the ground by the side of the track until morning. Three companies, who had their horses with them, prepared to march to camp, when an order came for the regiment to embark on board the steamer "Crescent" for Springfield Landing.

We went on board at 4 P.M., and started up the river. Stopping at Baton Rouge about one hour on the 31st, we steamed up stream and arrived at Springfield Landing at 12 o'clock the same day.

Springfield Landing was eight miles below Port Hudson, on the same side of the river. It was Banks' base of operations. To this place the supplies for the army were brought. Much of the ammunition was unloaded at this point. Heavy siege guns and mortars were transported on steamers to this landing-place. Here the Forty-first landed, our Colonel reporting to General Banks for orders.

On June 1st, other steamers arrived with horses for the men, and the work of disembarkation went on. At 4 o'clock on June 2nd, we were turned out, and commenced our march to Port Hudson Plains. To this place the various detachments of the regiment finally came; and Colonel Chickering found himself and his now reunited regiment quartered not far from the battle-field of "Plains Store."

Plains Store was so called from a white building that stood not far away. The under portion had been used as a country store, and was stripped of everything except the

studding and corner-posts. The upper portion had been used as a lodge-room by the Masons, and stood intact. On the outer front could be seen the "compass and square" of the Order, which had been respected by officers of rank in both of the contending armies. Not a shingle was gone; not a clapboard had been removed, not a pane of glass was broken; not a bit of paint had been scarred. Such is "influence."

On the 23rd of May, while Colonel Chickering and his brave boys were coming down the Teche and eluding their pursuers, General Sherman had marched from Baton Rouge to the rear of Port Hudson, uniting with the forces of General Banks, who had come down from the Red River region above. General Grierson had made his memorable raid through the State of Mississippi and had safely arrived at Baton Rouge. About the same time, General Auger had had a brush with the enemy at Plains Store, and had driven him back inside of his earthworks.

On the arrival of the Forty-first at Plains Store, the men gained much valuable information concerning the progress already made in the siege and reduction of the Confederate stronghold. We found the Union line was four to six miles long, and stretched from the bank of the river above to that below. General Weitzel was on the right of the Union line, next came General Grover; then General Auger; while on the extreme left were the forces of General T W Sherman. Port Hudson was strongly fortified, parapets twenty feet thick had been constructed, ditches, fifteen feet deep and twelve feet wide, surrounded the town. These ditches ran from Ross' Landing, below, to Thompson's Creek, above. The Confederate line was four miles long; the Union line, six. In front of the enemy's earthworks, trees had been

felled for the space of half a mile, making the movement of troops exceedingly difficult and dangerous.

On the 27th of May, a few days before the Forty-first arrived, General Banks had ordered a general assault by his entire army upon the enemy's fortifications. Very early in the morning the men were astir, and the line of battle was formed. Some Confederate prisoners said, in after days, that the movement of Auger's division was one of the grandest sights they had ever witnessed. Weitzel's Division was the first to open fire, followed by Grover and Auger and Sherman, until every gun was at work, and every man anxious to do his "level best." The roar of artillery was fearful, the rattle of musketry continuous; and brave men fought with the desperation of demons in their attempts to carry the works by storm. It was a grand assault; but it failed! The enemy's position was too strong to be carried by storm. In the attempt many brave men were killed and wounded. General Sherman was struck in the leg. General Neal Dow was also wounded, while Lieutenant-Colonel Rodman, of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, Colonel Clark, of Michigan, and Colonel Cowles, of New York, were killed. Banks' loss was nearly 2000 men, of whom 293 were killed.

Soon after the arrival of the Forty-first at Plain's Store, General Banks planned another assault on the Confederate stronghold. In this engagement the regiment was to have an humble part. An order was issued for a simultaneous attack on Sunday morning, June 14th. At two o'clock that morning the men were roused from their slumbers and ordered into line. At daylight we were well up toward the line of battle. Soon the terrific cannonading commenced. Gun answered gun. The fleet joined in the attack, and Farragut's shells could be seen bursting over the buildings and batteries of the

enemy. The roar of artillery went on for two hours. Then came the sharp rattle of musketry, followed by the charge of the regiments and divisions of the Nineteenth Corps.

Many New England men were on this "far-flung battle-line." There was the Third Brigade, commanded by Colonel Gooding, in which were no less than three Massachusetts regiments, viz., the Thirty-first, Thirty-eighth and Fifty-third. Then came the Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Hawkes Fearing, of Hingham; followed by the First Brigade, where were men of the Fourth Massachusetts, and Nim's Battery not far away. These troops were all in Grover's Division, and "fought like brave men, long and well."

On that fatal morning, while the men of the Forty-first were getting into line, Grover's Division was forming on the Clinton road. At four o'clock they moved up, and were ready to "go in." General Paine, of Wisconsin, led. The men advanced eagerly to the fray. A terrible fire was poured into their ranks as they moved on. Volley after volley came from the Confederate earthworks. The carnage was fearful. General Paine fell, and was left on the field. Our dauntless men pushed on across the field of death until they reached the enemy's breastworks; but to no purpose. "It was impossible," says one who witnessed this charge, "for men to show more reckless disregard of death." Five regiments got within a few rods of the enemy's works. Some of the skirmishers actually got inside.

Port Hudson had again refused to be taken by a general assault. The odds were against us. The big trees felled across the pathway of the troops, the big guns of the enemy, belching forth death and destruction at every flash, the fearful fire of the riflemen, safely entrenched behind formidable earthworks, made it impossible for

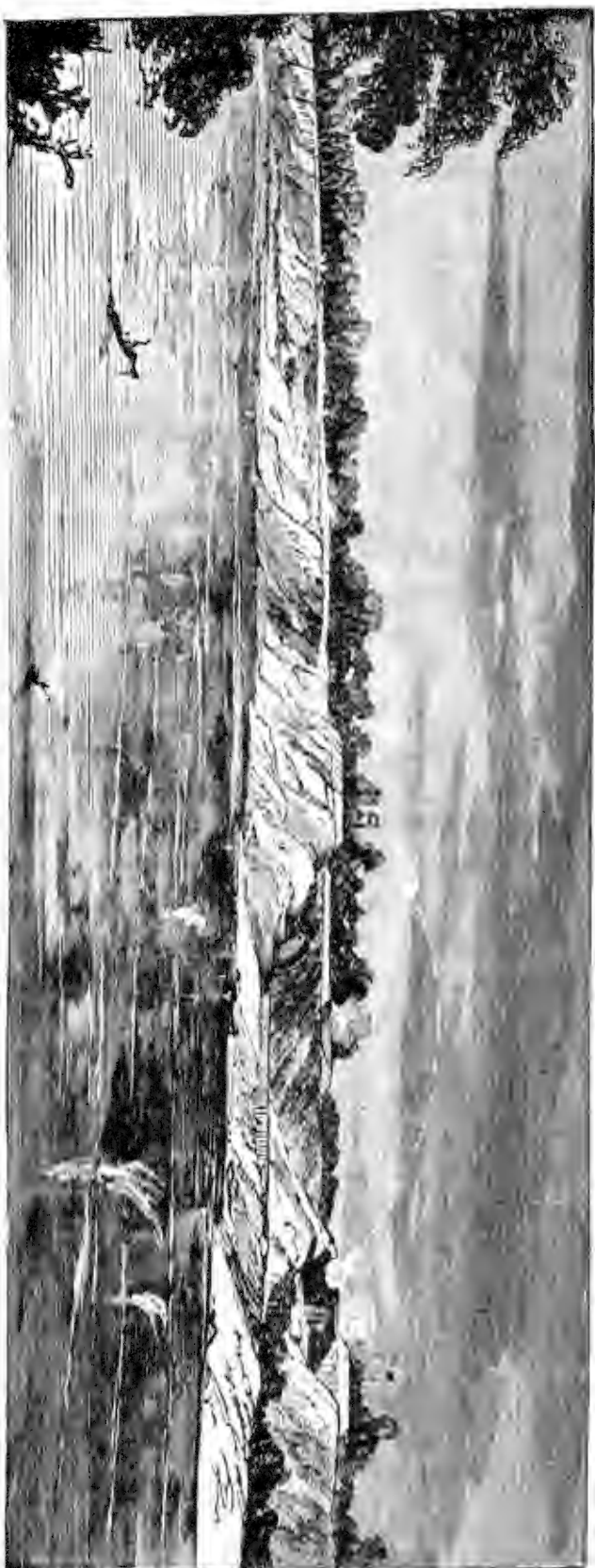
Banks to win, so, late in the afternoon, the Nineteenth Army Corps was ordered to retire.

The men of the Forty-first, being cavalry, could not be used very effectively in this charge. The most they could do was to remain in line supporting a battery, and ready, at a moment's notice, to repel any attack that might be made during the day from the rear. Our losses had been heavy. General Paine was shot below the knee. Captain Charles H. Taylor, now proprietor of the Boston "Globe," was wounded on that eventful Sunday. While many other brave man, unknown to fame, fell to rise no more.

" On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread ;
And glory guards, with solemn sound,
The bivouac of the dead."

Such is the brief record of the second attempt to storm the enemy's citadel at Port Hudson on that sanguinary 14th of June, 1863. Why General Banks chose this particular day of the week, the author has never learned, but so it was, that, while the sound of the church-going bell was being heard on many a New England hillside and in many a city and town, the men who had been reared in these same cities and towns, and who had come from these very hillsides, were baring their breasts to one of the most furious storms that ever burst upon devoted heroes' heads. And while the ministers of religion throughout the land were offering up fervent petitions to the "God of Battles" for the success of the Union arms and the quick return of peace, the sons of New England, from workshop, farm, and school, were battling against tremendous odds that victory might come, and that the blessing of an honorable peace, so much desired, might dawn over all the land.

When the Forty-first arrived at Plains Store they were



PORT HILTON.

JUST BEFORE THE SURRENDER.

(From Maynor's Festival History. By permission.)

placed under the immediate command of General Grierson, whose fame as a cavalry leader was being heralded throughout the country. The chief duties of Grierson's command at Port Hudson was, guarding the roads leading out into enemy's country, protecting wagon trains, and scouting. This service was arduous, and attended with great peril. The men were in a hostile country. A strong force of Confederate cavalry was in their rear. Numerous raids and dashes were a part of the enemy's tactics. On one of these incursions they had captured and carried off Brigadier-General Neal Dow, of Maine, as he lay wounded in a house just inside the Union lines. On another occasion the enemy's cavalry dashed into Springfield Landing. It was the greatest surprise party that visited the army during its operations at Port Hudson. So sudden was their coming that everybody was taken unawares. Negroes at the Landing fled for their lives to the woods. Captains of river transports hid themselves between decks. The small guard present, overcome by fear, could do nothing to repel the invaders: while everybody seemed to feel like a certain man, who was present during a railroad accident. "It was very dangerous. I wished I was somewhere else. There are times," he added, "when absence of body is better than presence of mind."

Our regiment was sent down to the rescue. By a forced march, the men hurried to the scene of danger. Everyone expected serious results. On their arrival, the enemy had gone! We looked for him, and he was not, we searched for him, but he could not be found.

On the morning of June 15th, another raid occurred at a place called Newport. Lieutenant Hodges, with Company C, had, the day before, reported to the commander of the Fourteenth New York Cavalry, who were guarding the road at that point. He told Lieutenant

Hodges to make himself and his men as comfortable as possible for the night, and to hold himself in readiness in case of an attack. The attack did not come that night, but was deferred until very early in the morning.

The writer well remembers how it began. From down the road there came the sound of a rifle, then another; then several, then that ominous yell. The pickets were either captured or driven in. The Confederates came up the road on the gallop. Their intention, evidently, was to "rush" the reserves. Some of the men were getting breakfast; others were picking berries in the bushes not far away. Lieutenant Hodges quickly did what he could to "prepare for company." He ordered the men to tighten the girths of their saddles, mount, and be "ready for action." The Lieutenant was no doubt surprised at the rapidity of the enemy's movements. The New Yorkers were more surprised than was the Lieutenant. As they were nearer the outposts, the Confederates came up with them first. Some of them escaped; but their Major was captured, and three companies were made prisoners. Lieutenant Hodges was somewhat embarrassed on finding himself suddenly confronted by a Confederate officer, who demanded his surrender. With an oath and other uncomplimentary words, he called upon him to allow himself and his men to be taken. No sooner had he said this, and not waiting to hear the Lieutenant say whether he would or wouldn't, he aimed his revolver at the Lieutenant's head, and fired. The writer expected to see Hodges fall to rise no more; but the bullet missed its mark and passed between us into the bushes behind. Had there been no brush fence between the Lieutenant and the Confederates there might have been more serious results. Lieut. Hodges thought it about time to "get out." Turning his face to the right and rear, he ordered a retreat, and started down the road

toward Port Hudson. The men followed, as a natural consequence. There was not the slightest hesitancy on the part of any. Down the road went Company C at a rapid gait. The enemy followed, firing and yelling.

It was an exciting chase. The flying bullets naturally accelerated the movements of the men of Company C. The chase was kept up for about two miles, then abandoned. We lost one man. Private Dane was slow of movement. He was probably killed, as we heard no more from him after the retreat.

Lieutenant Hodges was soon reinforced by Colonel Sargent, who came out with the whole regiment to repel the invader. He marched to the scene of the morning's exploit, but could find no Confederates. They were as scarce as orange blossoms in the arctic regions, or humming birds in winter on the coast of Labrador.

Lieutenant Hodges was greatly mortified over the result at Newport. He soon after resigned, and left for his home in Roxbury. Whether his experience with the enemy in that exciting chase had anything to do with his retirement from the regiment the writer never learned. He was a good officer, rendered good service afterward in the Fourth Cavalry, and was finally killed in Northern Virginia before the war closed. Lieutenant Hodges had been in command of Company C for many months. Before the commencement of the Teche Campaign, and during it, he led the company in every movement. Captain Swift having been detached at Baton Rouge to serve on General Grover's staff, Lieutenant Hodges took on himself the duties of captain, and discharged them well.

Many years after the close of the war there appeared the following story in a Western newspaper. It was written evidently by a member of Company C, Third



COLONEL CHICKERING AS COLONEL OF CAVALRY.

Mass. Cavalry, who participated in that melee at New-
port, on the morning of June 15th, 1863:—

BLACKBERRIES AND BULLETS FOR BREAKFAST.

During the spring and summer of 1863, the Nineteenth Army Corps, under General Banks, was engaged in the reduction of Port Hudson, on the Mississippi river

Several futile attempts had been made to carry the works by storm, but at length the army had settled down to the real earnest experiences of a siege.

The cavalry to which I chanced to belong were engaged in guarding the roads leading out into the enemy's country.

One morning, not many days before the surrender, an experience came to my company which no one probably, who was present, will ever forget.

It was the time for blackberries, many of which were ripe in the immediate vicinity. The boys had made up their minds the night before to have a few for breakfast. Rising early in the gray dawn of the morning, many of them were busily engaged in filling their cups with the delicious fruit.

Suddenly the crack of a rifle broke on the air. Then came another, then a third, and we knew that the outpost had been attacked. Soon we heard the rebel yell and the clattering of hoofs.

It did not take long for us to hurry back to our horses, tighten our girths and mount. But no sooner had we done this than the enemy were upon us. They dashed up the road at a furious rate, swinging their sabres and demanding our surrender.

On the opposite side of the road was a company of New York cavalry. Every man was taken so completely

by surprise that the enemy found them an easy prey. They surrendered without firing a shot.

Our turn came next. Riding toward us, and addressing our captain, was a fierce-looking fellow, evidently their leader, who, in not very complimentary terms, demanded our surrender. At the same time he raised his revolver and fired. The bullet passed dangerously near the head of our commander. A thick brush fence prevented the enemy from dashing down upon us at once, and gave us a little time to gather ourselves together and retreat. This we began to do without much hesitation.

It soon became evident that the faster we travelled the better it would be for us. So we just let our horses out. Bullets were flying about very carelessly. I chanced that day to be on the back of a Texas pony. He could go like the wind, and I just let him go. Our commander was upon a long-legged pacer; he was the most homely looking horse in the regiment. In an emergency, however, he could travel. So we went on, and the rebels after us; we tore down the road at a furious rate, the dust flew, our hair flew, our scabbards flew; and we flew just as fast as we knew how, until we had gone a mile or so, when we were met by reinforcements, and the enemy gave up the chase.

Blackberries and bullets were all we had for breakfast that day. When the exciting scene was over we found one man missing. Nothing has even been seen or heard of him from that day to this. He probably sleeps in an unknown grave.

Although the Forty-first Regiment had now been serving for some time as cavalry, and as such had been armed with sabres, carbines and revolvers; and while they had demonstrated many times that they knew how to use these new weapons, nevertheless the formal order, an-

nouncing the change from infantry to cavalry did not appear until June 17th, 1863. On that day, however, to the great gratification of all concerned, the following Order was promulgated:—

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS,
NEW ORLEANS, June 17, 1863. }

(Before Port Hudson.)

Special Order No. 145.

6. The Forty First Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, Col. Thomas E. Chickering, is converted into a regiment of cavalry, and is to have the organization, uniform, and equipment prescribed by law; and regulations for troops of that arm.

The three unattached companies of Mass. Cavalry, viz., Company A, Captain Magee; Company B, Captain Reed; and Company C, Captain Cowen, are attached to and will form part of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry. The details of this arrangement will be promulgated in future orders. This order is to be subject to the approval of the President of the United States.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

(Signed)

RICHARD B. IRWIN,

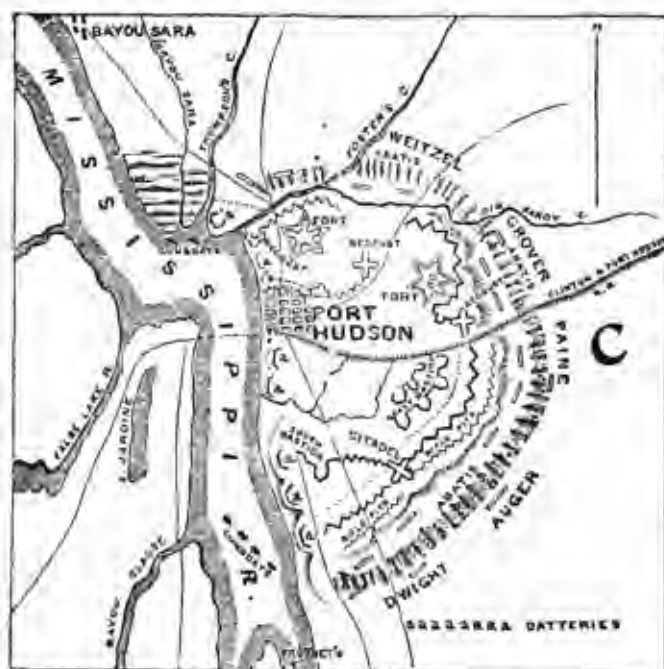
Assistant Adjutant-General.

The order of General Banks was approved by the authorities at Washington by Special Orders, No. 325. War Department, dated July 22nd, 1863. Such was the turning-point in the history of the regiment, and such the transformation that came to it in the field before the batteries of Port Hudson in June, 1863.

General Banks was getting anxious to bring the Port Hudson Campaign to a successful close. He had made two attempts, and had failed but, nothing daunted, he was soon planning a third. On June 18th, the very next day after the promulgation of the Order referred to, there

came another, calling for one thousand volunteers to storm the earthworks of the enemy.

There were cogent reasons why the Commanding General was anxious to take the place at once. Dick Taylor was making trouble in the western part of the State. Coming down the Teche, he had captured Brashear City, at which place the regiment had stored its knapsacks, and we saw them no more for ever. Follow-



THE DEFENSES OF PORT HUDSON.

C indicates location of camp of Third Cavalry

ing up his success, he had marched up through the "Eden of Louisiana," along the Plaquemine, and had threatened Donaldsonville; and even New Orleans. General Emery, commanding at the latter place, had sent word to Banks that he (Emery) must have reinforcements, or the city would be captured. On June 26th, Captain Bunker, of the Third Cavalry, had come up from Baton Rouge, with a dispatch to General Banks to the

effect that the enemy was threatening that city also. Dick Taylor did appear below the city, on the opposite shore, and annoyed passing steamers by the fire of his guns.

General Banks, however, had no intention of giving up the fight. If the situation outside was serious for Banks, it was more serious still for Gardner inside. Banks reasoned that he (Gardner) could not hold out much longer. We now know that he was right. His ammunition was almost gone. His men were on the verge of starvation. His corn mill had been burned by a shell.



GEN. FRANK K. GARDNER, C. S. A.
Confederate Commander at Port Hudson.

Two thousand bushels of corn had been destroyed. No beef was left. Mules were killed and eaten, in order to keep the garrison from starving. It is said that rats were eaten also. Only fifteen serviceable guns remained in the earthworks. So accurate had been the fire of the Union gunners that most of Gardner's heavy ordnance had been disabled. The sappers and miners of the North were nearing the works of the enemy; General Dwight had a mine ready on the left, charged with thirty barrels of powder. Its explosion would have destroyed

the enemy's citadel in a moment. Banks was now planning desperate things. One thousand men, volunteers, were to be organized as a "forlorn hope." They were to be commanded by Colonel Birge, of Connecticut. Drilled in a camp by themselves, they were, on a certain day, at a given signal, to charge the enemy; while the blowing up of the citadel was to be the given signal for the advance.

The thousand men came forward. Never did men respond more cheerfully or heroically. Many came from



BANKS' HEADQUARTERS AT PORT HUDSON.

the ranks of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry. Among them were many officers and non-commissioned officers of the various companies.

In the Report of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts for 1863, occur these significant words: "The record of this regiment from this time (June 17) to September, 1863, is incomplete."

The reason is apparent. Many of the officers were away from the regiment in the camp of the Forlorn Hope, with Birge. With them were some of the sergeants and other non-commissioned officers. Here they

remained until after July 8th, when many of the non-commissioned officers were commissioned and sent to other regiments and other fields of action. Thus it was that the regimental life was somewhat disturbed and broken up.

The action of this one thousand men at this critical period is one of the most heroic incidents of the Civil War. It seems to stand alone. Nothing like it occurred before, nor was it ever repeated.

General Banks promised the men not only the gratitude of the nation, but commissions and promotions, and gold medals when the war was over. The former came; the gold medals have not yet arrived.

When that awful chasm was opened in the Roman Forum, it was told the people that nothing could close it but the sacrifice of that most costly and most valuable to the Roman people. Marcus Curtius was the noblest Roman of them all. Seated on his milk-white charger, he appeared among his countrymen, volunteered to make the needed sacrifice, and, riding forward and into the awful gulf, disappeared from view, and the chasm closed. At Port Hudson, an awful chasm lay between the army and victory. Nothing could close it but the sacrifice of the bravest and best men of the command. The men of the Forlorn Hope were the Marcus Curtii of the Nineteenth Corps. Cheerfully they offered themselves as a willing sacrifice on the altar of the country, and the offer was accepted. A grateful nation will not soon forget their deeds.

On the 6th of July startling news reached the camp of the Third Cavalry. "Vicksburg has surrendered! Grant has captured Pemberton and his whole army!" A wild scene ensued. Men shouted, officers looked pleased, and guns roared. A tremendous salute from the gun-boats could be heard for many miles. Gardner heard it,

and wondered what it was all about. That salute was the death-knell of his hope. The good news was shouted across the lines. The pickets carried it to the Confederate officers, and they in turn communicated the tidings to the Confederate General Gardner. General Gardner called a council of war. Surrender was advised. On the 7th of July Gardner asked Banks to give him some assurance that the news was true. Banks replied by sending the original dispatch he had received from General Grant, and Gardner was convinced. Gardner asked next for a cessation of hostilities, but was refused. Then he requested a conference, and Banks complied. On July 8th, Port Hudson surrendered, and, on the morning of the 9th, Banks took formal possession of the place.

CHAPTER VII.

PORT HUDSON—CONTINUED.

The Summer of '63 — A Trio of Triumphs—A Year of Service —The Third Cavalry in Garrison — Repairing the Telegraph — Capture of Lieutenant Gove — Death of Private Bosworth — Foraging in the Fall of '63 — Our New Companies — Our New Officers — Promotions — Port Hudson after the Surrender — Marching Orders.

THE summer of 1863 was a period of victories for the Army of the Union. Port Hudson was one of a great trio of triumphs that came that year. While Banks had been pounding away at Port Hudson, and Grant at Vicksburg, General Lee had been marching a powerful Confederate force into Pennsylvania. Encouraged by his victory at Chancellorsville, on May 3rd of that year, he had conceived the idea of carrying the war into the enemy's country and had advanced dangerously near to Harrisburg, and even Philadelphia. General Meade had succeeded Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac, and at Gettysburg the two armies had met in desperate combat.

After a three days' battle with great loss on both sides Lee had been defeated, and Cemetery Hill, and Little Round Top had passed into history by the side of Bunker Hill and Yorktown. These three great victories not only occasioned great rejoicing throughout the North, but also led the nation to hope that the beginning of the



GROVER'S "FORLORN HOPE" MARCHING INTO FORT HUDSON.

(By permission.) From Harper's Weekly.

end was near. In this hope the men of the Third Cavalry shared. One year before, saw the beginnings of the regimental life; this year witnessed the beginning of the regimental glory.

On the morning of July 9th the Nineteenth Army Corps took possession of the Confederate works. The column entered by the Jackson Road.

At its head rode Andrews and his staff. Next came Birge at the head of his "Forlorn Hope." Then came Weitzel, and a portion of Grover's and Dwight's divisions. The formal surrender was now witnessed. Gardner's men stood in line. The right was near the railroad station, the left near the village. Gardner gave the order "Ground arms!" the bugler blew,—every Confederate bowed his head and laid down his arms.

Gardner tendered his sword to Andrews, who declined to take it. The stars and bars were hauled down, and the stars and stripes floated in their place, while Duryea's Battery fired a salute. The garrison filed off as prisoners of war, and the formal ceremonies of the surrender were over.

The Third Cavalry now looked back with pride on the year's service.

One year before, they had been presented banners by the State; this year, they could write upon those banners the names of battle-fields on which Massachusetts soldiers had shed lustre on Massachusetts fame.

The surrendered garrison at Port Hudson must now be cared for, and to the Third Cavalry General Banks now looked for help. Colonel Chickering, of the Third Cavalry, was appointed by General Banks Provost Marshal of Port Hudson, and at once entered upon the duties of his new position.

The Confederate garrison of Port Hudson, which had now surrendered, was paroled. This, and the relief of



THE FORMAL SURRENDER

the sick and wounded was the first duty performed by Colonel Chickering. The number paroled was about six thousand. Five hundred sick and wounded Confederates were found by Colonel Chickering in the hospitals. The Colonel's treatment of these unfortunate men was most humane. Food was furnished them, and kind nurses ministered to their wants. The men of the North were not only as "brave as a lion;" they could also be as "gentle as a lamb."

On the 15th of July. Companies B and C were permitted to visit the inside of the fortifications. The men looked about with great interest. Scenes of desolation and ruin were on every hand. Dead horses and mules remained unburied or only partially covered. Broken bits of shell were seen scattered over the ground. Great guns disabled, and gun carriages broken, were found at every angle of the fort; while the buildings were torn by shot and shell, with many in ruins. In the hospitals were poor, emaciated soldiers, sadly needing the comforts of home and the blessings of peace. Gardner's men had put up a stubborn fight, and had suffered heavily. Five hundred men had been sacrificed during the forty-five days of the siege. Little ammunition was found; but many rifles. They lay in huge piles like those of cordwood. They were well worn and rusty. About five thousand small arms were thus seen by the men, while the artillery numbered about fifty-one pieces.

The Third Cavalry now had a variety of experiences. On the 25th of July the regiment was ordered to move its camp from Baton Rouge road, at Plains Store, to a place half a mile farther north.

On the 25th, the men went on a scouting expedition toward Clinton, and returned with one prisoner.

On the 30th, the regiment was paid off. This was almost as great a surprise as the Surrender, and occa-

sioned almost as much joy. For six months the men had been waiting for the arrival of this glad day. Many of them had been "dead broke" for a long time. At Opelousas some of them had tried to buy a little tobacco with a great deal of Confederate money. The dealer, who was a Jew, refused the money. This angered Uncle Sam's soldiers, and they immediately proceeded to confiscate the whole lot. While they were having a merry time, helping themselves, and while the Jew was running about in great distress of mind, suddenly the "provo guard" appeared on the scene, and rescued the poor dealer from impending financial ruin.

On August 3rd, a part of the regiment went on a scout. Lieutenant Gove and Lieutenant Stone were in command. Proceeding in the direction of Jackson, they were attacked by a large force of Confederates, who were on the march from Liberty to Jackson. Four killed and ten missing, was the result of this encounter with the enemy.

On August 10th, two of Company H's men were taken prisoners while foraging outside the pickets.

As the regiment was now cavalry, there came a change in the number of its field officers. A regular regiment of cavalry was entitled to two lieutenant-colonels, instead of one, as in the infantry. It was also entitled to three majors, instead of one, as formerly.

The first promotions came from the unattached companies now united with the regiment.

Captain James McGee was made a Major on June 17th, 1863, at the time of the promulgation of General Banks' order. On the same day Captain Jonathan E. Cowen was promoted to be the 3d Major.

Major Cowen was discharged for promotion on August 12th and Captain S. Tyler Reed was commissioned

Major in his place. Thus on August 13th the regiment had for its three majors, Vinal, McGee and Reed.

On the 24th of August the Third Cavalry was ordered inside the fortification. Henceforth we were to garrison the place in company with other troops. General Andrews was now our new Commander, Grierson



GEN. ANDREWS' HEADQUARTERS AT PORT HUDSON, 1863.

Camp of Third Miss. Cav. in the rear.

having departed. His headquarters as Post Commander were quite near the camp of the Third Cavalry.

Not long after the regiment took up its quarters inside the fort, a very amusing incident occurred. As the boys had money in their pockets it was their custom to buy hot biscuits of the negro women who had been left behind after the parole of the Confederate troops. These colored women were good breadmakers, and did

a thriving business with the soldiers. It was the custom to bake the bread in iron bakers over a fire built on the ground. Sometimes they used stones for backlogs and supports, and at other times bits of broken shell. On one of these interesting occasions an old colored woman had placed a long conical shell for her backlog. Now the dear old soul never suspected that that particular shell had never exploded. She built her fire and went on with the making of her biscuit. She had placed them in the pan, and had placed the pan on the fire, which was now getting pretty hot. Suddenly there was a movement among the live coals, and the movement was upward. Backlog, pan, biscuit, and fire went up in confusion, and when they came down they were many rods apart. The old lady was panic-stricken. The wonder is that she wasn't killed.

There is a story told by the Vicksburg comrades, of an old negro who was blown "free" miles into the air, but came down in time to witness the surrender of Pemberton to Grant. His picture afterward was published in Harper's Weekly as one of the survivors of the siege.

About this time Colonel Chickering obtained leave of absence, leaving the command of the regiment to Colonel Sargent. Colonel Chickering did not return to the regiment again, and Colonel Sargent was henceforth its leader until near the close of the war.

Among the important duties which devolved upon the Third Cavalry at Port Hudson after the surrender was that of keeping open telegraphic communication with Baton Rouge. Frequent successful attempts were made by the enemy to cut the wires during the fall of 1863, and the men of this regiment were often sent down the road to find and repair the "break."

Sometimes they saw the enemy and a skirmish ensued.



FORTIFICATIONS AT FORT HUDSON.

Southern Front of Earthworks. The Sibley Tents are occupied by the Sixth Michigan Heavy Artillery. In front of the works were fallen trees. On the south line was the Giradel.

At times the enemy would "cut and run," as the men would say; at other times more serious things would happen, as the following will show. On September 4th, Major Vinal went out with a battalion to find and fix a break. Signs of the enemy were noticed, but no fight occurred. Coming back over the "plank road," two prisoners were captured and brought in. On October 7th, Lieutenant Twitchell, now commanding Company C, was attacked by a company of Confederate scouts. Twitchell gave chase, and they "skedaddled" into the woods beyond, and were seen no more that day. Colonel Sargent decided, about this time, to give the enemy some of their own medicine. Ambush business with them was quite brisk. The Third Cavalry would now play a little at the same game. A company of men was, therefore, ordered to lay in ambush all night, if need be, until some of the enemy went by. Had the Confederates appeared, serious results would have followed. This was on Oct. 10th, but on Nov 9th a serious ambush occurred on the Baton Rouge road. A detachment under Captain Noyes had been sent down the road to repair the wire; when returning leisurely along the road, they were suddenly fired upon by two hundred of the enemy hid in the bushes, not far away. Lieut. Gove, who commanded the advance guard, was wounded and made prisoner. Private Bosworth, Co. C, fell to rise no more. Riding near him was his uncle,* who lost his life. One horse was killed, six men were wounded, and four others taken prisoners. "The bullets flew thickly," says Comrade Littlefield, who was in the fight. "I ran for about three miles, with the bullets whistling after me. I came near being captured." Lieutenant Gove was taken by the enemy to Jackson, while Lieutenant Muzzey had a narrow escape. Two of the wounded men died in the night, the rest were brought in and cared for in the regimental hospital.

* The uncle's name was Nye. — Ed.

The next day we buried the men, and on the following day a party with a flag of truce went up to Jackson to carry clothing and other comforts to Lieutenant Gove. He had been slightly wounded in the shoulder.*

Comrade Maxfield was with the squad that was fired into. The point was near Mill's plantation, the same place that Colonel Neal Dow was captured previously. Maxfield, who was on picket the next day near the spot, found Gove's horse grazing in the woods nearby, and brought it into camp. The second day after Gove's capture, a squad went up to Jackson with a flag of truce. Maxfield was with them. They brought Gove down to the picket line in a plantation carriage, attended by two lady nurses from Jackson. They took him to Mississippi, to a plantation owned by Scott, the rebel, until he was convalescent, and then to Salisbury. He escaped from prison there and was gone four or five days, when he was recaptured and taken from a negro's hut. He was then transferred to Columbia. He rejoined the regiment at Fall Church, Va., in May, 1865.

Another duty, which came to the regiment during the fall of 1863, was that of providing fodder for the horses. Numerous foraging expeditions were organized. Sometimes detachments of the regiment went out under some captain or lieutenant, while on other days the whole regiment was engaged in scouring the country for corn.

On some of these excursions important captures were made. Perhaps some officer of the Confederate army was home on furlough. If the men of the Third Cavalry found him, and he failed to get away, his furlough was cut short, and he was obliged to come with the men back to camp. On one occasion a Confederate surgeon was captured. One day, a party of thirty caught an officer

* Lieut. Gove was subsequently imprisoned at Columbia, S. C., and was liberated by exchange, near the close of the war. — [ED.]

with despatches. He was bound for Texas, via the Mississippi River, with important papers for Dick Taylor and Kirby Smith.

On December 21st, the Third Cavalry went on its last foraging expedition into the regions beyond. It had only a short time before penetrated to within four miles of Jackson, driven in the enemy's pickets, capturing a few, and bringing a large supply of corn to camp. On the 21st of December we had gone out about twelve miles from Port Hudson, and had found some very fine "fodder" for our horses. The wagons had been loaded and were returning to camp, when the wagon-train mired in the mud, and the expedition was delayed. Strong hands and many them came to the assistance of the mules; and mules and men, cheered by the officers, pulled out the wheels, and we brought the heavily loaded wagons at a late hour to camp in safety.

Foraging became a necessity at Port Hudson. Our horses demanded corn. We were obliged to go out in the country, and help ourselves. Foraging on one's private account was sometimes attended by disagreeable experiences. General Dwight was particularly hard on anyone who confiscated property from the enemy. One of the bravest and best officers of the regiment was placed under arrest by Dwight during the Teche Campaign because, forsooth, when he returned from the destruction of the Salt Works, near New Iberia, he saw a goose hanging from the pommel of the lieutenant's saddle. The writer remembers well that, during that same weary march from Brashear City to Opelousas, he was sharply reprimanded by the same officer, because, in an unguarded moment, he had allowed the General to see him making off with another goose, which he was to use in satisfying the gnawings of hunger. Military discipline is a good thing, and rules and regulations are

doubtless necessary for the government of large bodies of men in the field; but there are times when hungry soldiers recognize a higher law; viz., the law of self-preservation. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and all that another man hath will he take, in order that he may not lose it. This is the doctrine that sometimes prevails in war.



POST GUARD HOUSE, PORT HUDSON.

A Thanksgiving celebration was enjoyed by the regiment on November 26th. Some of the men had extra rations; one company (E) going so far as to eat plum pudding. This was not known by the other companies until some time after the pudding had been devoured. There were good and sufficient reasons why the presence of such valuable property might not be known generally. The less said about it, the more the Company E owners

would get of it. The regiment indulged in various kinds of sports. There was a greased pole, a pig race, and a foot race. Men skilled in these arts won great applause and some fame. Bugler Rymill of Company E was the hero of the day. He won two bag races and ten dollars. So difficult were the operations demanded of the men, that everyone said that Comrade Rymill earned his money.

Another pleasant memory of Port Hudson days was the presentation of a silver bugle by Company C to the writer, who had been detailed to act as bugler. In a few well-chosen words First Sergeant Nathan G. Smith called private James K. Ewer to the front at company roll call, and presented him with a beautiful silver bugle which had been purchased with money contributed for that purpose. That bugle was prized most highly by the recipient, but was unfortunately lost during the disastrous Red River Campaign.

The life of the regiment during that fall at Port Hudson, 1863, was arduous in the extreme. The men earned their wages. They were up early and late, made long days, but did not complain.

In the Adjutant-General's report for 1863 we read: "The men were kept almost constantly in the saddle. Forage had to be obtained by sending out wagons eight or ten miles into the enemy's country, or the horses would have died of starvation." "No man in the command unless physically disabled has been off duty more than one day at a time during these four months."

It was an honorable record, reflecting credit upon themselves as well as upon the State that had sent them out. Important service was rendered by many of the officers, during the stay of the regiment at Port Hudson. In scouting, in foraging, and on special service, they bore their part well. Captain Bunker at one time was in

command of a battalion at Baton Rouge, and obtained a good report by his fidelity.

The negroes in Louisiana were as a class very friendly to the Union Army. Sometimes, however, they would "take things," and in several instances were caught stealing the weapons of the men. On such occasions they were punished summarily. It has been reported to the writer that one such thief was actually whipped to death by order of a Union officer, a severity that was not endorsed by the men of the Third Cavalry.

Many of these "Freedmen" became faithful and trusted servants of the officers, loyal and true in the discharge of their duties. Many more were made company cooks, thus relieving the white men who had been detailed from the various companies for that service. Quite a number enlisted to serve as cooks.

These negroes, according to their own testimony, sometimes attained a good old age. "Pompey," said one of our men to an old negro at Baton Rouge, "Have you been around here long?" "Ever since I was born." How long ago were you born?" "Well," said Pompey, "I reckon its nigh onto 114 years dat I'm here in these parts." That settled it.

While the Third Cavalry were at Port Hudson, Colonel Vinal was injured by an accident. The regiment was making ready for inspection. Vinal was showing the members of Company A the movements for the inspection of pistols. In returning one to its case, the hammer caught on the edge of the case, and the pistol was discharged. The bullet passed through his pocket knife, and through his thigh near his body. He was removed to his tent, and the surgeon dressed his wound. He was sent home to recruit his health, and also to enlist men for the regiment.

Seven months had now been spent by the regiment at

Port Hudson. The men had seen hard service. The summer had been exceedingly hot, and the winter exceedingly cold. Ice had made during the December days, an unusual thing in Louisiana. Thanksgiving had come and gone, and so had Christmas. Occasionally a mail from the North had cheered them, and once in a while a box. The men were tired of garrison duty, and wished for a change. The change came sooner than they anticipated.

With the beginning of the New Year came the Illinois Cavalry, who had been sent to relieve the regiment.

On the 8th, seven companies left for New Orleans, and on the 15th five companies more, under Captain Noyes, departed. The rest soon followed. "Boots and Saddles" was sounded, the men mounted their horses, marched down to the river front, said "good bye," to those behind, and their days at Port Hudson were numbered.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE IN A COTTON PRESS.

On a River Transport — The "Laurel Hill" — The "Empire Parish" — Memories of Port Hudson — The Father of Waters — Arrival at New Orleans — A Cotton Press for Barracks — A Day's Duty — Doing the City — Statue of Andrew Jackson — Battlefield of Chalmette — The Marine Hospital — Inauguration of a Governor — The Officers' Wives — Review at Carrollton — General Grant at New Orleans — Beginning of Red River Campaign — Our New Battle-Flag — Our Commanders — Crossing the Mississippi — On the March.

THE transport service on the Mississippi was an interesting feature of army life. Great side-wheel steamboats with tall double smoke-stacks carried the troops oftentimes by water from place to place. Among the river boats the most frequently seen were the "Empire Parish," "Laurel Hill," "St. Maurice," "Rob Roy" and "Iberville."

Then there was the "R. C. Wood," which was used as a hospital boat. These boats had a continuous low pressure escape, and this with their whistle differentiated them from any steamers the men had ever seen. Their whistle was something remarkable. Captain Swift once said that he noticed that when they "blew their whistle they stopped going." They whistled so long and so loud that they hadn't steam enough to make the whistle and paddle wheels go at the same time. These boats were welcome guests at Port Hudson. Sometimes they brought hay for the horses, food for the men, and ammunition for the guns; while they frequently gladdened the hearts of all by bringing a large and longed for mail from the North.



CAPT. FRANK E. FROTHINGHAM.



CAPT. WM. H. SEAMAN.

Five times the men of the Third Cavalry had passed over the bosom of the "Father of Waters." One of their number, an officer, had been drowned in its yellow flood.* They had filled their canteens from its turbid tide, and for many months had camped on its wooded banks. Every armed fort, which in former days had obstructed commerce, had disappeared before the victorious arms of the North, and the majestic river on whose bosom they were now borne, flowed at length "unvexed to the sea."

The boat on which the battalion left Port Hudson was the "Laurel Hill," often seen by the men during their service in Louisiana. It was midnight when we started on our trip, and at daylight the men found themselves opposite Plaquemine on the west bank of the river. The "Laurel Hill" steamed along down the river, which in some places is exceedingly crooked, and about dark we arrived at New Orleans and disembarked.

The men were glad to find themselves once more in the Crescent City, where they were to have a season of rest and recuperation. At Port Hudson they had lived on short rations, and their duties had been severe. On account of the climate, and from overwork and improper diet, much sickness had prevailed, and the physical condition of the regiment was not the best. It was, therefore, perfectly natural that when the "Laurel Hill" landed the men at New Orleans there was great gratification expressed on every hand.

The regiment found quarters at New Orleans in a large cotton press, located in the southern part of the city, not far from the river front. Here the men were to be housed, fed and clothed, and here their horses were to be cared for, until prepared for stirring scenes in another part of the State. These cotton presses had been the

* Captain Henry Darivage—[ED.

scene of great activity before the war. From the rich cotton fields of Louisiana and Texas, large amounts of cotton had come annually to New Orleans. Here it was pressed and shipped in ocean vessels to the ports of Great Britain and New England. During the war many of these presses were empty, and were used by the government for



CHALMETTE MONUMENT.—BATTLEFIELD OF NEW ORLEANS.

various purposes. The lower part of the cotton press was used for the horses, while the men occupied quarters overhead. It can be said with truthfulness that these quarters were more comfortable for the men than the cloth-tents on the heights of Port Hudson. The food was also better, and this, together with a change of scene, began to show itself in a changed physical condition of the men.

As soon as the regiment had settled down in its new home, opportunity was given the men to "do" the town, an opportunity the men were quick to seize. Among the places of interest visited was the battlefield of "Chalmette," just below the city. On this field General Jackson defeated the English at the close of the war of 1812.



STATUE OF GENERAL JACKSON.

A tall shaft commemorates the victory, and stands not far from the National Cemetery, where many of the Third Cavalry lie buried. Another interesting object seen by the men was the equestrian statue of Jackson, located in Jackson Square, in the heart of the city. The face of the old hero was somewhat colored by age, and one of Grierson's soldiers hardly recognized the features of "Old Hickory," at first.

Colonel Anderson* tells of a rather amusing incident

Rev. Ed. Anderson commanded an Illinois regiment of Cavalry under Grierson.

that occurred as two Irishmen of his command were walking up Canal street.

"Mike," said Pat, "what nagur is that?" pointing in the direction of the statue. "That's not a nagur," said Mike; "that's Jackson." "What, the great Andrew Jackson?" said Pat, getting interested. "Yes," said Mike, "the great Andrew."

"And me with my hat on!" said the other, uncovering before the figure of the man he so much admired.

He was evidently in the same dilemma as an old lady, who once came down from her country home to the city, and saw for the first time a statue of Daniel Webster. Time had made the bronze nearly black. The old lady looked with surprise at the face of the Great Expounder, and, as she turned away, said, "I never supposed Daniel had such a dark complexion."

Besides the objects noted above, there were also the St. Charles Hotel, where General Butler had had his headquarters, and where many Union officers found "aid and comfort." Canal Street and Carrollton, and the Marine Hospital, and the theatres were visited in due season, and a general good time was enjoyed by all in the Queen City of the South.

During the stay of the regiment at New Orleans, many of the officers found comfortable quarters in cottages not far away, where some of them boarded in company with their wives, who had come from the North to visit their husbands. These ladies rendered very commendable service in visiting the hospitals and in ministering to the sick and wounded soldiers who came under their eye.

Among those who thus endeared themselves to the regiment were Mrs. G. F. Pope and Mrs. W. M. Gifford, whose names will live in the memory of the men as long as life endures. When, many years after the

close of the war, the author was summoned to attend the funeral of Mrs. Gifford, it was not difficult to speak in highest terms of the many deeds of kindness performed by her for the sick and wounded men of the regiment during 1864, as they lay suffering in the hospitals of New Orleans.

At one of these homes in which Lieut. Gifford boarded, occurred a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. A Spanish lady kept the home. Her sentiments were ultra "Secesh." She had great sympathy with the South. She was very plain and outspoken in her opinions. Her daughter, a beautiful young lady of nineteen summers, was just the opposite of her Spanish mother. She sided with the Union, was glad when Farragut took the city, and rejoiced when victories came to the Union army.

One day, in a hot dispute over the situation, the mother lost her temper, in a moment of ungovernable passion she seized a dagger, and plunged it into the breast of her beautiful daughter. Not long after, her daughter's lifeless body was borne to the silent tomb. This was one of the many tragedies of the Civil War.

New Orleans was not altogether loyal at this time. It has been said that the city was held by two forces. It was peaceful and quiet. Yet on one hand there was the power of the sword, and on the other that of a hostile intent. The following incident well illustrates the feeling of many in the Queen City toward the men of the North. It was the day before Easter. A Massachusetts soldier was strolling along the street in front of a small church. The sound of music from within arrested his attention, and drew his footsteps to the church door. He entered.

The choir was rehearsing at the farther end of the auditorium. He listened reverently. The rector was

with them. No sooner had the singers caught sight of the soldier than the music ceased. The singers cast unfriendly glances. "Am I intruding?" inquired the soldier respectfully. "Yes," was the curt reply. The soldier retired, followed to the door by the rector, who probably took precautions that prevented a possible repetition of the disagreeable event.

The bitterness had been developing many years, and did not die when Lee surrendered to U. S. Grant on the banks of the Appomattox.

On the 24th of January the regiment was reviewed by General N. A. M. Dudley, of Massachusetts, who was to be our Brigade Commander. The Third Cavalry marched through some of the principal streets of the city, after inspection and review and returned to the Press in the afternoon. The city papers spoke well of this parade, as the following from the "New Orleans Picayune" will indicate.

CAVALRY PARADE.

Colonel Dudley's splendid cavalry brigade paraded our principal streets yesterday, eliciting the admiration of our citizens, and calling forth many complimentary remarks upon their fine soldierly appearance. They did not look quite so magnificent as the Queen's Horse Guards, but we are very sure they can do better rough fighting and more of it. One or two of the regiments have been but recently mounted, which accounts for the slight awkwardness displayed by a few of the companies; but that will wear away when they get used to the saddle and their uniforms come to fit them more neatly. The stock was not all of the best quality; but in mounting such a number of men as have been put on horseback in this department, the Rosinantes, as well as the Bucephale and Incitatus had to be pressed into service. The line marched up St. Charles street about 10 o'clock and passed Acting Brigadier General, Col. N. A. M. Dudley, in review at the Clay statue on Canal Street. It presented a formidable appearance, and although composed of but four regiments and a battery of artillery, it was amusing to hear the estimates made of its numbers by citizens—the majority

placing the total at ten thousand, so deceptive to the unmilitary eye is a large body of cavalry. After "passing in review," the troopers rode through several of our principal thoroughfares, and passed the residence of the Commanding General. With their banners and sabres flashing in the sunlight, the picture they presented was grand and imposing.

This brigade has but recently been formed, and this was its first parade. It is composed of the following regiments: The late 31st Inf., Massachusetts Volunteers, now the 6th Massachusetts Cavalry, Lieutenant Colonel Hopkins commanding; the 2d Illinois Cavalry; Lieutenant Colonel Bush commanding; the 3d Massachusetts Cavalry, Lieutenant Colonel Sargent commanding, and the 1st New Hampshire Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Flanders.

Col. Dudley rode at the head of his fine Brigade, accompanied by the following officers: Col. H. B. Sargent, Acting A.D.C. to Gen. Banks, and his personal staff, Lieut. C. C. Dean, A.A.A.G.; Capt. J. C. Hodges, A.A.I.G.; Capt. F. H. Whittier, A.A.Q.M.; Lieut. Eayres, A.A.C.S.; Lieut. R. B. Granger, Ordnance Officer; Lieut. S. H. Loring, A.A.D.C. It is a fine body of soldiers, and under the lead of its gallant commander will be frequently heard from before "this cruel war is over," if we are not mistaken.

The reviews were generally on Sunday. About this time quite a number of recruits arrived from the North, and were distributed among the various companies of the command.

Among the recruits was a young man who became company clerk of Captain Twitchell, commanding Company C. The young recruit was afterward Mayor of Lynn, Mass. He then ran for Congress, defeating E. S. Converse of Malden. He ran again, this time defeating Henry Cabot Lodge, in the same district. The name of the recruit was Henry B. Lovering.

Soon after the Dudley review, occurred the inauguration of the first negro governor of Louisiana. Michael Hahn had been elected to the highest office in the gift of the state. His inaugural day had been fixed, and had now arrived. The public exercises occurred in Jackson

Square, and were witnessed by a vast concourse of people. General Banks and staff were present in full uniform. Mr. P. S. Gilmore had come from New York to lead in the musical programme of the day.

The exercises were elaborate and impressive. The military display was imposing. The Third Cavalry was ordered out to take part in the demonstration. The regiment stood in line not far from Jackson's monument and quite near the military bands. An interesting feature of the musical programme was the firing of cannon as an accompaniment to the bands. Gilmore was in his glory. Every eye was on the great master of music. The drums beat, the cornets blew patriotic notes, the guns boomed, while banners waved like mosses from overhanging boughs. It was a day long to be remembered by all who witnessed it. Michael Hahn was now safely seated in the gubernatorial chair.

A beautiful cavalry battle flag had already been presented to the regiment, and in after days its bright folds waved on many fields on which the men of the Third, by heroic action, covered themselves with undying fame.

On the 31st of January, the regiment was again reviewed by General Dudley, at which time a brigade battle-flag was presented by the ladies of Massachusetts. About this time the daughter of General Banks was adopted as the "Daughter of the Brigade" in which was the Third Cavalry; and the ladies of Massachusetts residing at New Orleans presented the flag to the Brigade.

On the 27th of February occurred the "Grand Review" of troops at Carrollton. This was a great parade. Here were the men who had made history and were soon to make more.

On January 5th, 1864, the Third Cavalry became a part of the Fourth Brigade of Lee's Cavalry Division, which was to lead the movement toward Shreveport. General



CAPT. JAMES W. HERVEY.



CAPT. GEORGE W. HOWLAND.



CAPT. WM. T. HODGES.



CAPT. C. W. C. RHODES.

A. L. Lee, formerly of Grant's Army, had been sent to assist Banks in this movement, and was said to be a favorite of Grant and an able and efficient officer. The Brigade was composed of the Eighth New Hampshire, Second Illinois, Sixth and Third Massachusetts, and always co-operated well on every field of action.

General Banks was now planning a new campaign. Gratified by his victories at Bisland, Irish Bend, Opelousas, Alexandria and Port Hudson, he now turned his attention toward Shreveport.

General Franklin had been appointed Commander of the Nineteenth Corps, Sherman sent General A. J. Smith, with 7,500 men of the Sixteenth Corps to co-operate with Banks. There were also 2,500 men of the Seventeenth Corps under General Mower, two divisions of the Thirteenth Corps (Landram's and Cameron's) under General T. E. G. Ransom. This plan had been decided upon after considerable correspondence with General Halleck at Washington and conferences with other leaders. Grant favored a movement against Mobile. Refugees from Texas desired a movement into that state. Banks had already captured Brazos Santiago, on the Texas coast, but had not been able to penetrate into the interior of the state. An abortive attempt had been made at Sabine Pass. General Franklin, with a part of the Nineteenth Corps and several gunboats, had attempted to capture the forts and land troops.

The "Suffolk," bearing the Headquarters flag of Franklin led the way; the "Clifton," the "Sachem," and the "Arizona" engaged the forts. A shot from the Confederate batteries went through her boilers, killing private Cobb* of the Third Cavalry who had been detailed to serve in the Signal Corps. The "Sachem" hauled down her colors, and the "Clifton" followed suit. Weitzel concluded not to

* Cobb was half brother of the author.

land, and Franklin concluded, as one writer has said, to "give up the expedition and go home."

This failure of Franklin at Sabine Pass was a great disappointment to Banks. His Adjutant-General says that the expedition returned to New Orleans in a sorry plight. Two hundred mules had been lost. Two hundred thousand rations had been thrown into the sea. The "Laurel Hill" had great holes through her smoke-stack, and about all of the transports were pretty well "stove up." The crews of the "Clifton" and the "Sachem" were made prisoners.

Banks now gave orders to concentrate at Brashear City. Here the knapsacks of the men of the Forty-first had been stored. Dick Taylor had captured the place, and every one of them had been destroyed while their owners were at Port Hudson.

After considerable discussion and several minor military movements, pressure was brought upon Banks to undertake a movement toward Shreveport.

It is not generally understood that the "Red River Expedition" was originally planned by General William T. Sherman. Admiral Porter stated before the Committee on the Conduct of the War that Sherman and he (Porter) were preparing to go up there together. General Halleck, however, had another mind; and while Sherman and Porter were planning, Banks was ordered to ascend Red River with 30,000 men.

Sherman had been down to New Orleans, and had conferred with Banks concerning the details of the movement, and while there had been grave doubts offered as to the possibility of navigating the Red River, it was finally decided that the movement should be undertaken, and that Banks should lead. Never was a movement begun under better auspices. Never did one close with graver results.

It is interesting to read some of the correspondence that passed between Washington and New Orleans concerning the beginnings of the Red River Campaign. There was evidently much discussion concerning the wisdom of the movement, and a great variety of opinions were expressed as to its feasibility.

General Halleck from the beginning favored the Red River movement. As early as August, 1863, he wrote as follows "In my opinion neither Indianola nor Galveston is the proper point of attack."

Mr. Seward was anxious that the authority of the government should be retained in some port of Texas. "If it is necessary that the flag be restored to some one point in Texas that can be best, and most safely effected by a combined military and naval movement up the Red River."

To this Banks replied, August 26: "The serious objection to moving on this line is the distance it carries us from New Orleans, and the great difficulty and length of time required to return, if the exigencies of the service should demand, which is quite possible."

On October 16, Banks wrote again: "The movement upon Shreveport is impracticable at present." Halleck having urged again the movement up Red River, and promising help from Sherman and Porter, on the 29th of January, while the Third Cavalry were in barracks in the Cotton Press, Banks wrote as follows "I shall be ready to operate with General Sherman and General Steele as soon as I receive definite information of the time when they will be ready to move."

Grant's idea of the Red River movement is shown in the following extract from a letter written by him to Sherman, Feb. 18, '64: "While I look upon such an expedition as of the greatest importance, I regret that any

force has to be taken east of the Mississippi for it.”
“ Unless you go in command of the proposed expedition,
I fear that any troops you may send with it will be en-
tirely lost from further service in this command.” “ I
give no positive orders.” “ What I do want is a speedy
return.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN.

Object of the Expedition — The Forces Engaged — March of the Third Cavalry — From Algiers to Donaldsonville — To Brashear City — Crossing Berwick Bay — Centreville — Through Camp Bisland to Franklin — Arrival at Opelousas — The Third reaches Alexandria — Capture of Henderson's Hill — Arrival at Death's Hill — Crossing of Cane River — Capture of Natchitoches — Arrival at Pleasant Hill — Skirmishing — Driving the Confederates — Dick Taylor at Bay — Franklin's Prophecy — The Gathering Storm.

THE Red River Expedition was now launched, and the men of the Third Cavalry were to lend a hand. They were not sorry. They had no desire to live forever in a cotton press. If there was to be active service for the Cavalry they did not wish to be left behind. On the first day of March the Third Cavalry was ready to move. Marching orders had arrived, and everything had been put in readiness to depart. At three o'clock in the morning the sound of the bugle awoke the men from their slumber, and at seven o'clock "Boots and saddles" was sounded by the regimental bugler. The men were instructed to be ready to move at a moment's notice. Then came a rain storm. The clouds looked black. The morning came; and with it came wet, mud and disappointment. The next morning another attempt was made. The reveille was blown at six o'clock and the men were ready to march at eight. At nine came marching orders, and at ten we left the Cotton Press on Levee Street to return no more. A part of the regiment crossed the Mississippi on

a ferry-boat, while another part went on the steamer "Iberville," which carried them up to Camp Banks, opposite Carrollton.

The Regiment, now united, marched about seven miles up the river bank, and joined the rest of the brigade under General Dudley. That night we encamped for the first time as a brigade, on the banks of the Mississippi. The next morning we got an early start. "Boots and saddles" was sounded at seven, and in thirty minutes the brigade was on the march.

It was a delightful country through which they marched, and the men evidently enjoyed the scenery and the morning air. A halt of an hour for dinner, and an afternoon march brought the brigade to a large plantation, just beyond St. Charles. This was a good stopping place for the night, and here the men rested. Then the brigade moved forward until it reached Donaldsonville, on the 5th of March, having travelled about fifty miles from New Orleans. Donaldsonville was an interesting place to the men of Dudley's Brigade. Many of them had been here before, some of them several times. This place had been occupied by Northern men before Banks had relieved Butler, and the Eighth New Hampshire had shared in the glory of its capture under Weitzel.

Here the Forty-first had landed at the beginning of the Teche Campaign, when under Grover they had occupied and marched through this same territory. During the siege of Port Hudson, Donaldsonville had been the scene of one of the most stubborn fights and heroic defences in the Department.

While Banks was pressing Gardner and effecting his surrender, Dick Taylor had crossed Berwick Bay, captured Brashear City, over ran the Lafourche country, and had finally appeared before Donaldsonville and demanded its surrender. At this place was a fortification

called "Fort Butler." One hundred and eighty men were the garrison under Major Joseph D. Bullen. The Confederate General Green attacked Fort Butler with 1,500 men. The little garrison composed of the Twenty-eighth Maine had no idea of falling into the hands of the enemy. Green ordered an assault and failed to carry the works. The fight was a desperate one. In some places it was hand to hand. Sick men who could hardly walk from the hospital to the earthworks, took a part in the struggle. Brick-bats were thrown by the Confederates, and these were caught and hurled back at the heads of the assaulting party. The fight lasted from 1.20 in the morning until 3.45, when the yelling ceased, and the battle was ended.

Three rousing cheers went up from the fort. The "Winona" and "Kineo" hove in sight. "The smoke clearing away" says Commander Wolsey, "discovered the American flag flying over the fort." The men of the gunboats gave three cheers and came to anchor. Colonel Richard B. Irwin says "The same sun rose upon a ghastly sight — upon green slopes grey with the dead, the dying and the maimed, and the black ditch red with their blood.

The stay of the brigade at Donaldsonville was exceedingly brief. Dudley was on his way to Brashear City. So at seven the next morning the Cavalry resumed its march. Now they were going over familiar ground. Through Labadorville and Thibodeauxville, to Terrabonne, the brigade moved forward making 20 or 25 miles per day, until on the 9th day of March, at about noon, the men arrived at Brashear City, after having passed through Tigerville and Bayou Bœuf.

The next thing was to cross the bay. This was a more difficult move for the cavalry than for infantry to make. The discomforts of the men were greatly augmented by a

heavy rain storm which came on that day, It rained in torrents. It seemed as if the fountains of the great deep had been broken up. Only one steamer could be used as a ferryboat, and some delay was occasioned in getting the brigade across. Finally the last man and horse was safely landed on the other shore, and at seven o'clock on the morning of the 10th the brigade started toward Franklin. Centreville was the first place reached, where the men camped for the night. While in the vicinity of Franklin the brigade was inspected and reviewed by General Dudley, and by Captain Hodges of his staff.

On the evening of the 13th, General Lee's division of Cavalry began its march from Franklin to Alexandria. The Third Cavalry started about 8, P.M., and was ordered to cover the rear. New Iberia was reached in due time, and memories of a year ago were awakened in the minds of the men. Some of them thought of the Salt Works, which they had destroyed; others of the transports and commissary stores, Dick Taylor had destroyed.

The next day Dudley's Brigade led the advance. Passing through St. Martinsville, the men arrived at Opelousas about sunset, on the 16th day of March. Only one night did the cavalry remain at Opelousas. The next morning saw them pressing on toward Alexandria. Through Little Washington, and over the prairies of "Fair Opelousas" the brigade travelled, making twenty-five or thirty miles per day. At 9 o'clock on the morning of March 20th, Dudley's Brigade, being in the advance, the Third Cavalry entered Alexandria for the first time.

Passing through its main street the men went into camp just outside the city, on the road leading to Shreveport. When the regiment arrived at Alexandria, other forces were found prepared to co-operate in the contemplated movement against Shreveport. A. J. Smith had already arrived with 7,500 men. General Emory, with a

division of the Nineteenth Corps arrived on the 25th. General Ransom on the 26th. General Banks came to Alexandria on the 24th, and took command of the combined forces of Franklin and A. J. Smith.

In the river was a strong fleet of ironclad gunboats commanded by Admiral Porter. Fifteen ironclads and four other vessels made up his fleet. Porter and Smith had already captured Fort De Russy at the mouth of the Red River, and were now eager to go up with Banks and capture the city of Shreveport. There was a feeling abroad that the taking of Shreveport would not be a difficult task. It was thought by many that Dick Taylor's army was demoralized and would not fight. General Steele had this idea. On March 12th he sent a dispatch to Halleck in which he expressed the opinion that Bank's army, together with Porter's gunboats, were "more than equal for anything that Kirby Smith could bring against them." And so they should have been. Dudley's Brigade had now marched 175 miles since leaving Brashear City. The Third Cavalry had shown what kind of mettle was in the men who rode their horses. They were now called upon to test their endurance in a midnight expedition.

Out from Alexandria, about 25 miles, was a place called Henderson's Hill. Vincent was in command. On this hill the enemy had erected fortifications. It was to Taylor an important point, since it guarded the junction of Bayou Rapide and Cotile. General A. J. Smith determined to capture this place if possible. In this movement, which proved highly successful, the Third Cavalry was to have an important part.

On the 21st of March, '64, the regiment was ordered to accompany General Mower on an expedition to Henderson's Hill. Mower had with him two divisions of the Sixteenth Corps, the Third Cavalry, and Artillery. He disposed

of his troops with great skill and promptness, and succeeded in completely surrounding the Confederate stronghold. The movement was made under the cover of night, in the midst of a terrible storm of rain and hail.

Major Magee was ordered by General Mower to take three companies of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, and lead a flanking movement to the left and right of the



MUD MARCH AT HENDERSON'S HILL.

enemy's position ; Colonel Sargent was ordered to pass to the right with the remainder of the regiment ; to hold a bridge, and to cut off the enemy's retreat in that direction.

These orders were obeyed to the letter. To the left was a thick swamp. The mud was something fearful. In some places it was up to the horses' girths. Nothing daunted, the men pressed on. The enemy's counter-

sign was discovered. Past their pickets the troopers went, capturing many of them without difficulty. Some of them were taken as they came in to warm themselves at the camp-fires of the Third.

The enemy was now surrounded. Mower had hemmed him in on every side. Escape was impossible. The rest of his picket-line was captured. Then came the order to advance.

At midnight the charge was made. Up the hill went the Union troops with a hearty cheer. There was a sharp rattle of musketry, and the hill was taken. The garrison was completely surprised. Some of them were taken while asleep. A whole regiment was captured bodily.* About 300 prisoners were taken, four pieces of artillery, and 200 horses.

Mower returned to Alexandria, leaving Colonel Sargent in command of the captured hill. The next day the artillery and other captured property was collected and taken to the rear.

This affair at Henderson's Hill reflected great credit upon all concerned in the movement, and no regiment was more conspicuously engaged in the work of capturing this Confederate stronghold than was the Third Massachusetts Cavalry.

The capture of Henderson's Hill was a severe blow to Dick Taylor and his army. He had depended upon the cavalry at this place to skirmish with Lee's force, and to keep him informed as to his movements. Now they were prisoners within the Union lines. It did look as if Banks' advance from Alexandria toward Shreveport would meet with but feeble resistance, and that the prophecy made by General Steele, that Kirby Smith would "run away," would prove true. Admiral Porter had a supreme contempt for the fighting qualities of the Confederate army. Writing from Alexandria, on the

* The Second Louisiana Cavalry.

16th, he says : " Colonel De Russy, from appearances, is a most excellent engineer to build forts, but doesn't seem to know what to do with them after they are constructed.

His obstructions also do not stop our advance.

The efforts of these people to keep up the war, remind me of the antics of Chinamen, who build canvas forts, paint hideous dragons on their shields; turn somersaults, and yell in the face of their enemies to frighten them, and run away at the first sight of an engagement."

Porter was spoiling for a fight. He was evidently afraid his fleet would spoil because they could not have one. " It puts the sailors and soldiers out of all patience with them" he adds, "after the trouble they have had in getting here. Now and then we have a little brush with their pickets. It is not the intention of these rebels to fight." When, a little later, General Green's Command charged upon his gunboats, Porter must have changed his mind somewhat.

Banks was much pleased at the affair at Henderson's Hill. The army had now rested. Everything was in readiness for a forward movement.

On the 26th of March, General Banks ordered a grand advance of the whole army from Alexandria toward Shreveport. Dudley's Brigade started at eight o'clock in the morning, marching past Henderson's Hill until four in the afternoon, when the Third Cavalry arrived at the Pine Woods, and where the men went into camp.

On the next morning the sound of the bugle was heard very early, and at six o'clock the regiment started out for another day's march. That night the brigade camped near the Red River, at a place called Death's Hill. Here the regiment rested one day. An inspection and dress-parade occurred during the stay of the men at Death's Hill. On the 29th the Cavalry

pressed on until they reached Cane River, about twelve miles beyond Death's Hill.

At Cane River the troops were delayed, as the bridge over the river had been destroyed by the retreating enemy. Four hundred men were detailed from the brigade to build the bridge, and the work went forward in earnest. In two days the bridge was built, and the artillery crossed in safety, the infantry crossing on pontoons.

While the bridge was building, one hundred men from the regiment were sent on a reconnoissance. On the 30th of March, the Cavalry again started across the country toward Natchitoches. Before the day was over the men met and drove in the enemy's pickets. Skirmishes followed, in which the enemy lost one man killed, and three wounded. It was evident that the Confederates were not prepared to make a stand quite yet. The Third Cavalry gave chase, but the Confederates were fleet of foot, and, after crossing and burning two pontoon bridges at Monett's Ferry, they retreated toward Natchitoches.

That night the men of the Third Cavalry worked hard to build a bridge across the stream, in order that the army might move on Natchitoches, the next day. While some of the men were building the bridge, others were picketing the roads. At daylight, on the 31st, the enemy appeared, and made an attack on the Third Cavalry. The Confederates were easily repulsed, however, with a loss to the regiment of one lieutenant and twelve men. The enemy's loss was greater. Several Confederates were killed and quite a number captured. The Third Cavalry entered Natchitoches on the 31st of March. They had come a long distance. From Brashear City to Alexandria was 175 miles. From Brashear City to Shreveport was 344 miles. From Alexandria to Shreveport was 170 miles. A brief stay at Natchitoches was

most agreeable to the men, as it gave them a little much-needed rest.

The Cavalry now occupied Natchitoches. The city was at our feet. A paper was published by the men, just as at Opelousas a year before. Yankee enterprise was illustrated, and Northern valor recorded.

The army came up in due time. All had gone well thus far. High hopes were entertained by all, and no one dreamed of aught but success and victory.

On the 6th of April, General Banks resumed his march from Natchitoches toward Shreveport. The road here winds off from near the river bank, and traverses a barren wilderness. There is no good resting place for man or beast between Natchitoches and Shreveport. The enemy knew this, and planned to trap the Northern army in this "howling wilderness."



Lee's Cavalry led. Shots were occasionally exchanged with the retiring Confederates, whose tactics seemed to be to "fire and fall back." The Third Cavalry was now detached from the brigade and sent back to the left and rear, to watch the enemy on the Fort Jessup and Mansfield roads. It was a dark and stormy night. The men

could hardly see their horses' heads. Yet in the midst of the darkness and tempest they performed the service with great satisfaction to the Commander, and returned to the brigade without the loss of a single man.

During the evening of the 3rd, General Dudley ordered Colonel Sargent to march to Welch's Hill, and guard a bridge over a stream in that vicinity. The enemy was met and driven off. The men of the Third held the bridge until the morning of the 7th, when the rest of Lee's Cavalry came up, and all advanced on Pleasant Hill.

Dick Taylor had been at Pleasant Hill several days. Having now consumed the forage for about twenty miles around that place, he had withdrawn his infantry to Mansfield. Green's Cavalry had now at length arrived from Texas, and these Taylor threw forward to meet Lee's Cavalry at Pleasant Hill.

When the Third Cavalry reached Pleasant Hill, on the 7th of April, Green's men confronted them. Firing began. The Confederates seemed quite anxious for a brush. Three miles beyond Pleasant Hill the cavalry encountered the enemy in force. At two o'clock, at a place called "Wilson's Farm," Green made a stand. He appeared at the edge of a thick wood. Lee ordered his men to commence firing. It was a brisk skirmish that followed. Some of the cavalry dismounted and engaged the enemy on foot. Green fought so stubbornly that reinforcements were sent for, in order to repel the fiery attack of the Confederates. Two brigades of Lee's Cavalry charged together on foot, driving the enemy from their position, capturing 23 prisoners, and suffering a loss of 11 killed, 42 wounded, and 9 missing.

On the morning of the 8th of April, soon after sunrise, Lee's Cavalry began to move. The Third Cavalry was ordered to the front. At seven o'clock, the men were in

the saddle. After marching two miles, the regiment overtook the enemy. Serious work was now at hand. Colonel Sargent formed his men on the left side of the Mansfield Road. The town was about ten miles beyond. For four miles the cavalry drove the enemy as the brigade advanced through the woods. In one place, the regiment came upon a lot of corn-cake and bacon spread out upon the logs and stumps of the woods. The Confederates, evidently, had been disturbed, while at breakfast, by the men of the Third, and had hastily retired, leaving their frugal meal behind them, uneaten. The Cavalry pressed through the woods, into the clearing beyond. They moved toward Mansfield Hill. Here the enemy made a stand. He preferred to fall back no longer.

Dick Taylor was now at bay. Would he fight or run? General Franklin had said that morning, "There will be no battle." Banks was confident he could take Shreveport; Taylor was confident that he would have trouble in doing so.



CAPT. BRADLEY DEAN.

CHAPTER X.

THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN — CONTINUED.

The Battle of Sabine Cross Roads — The Third Cavalry in the Advance — Coolness of Colonel Sargent — The Enemy Advances — Ransom's Heroic Fight — Nim's Battery in Danger — The Cavalry Falls Back — Captain Twitchell's Horse Wounded — The Regiment Falls Back — Retreat to Pleasant Hill — Regimental Losses — Emory the Deliverer — What General Banks said — Battle of Pleasant Hill — Retreat to Grand Ecore.

"IT is the unexpected that happens." A great and unexpected event was soon to startle the nation. The battle of Sabine Cross Roads was now at hand. It was fought on the 8th of April, 1864. In it Banks' hopes were crushed, and the star of his military ascendancy declined. In this decisive engagement the Third Cavalry was to have a most important part. No sooner did General Lee discover the enemy in force, than he ordered Colonel Sargent to move forward with the Third Cavalry, charge the skirmish line, and, if possible, make prisoners of them.

At 2.15 P.M. the charge was made. The men of the Third pressed forward over the open field, and into the woods beyond. They charged until they came in sight of the main body of the enemy, massed in solid columns. An army of 15,000 strong was uncovered before them. So far in the advance did the Third Cavalry charge, that the men could see Dick Taylor's battle-flag not more than a thousand yards away. This was a dangerous

position for Colonel Sargent's command. With characteristic coolness and courage the gallant Commander of



GEN. R. TAYLOR, C. S. A.

the Third gave the memorable order, never to be forgotten by those who heard it, by which the command was saved from capture. The regiment, executing the commands of the Colonel at the gallop, escaped from its perilous position, just as a flank movement was being executed by the enemy. It was doubtless due to Colonel Sargent's promptness and intrepidity that the regiment was

not captured bodily by Dick Taylor's men.

Colonel Sargent, however, had gained valuable information, which he at once communicated to General Lee. He informed Lee that a strong force was posted on his immediate front, and that an attack might be expected at any moment. This information guided Lee in his future movements.

Dick Taylor had been reinforced. Green's Cavalry Corps had arrived from Texas, and a large contingent of Price's army had come from Arkansas. Taylor now had at his command 16,000 fighting men. He could now give battle with some show of success. Banks had an army stronger than Taylor's, had it been present on the field. That army, however, was, unfortunately, stretched out along a narrow road, ten or fifteen miles. Twelve miles of wagons blocked up the roads and impeded the progress of the troops. In an enemy's country, along a narrow road, far from his base, and away from the gunboats, the Union army was a comparatively easy prey to Kirby Smith, who, with headquarters at Shreveport, was planning and hoping for just such an ending to the Red River Expedition.

The battle now opened. Companies D and M deployed as skirmishers. They were ordered to watch the enemy's movements, and report every fifteen minutes. They could see large bodies of troops massing toward the right and left flanks of the Union army. This looked serious. A flank movement meant defeat and disaster. General Lee contemplated a charge by the whole division, but finally changed his mind. Ransom's division was on the right of the Mansfield Road; and Nim's Massachusetts Battery was at the road occupying the centre of the line of battle. About five o'clock, P.M., Dick Taylor made a vigorous attack on the right of the Union line. Ransom's Infantry bore the brunt of this assault. The roar of the guns was something fearful. The Chicago Mercantile Battery was near at hand, and sent shot and shell into the ranks of the advancing foe. Nim's Battery at the road was also belching forth death and destruction to Mouton's men, who were advancing in its direction. General Ransom was severely wounded in the knee, and was borne from the field. At length the entire force of Dick Taylor's army advanced. Taylor ordered Mouton to charge with 10,000 men against Ransom's 5,000. Walker advanced up and on either side of the road against Nim's Battery. This movement flanked the Third Cavalry, who were supporting Nim's Battery as best they could. With carbines and revolvers the men of the Third discharged volley after volley, momentarily checking the enemy's advance.



GEN. T. E. S. RANSOM.

The thin battle line, however, could not long withstand that impetuous onset of Dick Taylor's men. The line wavered, then fell back slowly to a new position.

Nim's battery fought well. Its gunners were loth to leave its guns in the hands of the enemy. On many a battle-field they had given a good account of themselves. Now, overpowered and overwhelmed by numbers, with every horse shot, they were obliged to yield.

Again and again had they poured double charges of grape and canister into the ranks of the enemy, mowing great swaths through its serried columns. General Lee seeing that the battery, if not removed, would soon be captured, ordered General Stone to have it taken from the field.

The order came too late! The cannoneers lay thick about the guns. Dead and wounded Confederates lay in win-rows in front of them. Two of the guns were dragged off by hand, and Lieutenant Snow was killed while spiking a third. Four of the guns of this famous Battery fell into the hands of the enemy.

The Third Cavalry was suffering heavily. Men were dropping here and there like autumnal leaves before an October gale. Captain Twitchell's horse was shot under him, 67 men were killed and wounded in 30 minutes; 121 horses were lost in this fire of the enemy. Colonel Sargent bore himself as bravely as if on dress parade. Officers along the line held their men well in hand, while the fire from the carbines of the Third Cavalry did fearful execution in the ranks of Dick Taylor's men.

Never before had the regiment been so sorely pressed, and never had they so heroically stood up in the face of such tremendous odds. General Dudley said of them "You are entitled to the front rank. No cavalry command could possibly behave better under such a galling fire,—ten times that of your own force. Sargent's was a brilliant movement, and called forth the commendation of Emory at the time."

Finally the whole line of battle gave way. It could

not stand before such a fiery storm. More artillery was abandoned. Six guns of the Mercantile Battery were captured. Two guns of the Fifth United States Artillery were left on the field. Two mountain howitzers of the Sixth Missouri, five guns of the First Indiana Battery, beside the guns of Nim's Battery, were abandoned.

During this time General Banks was at the front. He had arrived in time to see his front line of battle broken. Vainly he endeavored to rally the men. He took off his hat, and implored them to remain. His staff officers did the same. The enemy came on apace. Their yells grew louder and more fierce. Musket balls were whizzing through the air. Teams were abandoned. Orders were given for the Third Cavalry to "fall back." While moving to the rear, General Banks was met.

"What regiment is that?" he cried.

"The Third Massachusetts Cavalry," was the reply.

"Form a line here. I know you will not desert me."

The losses of the regiment had been heavy. Five times they had faced about and delivered a well directed fire into the ranks of the onsweeping enemy. With a force three times their number in the front; with the enemy pressing them on flank and rear; with many horses down, Dudley's Brigade at length quit the field, and then only by orders.

General Franklin now arrived upon the scene of action. Between four and five o'clock, while Nim's Battery was doing such fearful execution, and the Third Cavalry was stubbornly and heroically resisting the enemy's advance, a volley from Walker's Confederate lines killed Franklin's



GEN. W. H. T. WALKER,
C. S. A.

horse, wounding him and two of his staff. All hope of relief from utter ruin now rested upon the arrival of the Nineteenth Corps. Twenty guns had been lost, 175 wagons had been abandoned; eleven ambulances and more than a thousand horses had been taken by the enemy. Men, wagons and horses were crowding to the rear. "Move your infantry immediately to the front!" was the order Franklin sent to Emory.

General Emory had from the first feared some such surprise as was now on. Hastening to the front he could hear the sound of the raging battle. The roar of the guns quickened his pulse and his march as he flew to the rescue of Ransom and Lee. On the way, to his surprise, he met General Ransom in an ambulance going to the rear. A few words were exchanged between the two, and then Emory gave the order to "Double Quick!" Now, stragglers and camp followers were encountered. Fugitives filled the road, crying: "The day is lost!" Emory's division was the flower of the Nineteenth Corps. Every man now felt that the destiny of the army and navy was in his hands. The regiments fixed bayonets, staff officers drew their swords, not a man fell out. This division was to be the rock against which Dick Taylor was to hurl his troops in vain. Emory was now about three miles from the battle-ground, where Lee had been repulsed and Ransom driven back. In a small clearing called Pleasant Grove, he arranged his troops and waited for the coming of the enemy. He did not have to wait long. Some of the Confederates had stopped to loot the wagon train, and this event gave Emory time to form his line of battle. Opening his ranks, in order that the fugitives might pass through, Emory ordered his men to "open fire." An awful scene followed. A storm of leaden hail swept on the Confederate army, hurling them back in dismay, leaving the ground covered with the bleeding

forms of the killed and wounded. In vain the Confederate commanders sought to rally their men; in vain they tried to press against the impregnable rock of the Nineteenth Corps. Each time they were repulsed, and each time were terribly punished for making the attempt. It was now dark, and both armies rested on the field. Emory had saved the day!

Thus ended the Battle of Sabine Cross Roads. It was begun in hope; it ended in failure. The Cavalry now retired to Pleasant Hill, the Third Cavalry going into camp, late at night, not far from the centre of the town.

Banks' losses in the battle were as follows:—

Cavalry Division — Killed, 39; wounded, 250; missing, 144; total, 433. Cameron's Division — Killed, 24; wounded, 99; missing, 195; total, 318. Landram's Division — Killed, 28; wounded, 148; missing, 909; total, 1085. Emory's Division — Killed, 24; wounded, 148; missing, 175; total, 347. Banks' total losses, therefore, were: Killed, 115; wounded, 648; missing, 1,423. Making a grand total of 2,186.

Dick Taylor's losses were about 1,000, all told. Among the killed was General Mouton, who had brought on the battle. He fell with a regimental color in his hand.

The losses to the Third Cavalry were: 73, in killed, wounded and missing, and 137 horses.

"The first Division of the Nineteenth Corps," says General Banks, "by its great bravery in this action, saved the Army and Navy."

Emory was the hero of the hour. The Nineteenth Corps was NEVER DEFEATED.



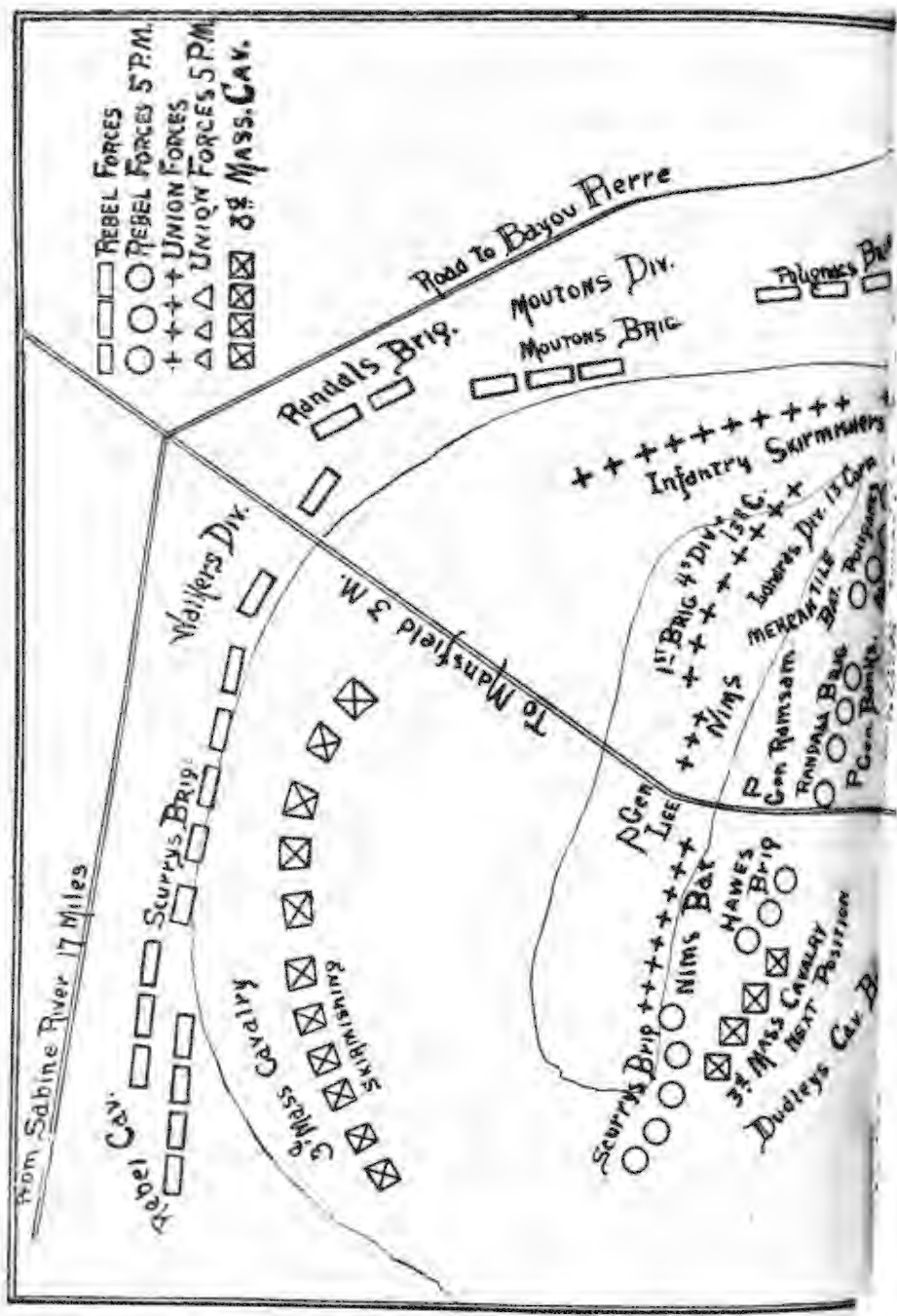
MAJ. GEN. MOUTON, C. S. A.

Lieutenant Reed B. Granger who served on General Dudley's Staff during the Red River Campaign writes thus concerning the Battle of Sabine Cross roads:—

"In looking over letters written home by me during my term of service, 1861-1865, I came across one written at Grand Ecore, La., three days after the battle of Sabine Cross Roads. As the events of that 8th of April were then fresh in my mind, and the account given of the battle was not exaggerated, I will give you an outline sketch based upon that letter, in the hope that it may be of passing interest to you.

"The long and wearisome march from Brashear, rendered somewhat less monotonous by the several skirmishes and battles of more or less magnitude, in all of which the rebels were routed and driven onward, served only to stimulate our men and to inspire them with confidence that the battle we knew was impending would be attended with the same happy result. So great was this confidence that a prisoner who, in my hearing, told one of our general officers that the force waiting to receive us outnumbered, and would certainly "lick" us, was laughed at and looked upon as trying to give us a scare. Better for us, as events proved, had we heeded his warning."

Concerning the mornings of April 7th and 8th, Lieut. Granger says "A march of eight miles, on the morning of April 7th, from White's store, where we had bivouacked over night, brought us to Pleasant Hill, our advance being then engaged with the enemy who, although retreating, was disputing every inch of ground. In this way the rebels fell back about twelve miles toward Mansfield, and near which, on the morning of the 8th, they made a stand and received heavy reinforcements. Up to this time our brigade, the 4th, had been held in reserve, our orders being to keep half a mile to the rear of the





ATTACK - ON
 ADVANCE - GUARD - OF COLUMN
 AT
 SABINE CROSS ROADS
 APRIL 8 1864.
 By three divisions
 of the
 Rebel Army
 UNDER

Major Gen. Taylor
 FROM - OFFICIAL RECORDS OF UNION CONFEDERATE
 ARMIES

COPIED & ENLARGED BY

John Taylor



CAPT. CHARLES E. GROVER.

skirmish line were now ordered to the front, and took position on the brow of a hill skirted by woods, our station being on the left flank of our army. The Sixth Massachusetts Cavalry was sent to the extreme left, with the Third (my regiment) directly in its rear, as a support. The First New Hampshire was on the right and the Second Illinois was held as a reserve. On our extreme right was Nim's Battery, supported by a section of a Missouri mountain howitzer battery, whose little guns spoke with no uncertain sound, and did such splendid execution in the battle which shortly followed. Twice did I see the effectiveness of these little pieces as they opened a gap in the centre of the rebel ranks, and brought to the ground, each time, a flag bearing a St. George's cross, but, each time, the flag was again borne aloft and carried bravely onward. I could but admire the courage and bravery displayed by these standard-bearers."

Referring to his own part in this engagement, Lieutenant Granger continues.

"Everything being arranged according to instructions, we waited the coming of the storm, the very quiet along our lines suggesting the calm that precedes the storm. Feeling quite worn out from a prolonged seat in the saddle, I dismounted and was soon in a sound sleep on the ground. General Dudley, upon whose staff I was acting aide-de-camp, aroused me and instructed me to go to the front and note, if possible, what was transpiring. Riding out as far as it seemed prudent to go, to my utter consternation, I saw a large body of rebel infantry moving at the double-quick toward the right of our line; a body of cavalry moving toward the left, and the main force massing at our centre. A single glance told me the significance of these manœuvres and in hot haste, I rode back to report to the General, who at once

sent me to inform our chief of cavalry, General A. L. Lee. I shall never forget General Lee's look and words when I imparted this information to him: 'For God's sake, tell Banks,' said he.

"At full gallop, I rode to General Banks' headquarters, and reported to him what I had seen, but with the confidence that seemed to take possession of our entire army, he was not in the least disturbed, nor did he, so far as I know, issue any order for us to fall back. It was, in fact, then too late; for returning to my station, I had hardly reached the point at which, in the rear of Nim's Battery, General Lee was sitting on his horse, when the battle commenced. At this instant the right piece of the battery was fired. I had not observed the preparations to fire, so intent was I on executing my mission, and to say that the report startled me, is putting it very mildly; in fact, I was, for the instant, badly scared, for I thought that a shell had exploded under my horse, and that I was about to simulate one of the cherubs whose station is 'up aloft.' A glance toward the woods in our front, however, brought me again to the earth, and explained the cause of the opening fire. The rebels were literally swarming out of these woods. Then the battle began in real earnest: shell, canister, shrapnel and lead were poured into the enemy's ranks, breaking them again and again, but only for the instant; for they would rally and press on, firing steadily, and defying us with that 'rebel yell' whose echo rang in our ears for so many days and disturbed our slumbers for so many nights."

Much has been written concerning the stampede at Sabine Cross Roads. The Lieutenant's testimony on this point is interesting and valuable

"The infantry that had been placed as a support to the batteries, fought manfully, but being outnumbered, broke

and ran, leaving the batteries to be captured and turned upon them as they fled. Our wagon train was well to the front in a road so narrow that an army wagon could not be turned. At the first volley the teamsters became demoralized, tried in vain to turn their teams, and failing, cut loose their mules and left the road blocked so that our artillery could not be got off the field.

"The 4th Brigade was the last to leave the field. Obligated to retire, it did so in good order, having formed four successive lines of battle in the field, which lay between the hill and the woods in its rear. Having reached the woods we again made a stand, and 'held the fort' for two hours, until relieved by the main body of the Nineteenth Corps, which coming up at the double quick, opened fire at an opportune moment; for the infantry becoming demoralized in consequence of a heavy fire from both flanks had just broken and run, and the cavalry was just beginning to lose its head.

In regard to the disposition of Dudley's Brigade, he adds: "During a portion of the battle, and after we had fallen back to the woods, the Second Illinois Cavalry and the First New Hampshire were sent out to the right, and were formed in *échelon*, just outside the woods that skirted the road. In this position they were subjected to a galling fire from Quantrell's Brigade, and were forced to retire; not, however, before they had been moved still further to the right and rear, in the vain hope of checking the flank movement which Quantrell was striving to execute. I know how trying was the position, for I was sent out to move the two regiments."

An incident of the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, La., deserves a place in these pages. On the afternoon of April 8, 1864, when the men were being hard pressed, and gradually driven back by the enemy, Gen. N. A. M. Dudley, our brigade commander, rode up to Col. Sargent

and said "Col. Sargent, can you hold your ground fifteen minutes longer? We are expecting reinforcements every minute." Col. Sargent bravely replied, "We will, General, or die on the spot," whereupon the boys of Co. K and all within hearing of our brave Colonel's reply cheered him to the echo. About this time Col. Sargent was riding back and forth, encouraging the men, and they heard him make this remark: "Try to think that you are dead and buried, and you will have no fear." Soon a shell came through our ranks, wounding Comrade John F Wild, of Braintree, Mass. He yelled out to Lieut. Stone, who was in command, "Lieutenant, I am shot!" Lieut. Stone ordered him to rein his horse to the rear, and seeing the condition of the comrade, ordered Comrade John Halpen, an intimate friend of Comrade Wild, to lead his horse to the rear and care for him as best he could. As he reined his horse out to the rear, we could see the blood streaming to the ground from his right leg, which hung dangling by only the skin on the inside. When Comrade Halpen returned he reported that Comrade Wild was dead. He had helped him off his horse, but he was then so weak through the loss of blood that he could scarcely stand alone or speak. He did say "Take care of my horse," the only words he spoke. John's horse was a great favorite of his, and his friends were not surprised to learn that those were his dying words. When Halpen helped him to dismount the saddle came off. It seems that the shell went so close to his horse as to tear the girth of his saddle. His feed bag was torn to shreds; but, wonderful as it would seem, his horse escaped uninjured. Comrade Halpen seated Comrade Wild on the ground, leaning him against a tree, and in a few moments he was dead. Halpen was obliged to leave him to return to his company. There was no opportunity to bury him. He was probably buried by the enemy, who had possession of the

ground shortly after. Several years ago an item in a newspaper stated that a certain Union soldier had held in his possession several years, a ring which was taken from the finger of a dead Union soldier, by the name of John F Wild, by a Confederate soldier at the battle of Sabine Cross Roads. This Confederate soldier was afterward taken prisoner, and gave the ring to the Union soldier, with the request that it be sent to the relatives. It was said that his initials or name were engraved on the ring, which enabled the comrade to learn, after many years, of the whereabouts of his relatives. As soon as he succeeded in gaining this information he sent the ring to them. They now reside at South Braintree, Mass.

After the Battle of Sabine Cross Roads, Banks held a council of war. What should be done? Was it best to advance, or retreat? Had Grant been present, it can easily be imagined that he would have said what he did say at the close of the first day's Battle of Shiloh. The lines were re-formed; they attacked at daybreak, they swept upon the enemy like an avalanche, and drove him in confusion from the field, and when the sun went down at the close of the second day at Shiloh, the Union army slept as victors upon the field from which they had been driven in confusion the day before. Had Banks re-formed his lines at Pleasant Grove, or just beyond, and attacked the enemy "at daybreak," he could have marched straight through to Shreveport in three days with but little opposition. What he would have done with the army and navy after he had taken Shreveport, is another and graver question altogether.

It was decided at the council of war to retire to Pleasant Hill, and then prepare to give battle to the Confederates should they put in an appearance. The ground at Pleasant Grove was unfavorable for a general engagement. Pleasant Hill was not far away. Here would be

found a little water at least, an open field and a better place to give battle to the enemy, should he advance. Moreover, at Pleasant Hill was A. J. Smith's Sixteenth Corps of fresh troops. The withdrawal was conducted quietly by night, and the next morning Banks posted his troops in an advantageous position along the slopes and in the woods of Pleasant Hill. The writer distinctly remembers the appearance of General Banks, as on the morning of the 9th of April he made disposition of the forces at his command. On his face there was a serious look. Sabine Cross Roads had made a deep impression on his mind, and, as he moved about among the various commands, giving orders to officers, locating batteries, and preparing the plan of the coming battle, it was easy to imagine that his mind was filled with anxious care. Banks was brave and patriotic. On him rested a tremendous responsibility. A great crisis was nearing. The impending conflict would decide the destiny of the army and navy at his command.



GENERAL BANKS.

On the morning of April 9th while Banks was placing his troops in favorable positions, the wagon train was started for Grand Ecore. Lee's Cavalry, with the exception of Lucas' Brigade, was ordered to guard this train, and the Third Regiment took up its position by the side of the lumbering wagons. Not long after Banks had arranged his army on the hills and in the woods, the enemy appeared in force and commenced an attack on the cavalry at the front.

As the men of the Third Cavalry marched along toward Grand Ecore they could hear the guns as the firing commenced at Pleasant Hill. At 4.30 in the afternoon the Confederate cavalry advanced into the open field in front of the men of the Nineteenth Corps. On they

came, at a trot, brandishing their sabres and yelling in a most fiendish manner. From out the woods belched the enemy's artillery, while Green's Cavalry rode forward toward the Union lines.

Suddenly from out the lines of the Nineteenth Corps there came a withering fire of musketry that opened great gaps in the lines of the advancing enemy. For a moment only, the enemy wavered, and then rushed forward. The line of the Nineteenth Corps shook and trembled before the onset, just as forest trees shake and tremble before a passing cyclone.

The suspense was fearful. Will Emory's men give way? It is a critical moment. Will the rock split? Another moment, and the Union artillery open fire. Grape and canister is poured into the Confederate ranks. They fall like ripened wheat before the reaper's sickle. The fighting is terrific. Old soldiers said it was the most desperate fighting they had ever seen.

A momentary advantage to the enemy gave them possession of Taylor's battery. Thus encouraged, they rushed on eagerly, expecting a repetition of the Sabine Cross Roads victory. Then came a turn in the tide of affairs. The first line of the enemy had been annihilated. The second and third remained, and came on with an impetuosity that was well nigh irresistible.

Now the signal is given. Their death-knell is sounded. Seven thousand rifles and several batteries of artillery of A. J. Smith's Sixteenth Corps opened fire. The effect was awful. Every gun was loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister. The centre of the Confederate line was swept away like pampas grass before a



GEN. A. J. SMITH.

prairie fire. It has been said that fully one thousand men were hurled into eternity or frightfully wounded by that awful discharge. "Forward!" was the order that rang along the Union line. "Charge!" cried General Mower, and seven thousand Union soldiers rushed upon the shattered ranks of the Confederate army. Emory's Division joined the Sixteenth Corps in the sweeping triumph.

Down the hill ran the enemy, and into the woods beyond. His ranks were broken; his pennons trailed in the dust. Dismay had taken the place of confidence; defeat had followed victory, and the army of Dick Taylor was routed, and fled in confusion through the woods toward the town of Mansfield.

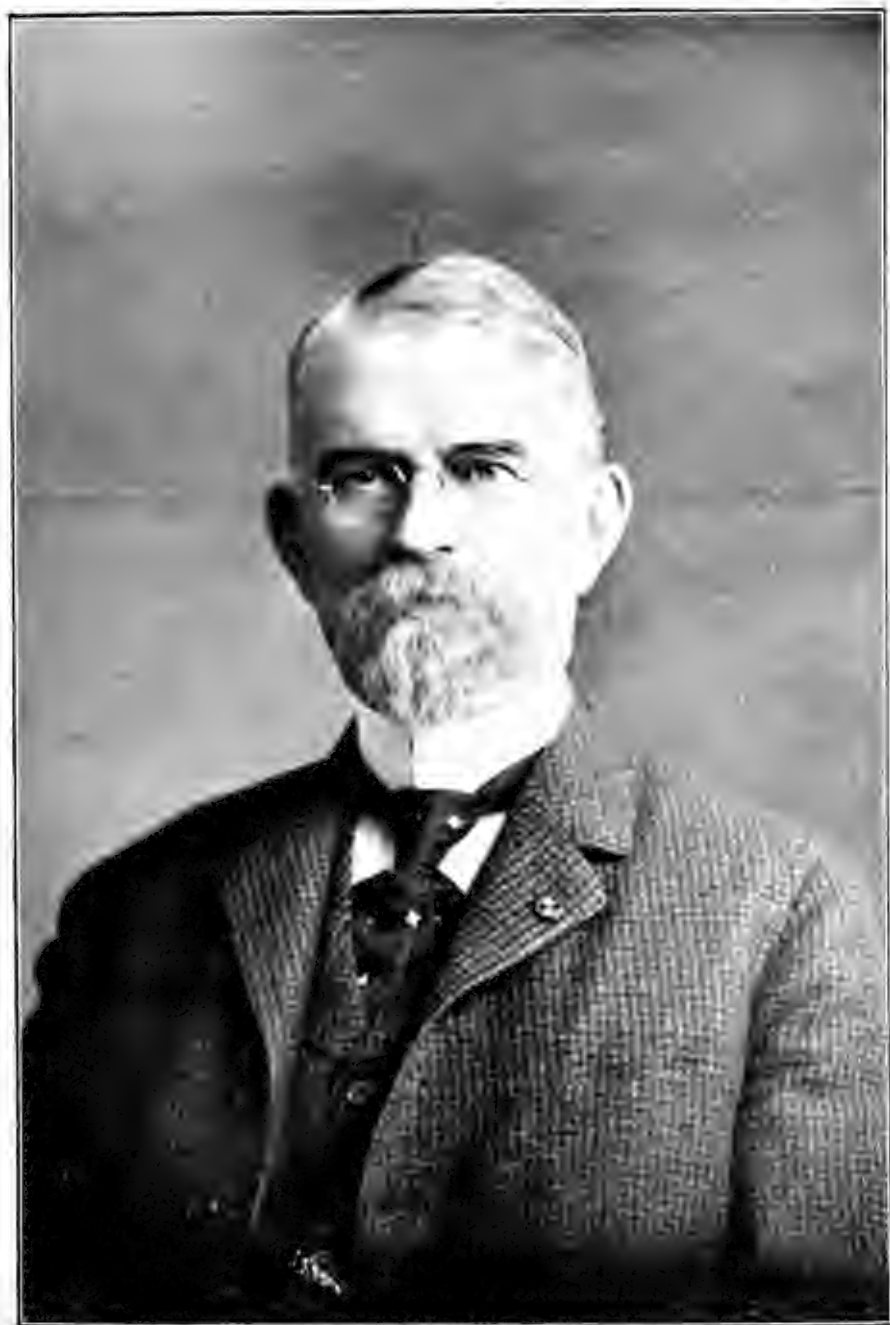
Thus ended the bloody battle of Pleasant Hill. It was a great triumph for the Union arms!

If General Dick Taylor was severely punished by Emory at Pleasant Grove, he was more severely punished by General Banks at Pleasant Hill. Taylor's Battery was recaptured. Two guns of Nim's Battery were recovered. A ten-pound Parrott gun was also retaken, and 500 prisoners, three battle standards, and a large number of small arms fell into the hands of General Banks and his army.

If General Banks could have marched to Shreveport easily after the battle at Pleasant Grove, he could have done so much more easily after the Battle of Pleasant Hill. Taylor's army was now cut up and demoralized. They were in no condition to fight again.

General Kirby Smith had arrived from Shreveport during the night before, and was present on the day of the battle of Pleasant Hill. Writing about it he said:

"Taylor's troops were thrown into confusion Walker's Brigade was broken and scattered. The enemy recovered cannon which we had captured



CAPT. WESLEY A. GOVE.

Our troops were completely paralyzed at Pleasant Hill." This was in 1864. In 1888 he writes again: "Our repulse at Pleasant Hill was so complete, and our command so disorganized that had Banks followed up his success vigorously, he would have met with but feeble opposition to his advance on Shreveport."

This testimony of Kirby Smith corroborates what has been said in the pages of this work. Banks could have gone through to Shreveport had his generals so decided. Banks himself wished to do this. Franklin advised a retreat to Grand Ecore. Kirby Smith says that Taylor's troops were completely "paralyzed and disorganized" by the battle of Pleasant Hill. The most astonished man in Louisiana on April 10th, was Dick Taylor when he learned of the retreat of the Union Army from Pleasant Hill.

One of Kirby Smith's aides adds interesting testimony on this point "That it was impossible for us (Confederates) to pursue Banks immediately — under four or five days — cannot be gainsaid. It was impossible because we had been beaten, demoralized, paralyzed, in the fight of the 9th" (Pleasant Hill).

Had Banks and Franklin known how badly Taylor's men were "paralyzed" they might possibly have agreed with A. J. Smith, and moved forward instead of ordering a retrograde movement toward the banks of the Red River.

Had Sheridan stood in Franklin's shoes, an advance had been ordered without doubt, and Shreveport had fallen. On the other hand, Banks was obliged to decide by what light he had at that time.

Battles can be fought much easier and much more safely after many years. There was but little water at Pleasant Hill for man or beast. Of forage there was none. Taylor had raked the region as with a fine tooth

comb. The men were hungry and tired. Many of them had been without food or sleep already too long. Lee's Cavalry wagon train had been lost, accordingly it was determined to continue the retreat to Grand Ecore. So, in the darkness of the night, unobserved by Taylor, and unmolested, the Union Army retired from the field it had won, leaving its dead unburied, and its wounded in the hands of the enemy.

The surgeons had been very busy since the Battle of Sabine Cross Roads. They had worked like heroes in caring for the wounded and in getting them to a place of safety. Unfortunately the ambulances had been sent back from Pleasant Hill on the morning of the battle; hence it was found quite impossible to remove our wounded from the field. A detail of surgeons was ordered from the various commands to remain behind, and as best they could, care for the wounded. On the 12th, the Third Massachusetts Cavalry sent back a flag of truce with Surgeon Leavitt and with medical supplies. Three army wagons, loaded with good things for the sick and wounded, went along with the regiment, and were safely delivered to the Confederate authorities within Taylor's lines. Assurances were given that these supplies would be used for the sole benefit of the sick and wounded of the Union army,—a promise which, it was afterward learned, was faithfully kept.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN — CONTINUED.

Guarding the Wagon Trains — Scouting at Natchitoches — Davis Succeeds Dudley — Confederate Cavalry Charge on the Gunboats — "Tom Green" loses his Head — A Dispatch from Grant — Retreat from Grand Ecore — Battle of Cane River — The Enemy Beaten — Crossing the River — The Devouring Flames — The Third at Muddy Bayou — In Camp at Alexandria — Crossing Red River — A Fight with Quantrell — The Writer Wounded.

THE Third Cavalry left Pleasant Hill on the morning of the battle, April 9th. At about 10 o'clock it began its march toward Grand Ecore. Banks was anxious that the force guarding the wagon train should also guard the Fort Jessup and Mansfield roads. He feared the enemy might attempt a flank movement in this direction. The regiment arrived at Grand Ecore at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 10th, and went into camp.

Here the army of General Banks remained until Porter's gunboats could be brought down from the river above. On April 19th the regiment was sent out on a scout in the direction of Natchitoches. General Dudley was in command of the troops, which included the entire brigade. Six hundred mounted Confederate infantry were met. A slight skirmish followed, in which one man was wounded in Co. L. Dudley succeeded in capturing three prisoners and returned to camp at Grand Ecore at 8 o'clock the same morning. On April 20th, General Dudley was succeeded in command of the 4th Brigade by

Col. E. J. Davis of the 1st Texas Cavalry. General Arnold was in Lee's place as commander of the Cavalry Division.

Banks was now ready to leave Grand Ecore. The army had been at this place ten days. On the 21st of April it began its march towards Alexandria. The Third Cavalry left camp at 6 o'clock in the evening, and at about 8 passed through Natchitoches. The regiment marched all night, and at daylight halted about two hours for breakfast.

The Confederates were now in our front and rear. They had been all about Grand Ecore for several days.



GEN. TOM GREEN, C. S. A.

Green's Cavalry had even dared to make an attack on Porter's fleet. Porter had responded, and Green had been killed as a result of his temerity. Cavalry was never intended to fight gunboats. Porter says that Green's men were crazed with rum, which was probably true.

After General Banks' arrival at Grand Ecore, the following dispatch came into his hands:

"Should you find that the taking of Shreveport will occupy ten or fifteen days more time than General Sherman gave his troops to be absent from their command, you will send them back at the time specified (forty days) even if it should lead to the abandonment of the expedition.

(Signed)

U. S. GRANT."

Banks has been blamed for retreating. Here were positive orders which he could not ignore. The enemy's pickets were met occasionally as the regiment passed along, but having learned something from their experiences at Pleasant Grove and Pleasant Hill, they seemed

to act on the principle that discretion was the better part of valor, and kept out of the way of the carbines of the Third Cavalry.

No serious opposition was encountered until the Cavalry neared Cane River. Here the Confederates made a stand, and disputed the passage of the troops across the stream. Early in the morning of the 24th of April, the regiment was ordered to the front. Colonel Sargent was directed by Davis to engage the enemy at once. The Third moved forward into a piece of woods, outflanking the Confederates and driving them across the river in a hurry. On the opposite side of Cane River the Confederates had posted artillery. Twenty-four guns had been placed in an advantageous position on the bluffs by General Bee. Col. Richard B. Irving says "the place was too strong and too difficult of approach to be taken by a direct attack, save at a great cost."

General Emory was ordered by Banks to make an attempt to cross. This was impossible. General Birge was then sent up stream to make a flank movement on the enemy's left and drive him from his position. Among the first troops to cross were the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts. These, together with the Twelfth Connecticut and the Thirtieth Maine, with others, were to charge the enemy's position, led by the gallant Fezzenden of Maine. Many fell, as the brave New England soldiers rushed up the hill. Among the wounded was their intrepid leader (Fezzenden), who was wounded in the leg. In the meantime, the Third Cavalry was sent down the river about three miles to guard against any flank movement in that direction, and, if possible, cross and attack the enemy on his flank.

The regiment was sent through a swamp of cypress trees to the edge of an open field. Reaching a favorable position, Company E was deployed and acted

as skirmishers. On the other side of the river, protected by buildings, they were making it rather uncomfortable for us. Finally, a puff of smoke was seen, and a bullet passed in front of the whole regiment. It went whistling along and struck the hilt of Private Edward E. Rice's sabre, splitting the bullet, a piece entering his thigh. This disabled him. An improvised stretcher was made out of two saplings and some bark stripped from the trees, and the men carried him out of the firing line, when the regiment was recalled. Rice died April 20, 1897, of sarcoma tumor, the direct cause being the wound received that day.

So well did the army do its work at Cane River that the enemy was dislodged and routed, and fled down the road, leaving many of their dead and wounded on the field. A pontoon bridge was now thrown across Cane River and the army crossed without further molestation.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 24th of April, the Third Cavalry crossed Cane River on its way to Alexandria. By two o'clock that day, the whole army was across and the pontoons were taken up. The regiment this day was in the advance, while four companies were detailed to guard a plantation owned by a prominent Southerner. At this time the country was in flames. Smith's men made a clean sweep. Buildings were burning on every hand. Dense clouds of smoke could be seen by the rear guard as they fell back. This was, indeed, "war's foul desolation." From Cane River to Alexandria the country was in ruins. It was a picture, whose equal the men had never seen before. Hence the guard for the plantation was respectfully requested.

At this plantation—the property of Judge Boyce—Banks and his staff stopped for the night. On the morning of the 25th, the army was again set in motion toward Alexandria. The Third Cavalry was ordered to remain

until the army had passed, and assist in covering the retreat. Posted in an advantageous position near Henderson's Hill, they were to co-operate with A. J. Smith. On the 26th the enemy, neared our rear guard and skirmishing commenced. It was six o'clock in the morning when the firing began. The cavalry stood up well and fell back slowly, as they had been directed. The Sixteenth Corps were in the woods, out of sight of the approaching Confederates. It was A. J. Smith's intention to entrap the enemy by a rapid flank movement. In this Smith failed, as the enemy had evidently learned to be wary of Northern rifles. As one man said, "he saw the point and kept off of it." He had no intention of "monkeying with a live wire."

The last service performed by the Third Massachusetts Cavalry before it entered Alexandria, was at a place called "Muddy Bayou." Here the regiment made a stand, and for five hours contested the advance of the Confederate cavalry.

The regiment was now about seven miles out from the city. Early in the morning of the 27th, Colonel Sargent was ordered by Colonel Davis to keep a sharp lookout for the enemy, as he had information which led him to believe that a strong force was in our immediate front. Colonel Davis was right. Five thousand Confederate cavalrymen were bearing down upon the picket-line.

About midnight, Colonel Sargent drew back his line about two miles, in order to escape a flank movement contemplated by the enemy. Now the regiment was near Muddy Bayou.

Early the next morning fighting began. The enemy drew nearer. The men were posted behind a rail fence, near the stream, which protected them somewhat from the enemy's bullets. Said bullets were now flying through

the air in close proximity to their heads. Colonel Sargent's headquarters were near an old brick-kiln, and from this advantageous position he directed the movements of the regiment. The men of the Third took good aim, and sent a well-directed fire into the ranks of the on-coming Confederates. At length the report came to the Colonel that the men's ammunition was exhausted. Buglers Rymill and Ewer, who were near the Colonel, were ordered by Sargent to carry down to the firing line an additional supply. It was a hazardous undertaking. As they passed across the open field they exposed themselves to the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who lost no time in showing these young enthusiasts how well they could shoot. When once the buglers reached the line, they did not return. The attempt might have cost them their lives.

The enemy now advanced. Suddenly he opened upon the Third Cavalry with artillery. The noise of the shrieking shells, as they passed over the heads of the men, was not very enchanting music. Colonel Sargent sent back for reinforcements, Colonel Davis hurried forward a few pieces of artillery. The duel between the cannons was kept up for an hour or two, when the regiment was ordered to fall back. At 2 30 in the afternoon, the enemy brought up more artillery, and it looked for a while as if a battle was imminent.

At about this time Colonel Sargent was struck in the right shoulder by a spent ball, which, luckily for him and the regiment, did him but little harm. On the 29th, Colonel Davis ordered the regiment to retire from the scene of action; and, being relieved by the 8th New Hampshire, marched to Alexandria and went into camp in the eastern suburb of the city.

The men were weary. They had been under arms all night. Nearly twenty-four hours of watching and fighting.



LIEUT. P. S. CURRY.

Twice they had exhausted their ammunition, and had been able to put up a pretty stiff fight with the Confederates. They were, therefore, glad of an opportunity to lie down on the ground and enjoy a good night's rest. When the regiment fell back from the firing line, the country was in flames. Burning buildings could be seen as far as the eye could reach. Somebody had applied the torch to everything. It was an awful picture. Great clouds of smoke rolled up against the northern sky. The crackling of the flames, the falling timbers, the burning embers mingled with the roar of guns and the report of rifles, made up a picture that was impressive in the extreme. The memory of that hour stirs the imagination after many years. One of the distinguishing characteristics of the Red River Campaign was the tremendous wreckage of life and property involved. This began at Sabine Cross Roads, and ceased not until the army had reached the banks of the Mississippi.

The promised rest of the Third in the suburbs of Alexandria was not of long duration. "Alabama!" (here we will rest), thought some, as they lay down for a refreshing slumber, but, "Up and at it!" was the order that came with the coming of the morning light. The enemy's activity made it impossible for any part of the cavalry to be inactive. The Confederates were on all sides of the city. Above, they were harrassing the gunboats, below, they were firing into the transports. Sleepless nights came to the army at this time. Porter had had a rough experience in getting down to Alexandria. Once and again had he been attacked by the Confederates, who seemed to entertain the happy thought that the fleet might never live to reach the mouth of the Red River.

"Tom" Green had charged upon the gunboats with cavalry, and had been killed in the attempt.

One old Soldier said that Green "lost his head three

times during the Red River Campaign; viz.: Once when he ran against Emory at Pleasant Grove, once when he struck A. J. Smith at Pleasant Hill; and once, literally, when he sailed into Porter's gunboats on the banks of the Red River."

The Confederates had been much encouraged by the frequent grounding of Porter's gunboats, and by the necessity which came to him of destroying the "Eastport," one of the largest gunboats of his fleet. Porter, however, had punished the enemy severely for meddling with his affairs, and had succeeded in getting down to Alexandria, when a new and startling difficulty confronted him. The water was so low that none of his boats could get below the falls!

And now came positive orders from General Grant, Commander of all the armies of the Union. On the 27th of April, General Hunter arrived at Alexandria, with special directions to bring the campaign to an immediate ending.

What shall be done with the fleet? Shall the army move on, and leave it to the tender mercies of the enemy? No! The fleet must be saved! Who was to save it? The man for the hour was at hand.

When Port Hudson surrendered, two steamers were found high and dry in one of the neighboring bayous. Colonel Bailey, engineer of the Nineteenth Corps, said he could float them. Despite considerable scepticism on the part of some, he was given permission to try. Wing dams were built in Thompson's Creek, the water raised, and the "Starlight" and "Red Chief" were brought out of their hiding place upon the broad bosom of the Mississippi. Bailey thought he could do that thing again. It was this, or the destruction of the fleet. The engineers went to work, and the men were detailed from the various regiments to carry on the enterprise. On the 30th of

April they commenced the stupendous undertaking. Trees were felled; buildings were torn down, in order that brick and stone might be obtained. Logs and timbers, and heavy machinery from neighboring sugar-houses were utilized, and four large coal barges belonging to the Navy were drafted into the service of the engineers; 3,000 men worked with a will in the construction of



RESCUE OF THE FLEET.

General Banks and his Army Witnessing the Passage of the Gunboats through the Rapids at Alexandria, La., May 9th, 1864.

this dam. Several hundred wagons brought material. Men from Maine felled the trees. In eight days the work was nearing completion. In another day the fleet would be delivered. Unfortunately, on the morning of the 9th, a part of the dam gave way. Admiral Porter, mounting a horse, galloped up stream, and ordered the "Lexington" to put on steam, and run the rapids. The "Osage," "Neosho," and "Fort Hindman" followed,

and went through in safety. A part of the fleet had been saved, but six gunboats and two tugboats were still above the falls, and unable, now, to get through the "shute." More dams must be built. These boats must be rescued. Every man went to work again, and in three days and nights the fleet moved. During the 12th and 13th of May, Porter and his fleet were rescued and passed over the falls to a safe place opposite Alexandria. While this work on the dam was progressing the Confederates had not been idle. Taylor was alert, with "dreams of conquest." On the very day the dam was commenced, while men were cutting trees and hauling logs, the Third Regiment was aiding in keeping back the Confederate cavalry. The enemy were on both sides of the river, above and below the city of Alexandria.

On the morning of April 30th, the Third Cavalry was ordered to cross the Red River with two days' rations. At 8 o'clock the men were on the march. Crossing the river on a pontoon bridge, the brigade under Davis proceeded up stream about 15 miles. A diligent search was made, but no enemy was discovered that day. That night the men slept in the woods. Water was found to be scarce in that locality, as the regiment was some distance from the river. At 6 o'clock the next morning, the brigade started to return to Alexandria. About six miles had been covered, when the sharp report of a rifle broke upon the ears of the troopers. The shots multiplied with alarming rapidity. It was an attack in the rear.

Quantrell's Guerillas had come all the way from Missouri to reinforce Taylor; and were now about to pay their respects to the Third Massachusetts Cavalry. The men had heard of these characters before. Early in the war Quantrell and his band had acquired an unenviable notoriety by sacking and burning the city of Lawrence, in the State of Kansas. Some of their deeds had, according

to common report, been a flagrant violation of the rules of civilized warfare. And now, on the banks of the Red River, at a place called "Pineyville," they were to measure swords with the men of the Third. It was not long before Colonel Davis had formed in line, and had faced about, ready to give Quantrell a warm reception. The fire of the Brigade soon halted the Missourians, and showed them that Davis and Sargent were not men who could be stampeded.

Soon the order was given to "cheer," and the regiment obeyed with a hearty goodwill. "Forward!" "Charge!" came next, and the men swept forward like an avalanche. Over fences and hedges, and through bushes rushed the intrepid cavaliers. Shots from carbines and revolvers had been heard, and now a thousand sabres flashed in the morning light. It was one of the best charges the regiment had made up to this time, and it made a lasting impression on the minds of Quantrell and his men. For one hour the contest lasted. Several of the enemy were taken. The writer saw about twenty-five of these strangers, and they had an ugly look.

Commanding Company C, on that eventful day, was Lieutenant Hilton. He was a brave and efficient officer, a little impetuous at times, but intrepid in action, and patriotic in the extreme. When the order came to charge, he dashed forward with commendable zeal, thinking only of the enemy and of the number he could capture. Near him rode Sergeant Elliott, as good a soldier as was in the regiment, and Sergeant Johnson, another as good as Elliot. Next was Corporal Harlow, and the writer.

Elliott and Johnson were Englishmen by birth. They had both been soldiers in the British Army, having seen active service in the Crimean War. Both had volunteered at Port Hudson to join the Forlorn Hope, and

both had been promoted for gallant and meritorious conduct. Elliott's horse had been shot under him at Sabine Cross Roads. This day he was to make his last ride, and fight his last battle.

The regiment had now driven the enemy quite a distance. Several prisoners were in our hands. Our victory was complete up to this point of time. Now came one of the most unfortunate occurrences in the history of the regiment.

As the line of battle swept onward toward the dense wood beyond, the order was given, "Halt!" Most of the men heard the command, and, accordingly, gave up the pursuit. The Lieutenant, for some reason, failed to hear the order. He dashed forward toward the woods. The writer followed. Accompanying us were Johnson and Elliott, and two other men. These comprised the head of the company. All the rest remained in the open field, behind, and were now retiring. We had no sooner come near the enemy, a short distance from the wood, than we found ourselves in a very dangerous predicament. The enemy, seeing our condition, rallied, and were determined to effect our capture. Evidently they regarded us as an easy prey. "Boys," cried the Lieutenant, "we shall have to cut our way out." Suiting the action to the word, we turned our horses' heads, and gave them the spur. We had no sooner done this than we found ourselves confronted by a new danger. Within a few feet, the writer saw a Confederate soldier advancing toward him. He had a full beard and an evil eye. For some reason he was afoot; perhaps his horse had been shot in the recent charge. As he came toward the writer, he demanded his surrender, at the same time raising his musket as if to strike. It was evident that if he struck first, it would probably be the end of me. I resolved that I would not surrender. I determined, if possible, to strike

him first. It was an unequal contest, I admit. He was a strong man; I a mere boy. But instantly I decided that if I must die, I would sell my life as dearly as possible. Raising my sabre, I aimed to strike my antagonist with all my might under the left ear and disable him at least, if I possibly could. While in the execution of my purpose, and even while my sabre was in the air on its way to deal the deadly blow, there came a terrible volley from the enemy in the woods. I knew that meant death for some of us. I saw the horse of Comrade Johnson gallop past me with an empty saddle, and I knew that my friend, its rider, was no more. Elliott was shot through the head and killed. I felt a sharp, stinging pain in my right hand. My arm fell powerless to my side, my sabre dropping to the ground. I also felt a sudden blow on my right hip, as if some one had struck me with his musket. I almost reeled from my horse, so powerful was the blow. At the same time something went through the breast of my coat. The enemy closed in upon us. They seized the bridles of two of my comrade's horses, and made them prisoners. The Lieutenant and myself were now left. His horse had been wounded in the neck, and mine in the right haunch. We saw that our only hope of escape lay in speedy flight. It was a terrible risk to take, but we took it. Between us and safety was a brook about a yard wide. Beyond, the way was open, all other avenues of escape were closed. Giving his horse the spur, Lieutenant Hilton sprang across the brook and I followed. As my horse landed on the farther bank he stumbled and fell. My heart sank within me. "It's all over with me now," thought I, as all the while the bullets were whistling through the air, and the enemy just behind. I determined, however, to make one more effort to escape. Accordingly, I gave my faithful horse once more the spur. To my great delight, this heroic treatment had

the desired effect. With an awful groan, such as I shall never cease to remember, he regained his feet, and was able to bear me safely away from my pursuers. After running the gauntlet for a short distance, we were both able, by a circuitous route, to rejoin the regiment. Harlow was captured.

I was soon in the hands of the surgeon. I was faint from loss of blood from my wounds, which had been streaming, and which had stained the right side of my pants from top to bottom. "That was a narrow escape," said the doctor as he examined my right thumb and fore-finger. "A little more, and you would have lost both. "What is this hole in your jacket?" he inquired. "That's where another bullet went through," said I, smiling. On careful examination, it was discovered that the ball had entered the breast of my jacket on the right side, opposite the region of the heart. In its course, it had been diverted by a button on my blouse, which on that day I had worn beneath my jacket. That button saved my life; for it not only lessened the force of the bullet, but caused it to glance and come out on the other side of the garment without doing me any harm. Had the ball entered an inch higher it undoubtedly would have gone through my left side and possibly through my heart.

"Here is another hole through your holster," said the surgeon, as he inspected me more carefully. Now, for the first time, I understood the meaning of that blow on my right hip. Another bullet had actually struck the holster of my revolver. Passing through the leather case, it had struck the barrel of the revolver, then slid down into the bottom of the holster. That revolver, like the button, had saved my life! Like the button, it had come between me and death. When the fight began, it was loaded with seven



General N. A. M. Stanley

cartridges. These I had discharged at the enemy, and, after emptying the several barrels, had dropped the weapon into the holster on my right side. The bullet had come at an angle of forty-five degrees, striking squarely against the barrel of the revolver, which arrested its progress at once. Had it not done so, the ball would have gone through my hip, and, without doubt, have caused my death.

I think I shall never outlive the conviction that a kind Providence protected me most singularly on that never-to-be-forgotten May morning, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-four.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN — CONCLUDED.

Back to Alexandria — Hospital Scenes — A Critical Case — McClelland Sick — Franklin's Wound — Confederate Depredations — The Third to the Rescue — Evacuation of Alexandria — The Regiment at Moore's Plantation — The Fight at Bayou de Glace — A Magnificent Sight — Battle of Yellow Bayou — Arrival at Morgania.

HONORABLE wounds having compelled the writer to repair to the hospital at Alexandria, an opportunity was now afforded him to study some of the results of civil war, as seen by the surgeons. Several hundred men were found in the hospital, suffering from sickness and wounds. Many of these had come down from the various battle-fields above, and many more were daily arriving from the different scenes of conflict around the city. Almost daily there were collisions between the Union and Confederate cavalry. Many were being "picked off," one by one, by some Confederate sharpshooter, and many more were being punctured by the minie ball called by our men a "three cheers and a tiger." Surgeons had been busy with knife and saw. Amputations were frequent, and, almost every day, some poor fellow was "wrapped up in his blanket to picket no more."

Among the sick at Alexandria was Major-General McClelland, who was, on or about the 5th of May, obliged to relinquish his command of the Thirteenth Corps, and allow General Lawler to act in his stead. The writer

well remembers seeing McClernand, pale and emaciated, as he was carried on board one of the army transports at the river bank.

Among the wounded was General Franklin, who had been hit at Sabine Cross Roads. So troublesome had his wound become that, at Cane River, he had been obliged to give up to Emory as Commander of the Nineteenth Corps. Now, again, his wound was troubling him, and, on the 2nd day of May, he again relinquished his command, and departed to the North, via New Orleans. The scenes witnessed in the hospital at Alexandria were varied and pitiful. One had been shot through the neck; another, through the arm; another had lost a leg. The writer's wound was in his right hand, so that he had the full use of his eyes and ears. Near at hand, lying in a bunk was a poor fellow, just brought in, whose knee-pan a bullet had crushed. The surgeons tried to save the limb, but in vain. Ether was administered, the joint was removed, the wound was dressed and sewed up, and good results hoped for. When the morning light came, and the writer looked across to see how his neighbor was getting on, he saw that the couch was empty. The comrade had crossed the river, and was far away from the scenes of mortal strife.

And so they came, and so they went some down the river, to New Orleans, others across the river, into a country upon whose shore

“ There rests no shadow, falls no stain :
Where those who meet do part no more,
And those long parted meet again.”

Just as the fleet was about to move, and even while the hospital boats were moving down the stream, Quantrell's Guerillas appeared on the northern bank, and opened fire on the helpless sick and wounded on the boats.

Without a moment's hesitation, Admiral Porter flew to the rescue with his flagship, and, directing his gunners to give them grape and canister, drove them from the river-bank, and they were seen by us no more.

While Banks and Bailey were busy in damming the river above, some of the Confederates were endeavoring to dam the river below.

On the 3rd of May, near David's Ferry, the enemy captured the transport "City Belle" and sunk her across the channel. Two days later, another force of Confederates attacked the gunboats "Signal" and "Covington," with the transport "Warner," and succeeded in disabling all three. The "Covington" was burned by her commander; but the "Signal" and "Warner" were sunk in the channel.

On the 6th of May, the Third Cavalry was dispatched from Alexandria to catch and, if possible, punish those unfriendly people who were thus interfering with Uncle Sam's mail service and military stores.

The regiment went down the river about twenty-five miles, and discovered the enemy, but returned without engaging them.

The time had now arrived when Banks was to evacuate Alexandria, and move toward the banks of the Mississippi. Everything was put in readiness for this last retreat. Military stores were placed on board the transports; hospital boats were crowded with the sick and wounded, ammunition was safely placed on river steamers, and the order was given for the army to begin its final march in Louisiana.

The Cavalry took the lead; the Third passing down the southern bank to Governor Moore's plantation, some six miles away. Lawler led the Infantry; Emory, with the Nineteenth Corps, came next; and A. J. Smith brought up the rear. As the army left Alexandria,

smoke was seen bursting out from a building near the river-front.

Orders had been given that property should be protected; but, by some hand, a fire was started, and, as the last of the army moved eastward, the city was wrapped in flames. Strenuous efforts were made to extinguish the fire, but not until a large part of the city had been destroyed was the conflagration stayed.

Occasionally the Third Cavalry got a glimpse of the enemy, but a few well-directed shots sent them flying away at a rapid gait.

On the morning of May 16th, the Confederates made an attack on the Third Cavalry, not far from the banks of Bayou de Glace. As the regiment had been ordered to march to the rear, the Confederates were suddenly encountered, when brisk skirmishing followed. The regiment took position between a certain swamp and the bayou, and Colonel Sargent then dispatched a messenger to Colonel Davis for reinforcements. Two pieces of artillery were brought up and unlimbered, and the sound of the guns was soon heard along the banks of the stream. This firing from the field-pieces, together with the accurate aim of the regiment, soon changed the minds of the Confederates, and forced them to retire. In this engagement the regiment lost one man killed and two wounded.

And now occurred one of the most beautiful and impressive sights of the whole campaign.

These two armies, which had for weeks been struggling for the mastery; which had met so many times in desperate conflict, and which had for days been racing neck and neck to reach the Mississippi river, now appeared in full sight upon the broad and level plain. Like two ferocious beasts in the amphitheatre, they there stood face to face. Colonel Richard B. Irwin, the able and accomplished

soldier and scholar, the historian of the Nineteenth Corps, thus refers to the wonderful array of military prowess which met the eye of thousands on that morning, and which, by those who looked upon it, was called the finest military spectacle they had ever witnessed. "On the wide and rolling prairie of Avoyelles, otherwise known as the 'plains of Mansura,' the Confederates stood for the last time across the line of march of the retreating army. As battery after battery went into action, as the cavalry skirmishers became briskly engaged, it seemed as if a pitched battle was imminent. The infantry rapidly formed line of battle; Mower on the right, Emory in the centre, Lawler on the left, the main body of Arnold's Cavalry in column on the flank. Save where here and there the light smoke from the artillery hindered the view, the whole lines of both armies were in plain sight of every man in either, but the disparity in numbers was too great to justify Taylor in making more than a handsome show of resistance on a field like this, where defeat was certain, and where destruction must have followed close upon defeat, and so, when our lines were advanced, he prudently withdrew."

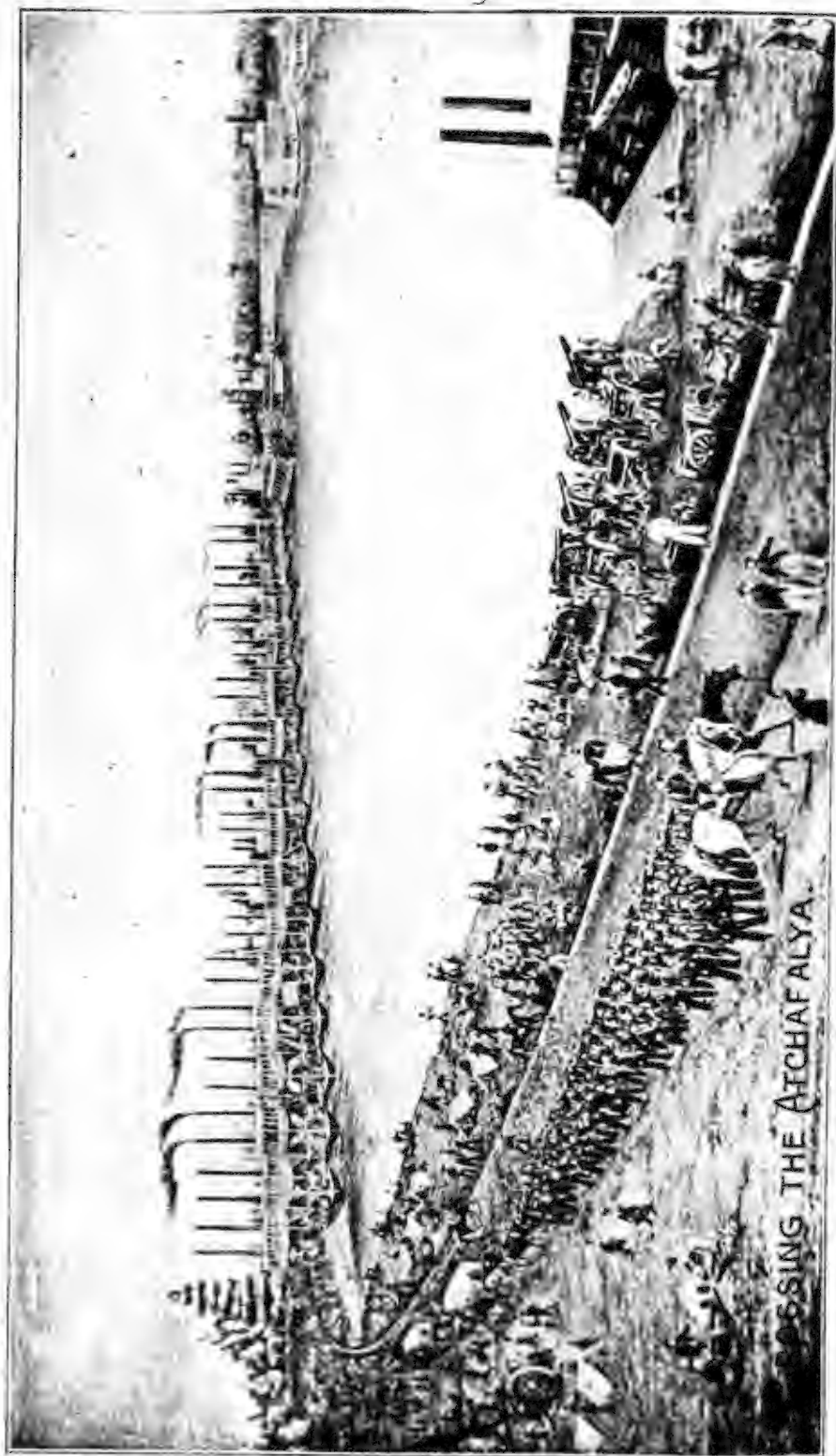
The army was now nearing Simmsport, and it was hoped by many that fighting was over. The men were getting worn and the horses hungry. For four days the horses went without grain. Sixty-three miles had been covered during this time, fighting by day and retreating by night. The enemy kept up with remarkable persistency. They had evidently formed a strong attachment for the regiment. They seemed to say as Ruth said to Naomi: "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following thee." The Third Cavalry were now nearing the Yellow Bayou. At Moreauville, the rear guard was attacked by Wharton's Cavalry. Two Confederate regiments had ambushed the retreating army on the same

day. The wagon was attacked by Debray near Yellow Bayou, and it did seem as if the trials and tribulations of Banks' army knew no end. On the 18th of May was fought the battle of Yellow Bayou. What Taylor would not risk at Mansura, he did risk on the 18th. While the main army was crossing at Simmsport, Taylor thought it would be a good time to throw down the gauntlet. It was his last chance. Suddenly the Confederate general moved forward his entire command, and commenced the attack. The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps responded.

Out on the skirmish line was the Third Cavalry. Taylor brought up artillery and infantry, about 12,000 strong. General Mower, who was at the front, ordered the Cavalry to fall back to Yellow Bayou. Mower then brought up twenty-three pieces of artillery, and the engagement began in good earnest. At 11 A. M., the battle raged with great fury. Yellow Bayou has been called one of the sharpest engagements of the Campaign.

A. J. Smith was at the landing at Simmsport. He heard Mower's guns, and hastened to send him reinforcements. In striking contrast to that of the enemy, was Smith's fondness for the Third Cavalry. It is said that Banks wanted to send other troops to assist Smith in covering the retreat down Red River. Then it was that A. J. Smith uttered the characteristic remark, familiar to every member of the regiment: "If I can't have the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, I don't want any." Smith and the Third Cavalry were firm friends. Sargent was a good man for Smith to have near him. In a crisis, the regiment could be depended on.

Mower, who was conducting the battle, ordered Davis' brigade to charge the enemy on the left. At the same time, he sent the Third Cavalry to charge Taylor, on the right. The orders were executed by the Cavalry in



CROSSING THE ATCHAFALYA.

RAIL EN'S BRIDGE OF BOATS. (See the Indian Village.)

splendid style, and the Confederates were driven from the woods in great confusion. In this charge the regiment lost fourteen in killed and wounded; and thirty-nine horses. Of the enemy, 300 prisoners were captured. They belonged to a regiment that had dared to attempt to capture a Union battery.

Colonel Sargent now rallied the Third for a second charge. Away the bold troopers rode, notwithstanding the fire of the Confederates was heavy; and again the enemy were routed, and fled from the field before the intrepid cavaliers; leaving their dead and wounded behind them.

Such was the Battle of Yellow Bayou. Mower lost 38 killed, 226 wounded, and 3 missing; in all, 267. Taylor reported a loss of about 500, including 100 prisoners. The Third Cavalry buried its dead, recovered its wounded, and, on the night of the 20th of May, 1864, over a bridge of twenty-two steamboats, connected by gang-planks and rough boards, it marched across the Atchafalaya, toward the Mississippi; where, on the 21st, the Nineteenth Corps bade farewell to the brave Western troops, and the disastrous Red River Campaign was ended.

At Simmsport, Banks was relieved by Canby. Emory marched with the Nineteenth Corps and Cavalry to Red River Landing, thence to Morganza Bend, where the regiment went into camp, on May 22nd, 1864.

The Third Cavalry had marched over 500 miles, had been under fire over thirty times; had lost many of its men in killed and wounded; and, on many fields, had borne the burden and heat of the battle. They left New Orleans on the 2nd day of March; and, on May 20th, just seventy-nine days from the beginning of their campaign, their long and arduous labors terminated. Morganza would give them rest, a chance to "wash up" and

sleep nights. No midnight alarms would now be sounded for awhile ; nor would the blast of the bugle wake them to a " reveille of blood."

The regiment's dead were now sleeping in many a Louisiana lowland, their graves decorated only by the cypress tree or magnolia. Their comrades had fallen on almost every field of conflict, from Mansfield to Morganza. Sometimes they had not been buried at all by friendly hands. Oft they had been hastily laid down to rest, covered quickly by the turf, while those who would have tarried longer were hurried forward to new scenes of danger and sudden death.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRANSFERRED TO VIRGINIA.

A Season of Rest — A Mosquito Night Attack — Canby in Command — Three Grand Reviews — A Visit from General Sickles — Washington in Danger — The Nineteenth Corps Ordered North — The Regiment Dismounted — Down the River to Algiers — On the Ocean — Colonel Sargent Arrives at Fortress Monroe — Arrival in Washington — The Nineteenth Corps to the Rescue — The Third Reaches Chain Bridge — Arrives at Monocacy — Sheridan in Command — March to Cedar Creek — Retreat to Halltown — The Army Advances — The Strength of the Regiment.

WHILE the regiment remained at Morganza there was time for rest and reflection. One year ago, the Nineteenth Corps had landed on that same shore, after a most successful campaign along the Teche, and, from this very spot, had marched in triumph to the conquest of Port Hudson. Now, they had returned from a long and hazardous campaign, with nothing to show for it but tattered banners and depleted ranks.

The "foothold in Texas" had been given up. Somebody had blundered. An attempt had been made to plant the flag in Shreveport. A dream of conquest had resulted in a sad awakening. "Much blood and treasure had been spilled," as Irwin scathingly remarks, "into this sink of shame.*"

They could, however, boast of duty done; of obstacles, almost unsurmountable, overcome; of an honorable record during the weary months now past. The banners

* "History of the Nineteenth Corps." page 348.

they had borne through the smoke of battle they still retained — more beautiful and sacred because of the hardship and privations the regiment had endured.

The last half of May and the whole of June was passed by the Third Cavalry at Morganza. This was a safe retreat for the men, but not so comfortable as safe. Good water was found in great abundance. Their sleep was sweet at night, except when disturbed by the midnight attack of the mosquito. The heat was oppressive. Rude shelters were made of bushes and leaves, but "Old Sol" beat down powerfully upon the heads and bodies of them en. A fresh breeze, coming up or down the river, occasionally tried to visit camp, and alleviate the burdens of the comrades, but, unfortunately, the high levee beat back the welcome guest, just as the regiment had beaten back Taylor's Cavalry during the recent campaign. As for the ground on which they camped, it was not dusty, but as one has called it, "a sea of fat, black mud." The sickly season was at hand. The sick list was lengthening. The hospitals at Baton Rouge and New Orleans were being crowded, as well as those located nearer camp.

Canby had relieved Banks, and was anxious to do something with the troops at his disposal. Accordingly, elaborate plans were made, looking to a complete reorganization of the 19th Corps.

The Thirteenth Corps was broken up, and many of its best regiments went to form the Third Division of the Nineteenth Corps. Grover kept the Second Division, with Birge, Molineux and Thorpe as Brigade Commanders.

The monotony of camp life at Morganza was broken by three grand reviews. The first of these occurred on the 11th of June. A downpour of rain seriously interfered with the pleasure of the occasion, and somewhat dampened the ardor of the men participating. Every

man was drenched to the skin, and the martial music was turned into discord.

On June 14, General Sickles, who had arrived in camp, reviewed the troops. This gallant soldier had, just one year before (July 2, '63) lost a leg at Gettysburg. About the time the men of the Third were waiting in the rifle-pits, for the surrender of Port Hudson, he made this sacrifice. He was a fine military figure, and an object of interest to every man in the command. On the 25th of June a third review occurred, when General Reynolds assumed temporary command of the Corps.

Canby was now ordered by Grant to march against Mobile. This had been Grant's desire before the starting of the Red River Expedition. Had Grant's idea been accepted by the authorities at Washington, instead of Halleck's, a much better result had, doubtless, been attained by the year's work now closing.

Grant was now Lieutenant-General. He had the prerogative, not only to suggest, but to command. A stirring, aggressive campaign had been planned, and the movement against Mobile was only one of many operations proposed by the new commander. But, while Canby was planning for the Mobile Campaign, great and important events were transpiring elsewhere, demanding the exercise of the most consummate skill and dexterity of the Lieutenant-General in command.

On the very day when Emory was reviewing the Nineteenth Corps at Morganza. Grant was pushing Lee down toward Richmond, beyond the bloody battle-field of Cold Harbor. On the day of Sickles' review, June 14, Grant crossed the James River, and pushed on toward the City of Petersburg. In the six weeks intervening between the crossing of the Rapidan and the crossing of the James, Grant had lost nearly as many men as Lee had in the army of Northern Virginia. While the men of the

Third Cavalry at Morganza were waiting for marching orders from Canby, which would carry them to the conquest of Mobile, Jubal Early was marching up the Shenandoah Valley, toward Maryland. This Confederate commander, to whom the Third Cavalry was soon to be introduced, had already passed far North, invading Maryland, harassing Pennsylvania, disturbing Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and was soon to menace even Washington, itself. The Nation was alarmed. Washington was again in danger. The memories of '61 were again revived. Something must be done, and done quickly,

In this great crisis, the man for the hour was at hand. A clear head and a firm hand was at the front. Grant now ordered Canby to send the Nineteenth Corps North, without delay.

About this time, there came an order which surprised and disappointed the officers and men of the 3rd Cavalry. On the 25th of June, by Special Order No. 52, Headquarters, Department of the Gulf, the regiment was dismounted, and commanded to serve as infantry. Accordingly, horses, saddles, bridles, sabres, carbines and revolvers were exchanged for rifles and the equipment belonging to a regiment of infantry. Transports were now arriving to take the Nineteenth Corps to Algiers. The men bade good bye to Morganza on July 3rd, and once more found themselves passing down the rolling river, upon whose banks they had spent so many days. Past Port Hudson, the scene of their former exploits, past Baton Rouge, where they had first landed on that December morning in '62, past Donaldsonville, where Fort Butler stood, still defiant, as in days gone by,—the regiment was borne onward until their arrival at Algiers, on the opposite bank from New Orleans. Here the regiment was divided. On July 14th, Colonel Sargent received

orders to report to General Grant at Fortress Monroe. Seven companies embarked on the steamer "General Lyons," and at once went down the river and out to sea. Colonel Sargent went with this battalion. Major Reed was ordered by Colonel Sargent to take command of the other five squadrons, and embark on the transport "E. L. Clark," and soon the entire command was afloat on the rolling deep. A sea voyage was not a bad thing for the men. Salt breezes did them good. Some of the Louisiana malaria was possibly worked out of the system by the voyage North.

Old ocean served as a tonic. Appetite was stimulated, feverish brows were cooled, and a change in climate accomplished great good for the dismounted cavaliers.

On the 27th of June, Colonel Sargent, with his battalion, reached Old Point Comfort, and reported to Grant for orders. He was ordered to proceed at once to Washington, and report to General Halleck. Washington at this time was in a state of great excitement. Early was nearing the city. Some of his raiders had gone as far as the Baltimore & Washington Railroad, and Harry Gilmore's party had stopped a passenger train, and captured the former commander of the Corps, (General Franklin,) who was on board. Lincoln and his Cabinet were getting anxious. Government clerks had been armed and sent to the front. The Sixth Corps had been dispatched by Grant from Petersburg, to the rescue of Washington, but had not yet arrived. Early's columns were now in sight in the rear of Washington. At this critical moment, the Nineteenth Corps was called upon to defend the capital. On the 11th day of July, the first detachment reached Washington, and was ordered to occupy and hold Fort Saratoga.

Early was now at Silver Springs. His troops could be seen from the dome of the capital some six miles away.

His skirmishers were not far out beyond Fort Stevens; whose guns could be heard in many parts of the city. In Washington at this time was a force of about twenty thousand men, many of them were raw and unseasoned troops, unused to the arts of war, and untried on the field of battle.

Two hours after the men of the Nineteenth Corps had stepped upon the wharf at Washington, the advance of the Sixth Corps came in sight. Steaming up the Potomac, to the great relief of the President and of all within the city, came the transports. At this time Lincoln was at the front. Near Fort Stevens, he was an interested spectator of all that was passing. Some of the old soldiers who did not know him, wondered what that unarmed man with a "tall hat was doing, anyway, so near the scene of danger."

It is an interesting fact that, while the guns of Fort Stevens were firing at Early's advance guard, and while Abraham Lincoln was anxiously watching and waiting for the expected reinforcements to arrive, the veterans of the Nineteenth Corps vied with those of the Sixth in their rapid march to the scene of danger, and while Wright's men stood across the path of Early, and said, in most emphatic tones: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther!" Emory's men were in supporting distance, ready to endorse with their lives the statement of the veterans of the Sixth.

Early came no nearer. So bold was the resistance offered by the veterans of Virginia and the Gulf, that the wily Confederate just "folded his tent like the Arab, and as silently stole away."

Now that Early was gone, the troops that had come to drive him back were in and around the city without much organization, and without supplies. Most of the Nineteenth Corps had now arrived, and were not far from the

capital. Order must be brought out of chaos. Wright was ordered to chase Early over the Potomac, and drive him back into the Shedandoah Valley. Emory was ordered to follow with the Nineteenth Corps.

On the 28th of July, Colonel Sargent was ordered to report with his regiment to General Emory, whose corps



GENERAL EMORY.

was at this time not far from Chain Bridge. The regiment now became a part of the Second Brigade, Second Division, of the 19th Army Corps. Emory now moved his corps to Monocacy. No sooner had Sargent arrived with his men at Chain Bridge, at two in the morning, than he was ordered back to Washington. At 5 A. M. the regiment broke camp, retraced their steps to the capital, and took cars at the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Station

for Monocacy. Here the regiment went into camp, while Wright and Emory were hunting for the whereabouts of Early.

On July 29th, Emory followed Wright across the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and proceeded as far as Hülltown. It was an exceedingly hot day, and many of the men of the Nineteenth suffered intensely from the dust and heat.

August 4th, the Third was ordered to proceed by rail to Harper's Ferry, to join Emory. Arriving late at night, they disembarked at 11.30, and rested until morning. The next day, the men fell in, and marched over a dusty road to Halltown, where the 19th had gathered.

Grant now determined to put a stop to Early's depredations. Chambersburg had been burned by some of Early's raiders, and cavalry was needed to head off these intrepid Confederate cavaliers. Had the Third Cavalry only brought their horses with them, lively times had been in store for the regiment during these stirring days.

Grant now ordered a division of cavalry from the Army of the Potomac to join Wright and Emory in their chase of Early. On the 4th of August, the very day on which the Third Cavalry were travelling on the cars from Monocacy to Harper's Ferry, Grant himself put in an appearance at Frederick. He came unheralded. No one in Washington saw him, as he did not come that way. It did not take him long to grasp the situation, and to make plans for the future undoing of Early and his adventurous army.

Grant ordered Wright, Emory and Crook to find Early, and attack him without delay. It took some time to execute this order, for Early moved with great rapidity; so that the authorities at Washington were sometimes puzzled, and at other times alarmed. Early was finally located at Bunker Hill, and thither Grant determined to

send a strong force, for the purpose of punishing, and, if possible, destroying Early's army

A new command and a new commander was now contemplated. Four distinct departments were combined in one, and General P. H. Sheridan was placed at its head.

Franklin had been suggested, and so had Meade, but "little Phil" was the coming man. He was the man who was to transform this "valley of humiliation" into a theatre of most illustrious triumph. On the 7th of August the War Department issued an order, through Grant's influence, creating the "Middle Military Division," and Sheridan was assigned to the command. Just three days later, the Third Cavalry was ordered to report to Sheridan, and join in the forward movement of the new army, under its new commander.

The Nineteenth Corps was now in good fighting trim. The bracing air of Virginia had taken the place of the enervating climate of Louisiana. The officers and men were quick to show the change that had been wrought in them by their new environment. The crystal waters, the rolling wheatfields, and the beautiful blue mountains were exhilarating. Sheridan had the confidence of all. The men, well fed and well cared for, were willing and eager to follow him to victory or death.

Sheridan now began his march toward Early, through Winchester to Cedar Creek. Early fell back to Fisher's Hill. He was hardly willing to risk an engagement with the impetuous Sheridan. At Cedar Creek the regiment went into camp and rested until the 15th.

On August 14th, Sheridan received orders from Grant concerning certain movements of the enemy, telling him to be cautious and to look out for the wily foe. This led him to fall back to Halltown. At 11 A. M., on the next day, the Third Cavalry, fell back with Sheridan's army,

passing through Winchester to Halltown, a more favorable position for defence. Both armies now were watching each other, as an eagle watches for her prey. At Halltown, Major S. Tyler Reed joined the regiment with the five squadrons under his command.

Ree's men had experienced a variety of things since leaving Algiers, and, after a series of movements had at length been able to catch up with the regiment as it fell back from Cedar Creek. Colonel Sargent was pleased to see the officers and men once more, after an absence of just one month; and all rejoiced that the twelve companies were once more together. The command, thus united, numbered 647 men. The aggregate was 1007.

Grant gave Sheridan two orders. He was to move against Early, and give battle; and, in the second place, he was to devastate the country. Between these two generals there was the greatest confidence. Grant understood Sheridan, and Sheridan understood Grant. Sheridan could be trusted in the Valley. It was fortunate for the country that Grant selected him for this important campaign. Sheridan was not to be caught napping. Scouts were on the alert. Every movement of Early was closely watched and quickly reported. Great events were shaping, and momentous history was soon to be made.

On August 28th, Sheridan moved his army to Charlestown. Now he began to put into execution Grant's second order. "I have destroyed everything eatable," were Sheridan's words. Grain was burned; animals were carried off, the Valley was made useless to Early and his army.

At Berryville, Grover came with the rest of the Nineteenth Corps. He came from Butler, at Bermuda Hundreds. The Third Cavalry remained at Charlestown until September 19th.

Three days before, Grant came to Charlestown, and conferred with Sheridan. Those who know what passed between the two great leaders describe it as a most interesting and impressive scene. Grant carried in his pocket a plan of the coming campaign. Turning to Sheridan, he asked him if he would be ready to move soon. Sheridan replied "I am ready to move as soon as you say, 'Go in:' at daylight on Monday, if necessary." So pleased was Grant at this reply, that he said nothing about his plan; but simply said, "Go in!" and went back to City Point.

A few promotions came to the field officers in the fall of 1864. On August 7, Captain Bunker was commissioned Major. On September 2nd, Major Vinal was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, and, on the same day, Captain Noyes, of Company B, was made Major. These officers had been with the regiment during its arduous campaigns in Louisiana, and richly deserved the promotions that now came to them.

CHAPTER XIV

BATTLE OF THE OPEQUON.

Sept. 19th, 1864.

Grover's Division — Molinoux's Brigade — Charge of the Third Cavalry — Death of Russell — Emory again Saves the Army — The Third Charges again — A Third Attempt — Defeat of Early — Death of Rodes — FitzHugh Lee Wounded — Sheridan Rides along the Line — Washington Encouraged — Losses in the Battle — Death of Lieutenant Glidden — A Romance of Winchester — Battle of Fisher's Hill — On to Staunton — In Camp at Harrisburg — Mt. Crawford — Retreat to Cedar Creek — Throwing up Earthworks — Sheridan Goes to Washington — Wright in Command — Sleeping amid Danger.

THE Battle of the Opequon was fought on the 19th of September, 1864.

Just five months and ten days after the bloody engagement of Pleasant Hill, in Louisiana, the Nineteenth Corps stood confronting a similar enemy on the soil of Virginia. Early Monday morning, just as he had promised Grant, Sheridan put his army in motion. He was to meet the man who had invaded Pennsylvania, menaced Washington, and thrown the whole North into a paroxysm of fear. A great opportunity came to Sheridan; how well he used it, the record of the then impending battle tells.

Wright led the infantry; Emory came next; Crook brought up the rear. Merritt and Averell were on ahead with the Cavalry, scouring the country and guarding the flanks. Five miles from Winchester were

Gordon, Rodes and Wharton; while in Sheridan's immediate front were the Confederate veterans under Ramseur. The Sixth Corps formed across the Berryville Road. The Nineteenth Corps stood on the right of the Sixth. Grover's Division was near the "Red Bud Run." Grover's three brigade commanders were Sharp, Birge and Molineux. In Molineux's Brigade was the Third Massachusetts Cavalry. Associated with the Third were the following regiments Thirteenth Connecticut, Eleventh Indiana, Twenty-second Iowa, 131st and 159th New York.

At fifteen minutes before twelve, the bugle at Sheridan's headquarters indicated that the time for decisive action had arrived. From Corps, Division and Brigade headquarters the order was repeated. The new army, under the new commander, began to move. Soon firing began along the whole line. Emory attacked Gordon with great fury. Birge led a most impetuous charge. Between the two leading brigades of Grover's division there was a gap made, and into this Molineux, with the Third Cavalry, was quickly thrust. A heavy fire, both from cannon and musketry, was opened on them by the enemy, as the Confederates came on into the inviting gap. The enemy was very bold. He surged around both flanks of Molineux, and compelled Birge to fall back. Molineux's Brigade was in danger. The Twenty-second Iowa stood on very dangerous ground, and was compelled to retreat to a newer and safer position. The Third charged with the brigade, and with it was repulsed, losing heavily in the attempt.

Sheridan, however, was a soldier who knew how to fight and win, as well as plan a battle. The right of Molineux held its ground. The 131st New York, under the gallant Colonel Day, came to his help. Waiting until he could see the backs of the Confederates he poured into their





PLAN OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF THE OPEQUON, SEPT 19, 1864.

By PERMISSION. From French's History of the Civil War. By FORTMAN & SON, New York.

ranks a withering fire, and then, ably supported by the Eleventh Indiana and a portion of the Third Cavalry, with the 176th New York, he pushed back the advancing lines of the Confederates, and compelled them to retire in great disorder.

Unfortunately, however, when they retired, they swept across Molineux's left centre, capturing quite a number of his officers and men. At this juncture, General Russell was ordered forward, with his fine division, to the support of Molineux and Birge. Russell led a most brilliant charge, but, on the eve of victory, fell at the head of his troops, a noble sacrifice on his country's altar. He lived long enough, however, to strike the blow that staggered Early; and made victory possible to the Union army.

A new danger now confronted Emory and the Nineteenth Corps. FitzHugh Lee was threatening his right flank. From the north bank of the Red Bud he had already opened fire. "Have this thing stopped at once!" was Emory's terse command to Dwight.

And, so, just as Emory had been the "Rock" at Sabine Cross Roads, six months before, so now he was to save Sheridan's army from embarrassment, and snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat. Dwight ordered the 114th New York to stem the tide, and drive Fitz Lee from his position. It was Lee of New York against Lee of Virginia. Per Lee's mendid nobly; until at length Neal came to his assistance. Throwing down a rail-fence, these intrepid men opened a terrible fire upon Lee of Virginia, and succeeded admirably in checking his advance. Molineux was now needing help. His brigade had been depleted, and was well-nigh exhausted. The Eighth Vermont, under the gallant Thomas, and the Twelfth Connecticut, under Peck, were sent to his assistance. Peck soon fell, mortally wounded by a shell, as his regiment opened fire.



BATTLE OF THE OPEQUON, SEPT. 19, 1864.

Ernst Haeckel's Pictorial History. By permission.

The battle had now raged since 15 minutes before 12 o'clock. It had been fierce and momentous. Regiments had marched and counter-marched, charged and counter-charged; and for some time it seemed uncertain which way the tide would turn. By one o'clock the struggle was ended. The Confederates were beaten. They had fought desperately; but they had been outnumbered and outgeneralled from the first. Their losses had been heavy. They had been roughly handled by Sheridan's men. Three times had the Third Cavalry charged during the morning battle. Their first attempt had been a failure; having been repulsed with great loss. Their second charge was more successful, as they gained new ground, and held it. At length the time had come for a grand advance. After a two hours' lull, at about 4 o'clock, cheers were heard from some of Sheridan's troops, who had crossed Red Bud Run, and were driving Early back toward Winchester. Averell and Merritt already had FitzHugh Lee on the run, and Crook was pressing Gordon with great impetuosity. Torbert's Cavalry, too, was hitting Breckinridge hard blows, and Early saw his whole line broken and hurled headlong backward toward Winchester and beyond to Fisher's Hill.

For the Infantry, the battle was over and the victory won. The Cavalry, however, kept on. Through Winchester swept the Confederate troops, pursued by Torbert and Wilson. The retreat of Early's men could not be stayed. In vain Early tried to rally his beaten army in the vicinity of Winchester. It was useless. The tide surged past, up the road and over the hills, far on toward Kernstown, pursued by Torbert's Cavalry.

Sheridan now rode down the lines. The men saw their leader, and went wild with excitement. With him were Wright, Emory and Crook. A mighty cheer rent

the air. Even the wounded rejoiced at the great victory that had come to the Union army. It was a great day for the nation, that 19th of September, 1864. The news of the victory reached Washington. It stirred the White House. In the breast of Lincoln there was born a hope that now, at length, had come a victory that meant peace not far away, and the great blessing of a Nation saved from disunion and disgrace.

In this decisive battle Sheridan lost 5,018 men. Of these 697 were killed, 3,983 were wounded, and 338 missing.

Early's loss was about 4,000 in all, including about 300 prisoners. On the Southern side, General Rodas was killed, and FitzHugh Lee was wounded. Early left his dead and wounded on the field. Sheridan's army captured five guns and nine battle-flags.

Molineux's Brigade lost 58 men killed, 362 wounded, and 87 missing; a total of 507. The Third Cavalry lost, in killed, wounded and missing, 105 officers and men. Among the killed was Lieutenant Jasper F Glidden, of Company B, one of the bravest young officers in the regiment, and Lieutenant John F Pool. Both of these officers had risen from the ranks. Both were promoted August 13th, 1863, and both fell September 19th, 1864.

Among our wounded were Lieutenants Grover and Howland. Grover had previously been wounded at Yellow Bayou, in Louisiana. Howland was carried to his home in New Bedford, where, in a few months, he died. Grover, though seriously wounded, recovered.

In one of the great battles of the war, a certain regiment was ordered to charge the enemy's works. The men started. Away they swept across the intervening space. The color-bearer, a brave and intrepid soldier, bore the banner of his country on through fire and smoke and storm of leaden hail; nor did he pause,

until he had succeeded in planting the regimental colors on the very battlements of the enemy. Then, as he looked about him, he saw, for the first time, that he was not supported. The line had broken and fallen back. Officers and men were hurrying to the rear. Then there came the order "Sergeant, bring back the colors to the line!" But, yielding not an inch, the sergeant stood his ground, while "death shots fell around him thick and fast," and, lifting up his voice, he cried "Colonel, bring the line up to the colors!"

Three times, at Opequon, the Third Cavalry charged. Proudly and bravely the regimental colors were borne aloft through fire and smoke. In this case, however, the color-bearer was supported! No order came from our gallant Colonel to "bring back the colors to the line;" but every man was eager to "bring the line up to the colors."

The great victory of Sheridan at Opequon caused general rejoicing throughout the North. It had cost much precious blood, but, 'mid the tears of friends who sorrowed for loved ones who went down in the fight, were evidences of a boundless gratitude for the great triumph that had come to Lincoln and the Union army.

General Emory was pleased at the conduct of the regiment in this engagement. The only criticism he made was that the men were over eager to annihilate the Confederate army. Referring to their charge, he said. "You charged too impetuously. You charged too far. That's why you were ordered back."

Connected with the Battle of the Opequon and the campaign of Sheridan in the Valley, is a bit of romance. So genuine are the characters involved, and so realistic are the facts that the writer makes room for them in the pages of this book.

Near Sheridan's battle-ground lived Angus McLoud

He was an honest man, loyal in his sentiments, yet careful about what he said and did. Both Northern and Southern soldiers visited his home, and sometimes borrowed things they never returned. At one time he was strongly suspected by the Confederates of leaning too emphatically to the Northern cause, and was, consequently taken off and carried into the enemy's country.

Angus McCloud was the father of several children, among whom were two beautiful maidens of tender years.



SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT WINCHESTER.

Among the frequent visitors at this lovely home were two young soldiers of Sheridan's Command. It was rumored that something more than a desire for a drink of water led them to the dwelling of McCloud. Two bright-eyed girls were more attractive to these two tender-hearted soldiers than a well of water. When the battle raged around their father's home, one was in the cellar, and the other on the roof of the dwelling. Sheridan himself passed their father's door. Both Union and Confederate wounded were brought into the house and given "aid and comfort" by these kind and gentle women. They saw Jubal Early fly before the onslaught

of the Nineteenth Corps, and looked upon his shattered army as it disappeared up the road on its way to Fisher's Hill. Time went on. The war closed. With the return of peace "John" and "Fred" returned to woo and wed these lovely maidens, now grown to womanhood.

Angus McLoud, stripped of earthly goods, but not of honor, saw the Union restored, and came to live in Northern homes, founded by Sheridan's two veterans to whom he had given his two daughters in holy wedlock, And when in later years he and his dear wife went toward the setting sun, John and Fred ministered to them as they had done to the young men when they were needy soldiers in the Shenandoah.

His property had been laid upon the altar. He could die in peace. His wife had just preceded him to the better land. We talked a little of the days gone by, of his former home in Winchester, of another home in Heaven; of Sheridan and Early, and the great battle whose tide had roared and surged around his dwelling; of his sons-in-law and his two young daughters, and then with John and Fred and their beautiful wives standing near, he closed his eyes and slept. He had entered the valley where no sound of battle is ever heard, and where the bugle-note wakes no warrior to scenes of fratricidal strife.

Sheridan allowed his army to rest after the great battle of Opequon. Early was also resting on Fisher's Hill. He was using the time in binding up his wounds and gathering and strengthening his shattered and demoralized army. Throwing up earthworks, he prepared himself to resist any attempt on the part of Sheridan to drive him from his rocky camp. At length Sheridan ordered his cavalry to ride forward to feel the enemy's position. On September 20th Sheridan advanced his



GEN. GEO. B. LOUD.

army; the next day his cavalry met Early's skirmishers on the hill between Strasburg and Fisher's Hill. It was not difficult to drive them, and to continue the pursuit.

Sheridan now ordered the Nineteenth Corps to advance, and planned a movement which, if successful, would result in the capture or destruction of Early's entire army. Torbert's cavalry was ordered to pass around to the enemy's rear, and cut off his retreat. Crook was to make a movement to the right, and passing through the woods and behind the hills by a back road, was to attack General Early on his left and rear. At a given signal, the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps were to press Early in front.

In the early part of the 22nd of September, Grover's division was on the left of the Nineteenth Corps. The two principal brigade commanders at this time were Birge and Molineux. The former had been our brigade Commander at Baton Rouge and both had been identified with the Nineteenth Corps in every important engagement since.

Grover commenced the fight. Skirmishers were sent forward, and the artillery began a lively shelling of the enemy's position. The Nineteenth Corps was placed by Sheridan on the left of the railroad. Molineux was given the post of honor in the advance of Grover. The Third Massachusetts Cavalry was permitted to share in this honor. Moving up close to the enemy's lines, they were ordered to throw up earthworks, and hold themselves in readiness for the coming onset. Just as the sun was setting, away off on the right, the roar of the guns was heard. Crook was swooping down upon Early's left with great rapidity. Emerging from the woods, his brave veterans took the Confederates by surprise, turning their left flank, and driving them in confusion from their position. Now came the order for the

Nineteenth Corps to charge. Away dashed Molineux's Second Brigade, the Third Cavalry being in the centre. Inspired by the presence of Sheridan, their forward movement was irresistible. Scrambling up the rocky sides of Fisher's Hill, they swarmed over the enemy's entrenchments, and planted the colors of the regiment on the parapets of the foe. Sixteen pieces of artillery, and a large number of prisoners were captured in this charge. The enemy fled in confusion. He had been terribly surprised and beaten. He had felt his position to be so secure that the artillerymen had taken the ammunition boxes from the caissons. In vain Early tried to arrest his fleeing columns, he could not stem that tide of battle until his panic-stricken soldiers found themselves four miles beyond Woodstock.

During the retreat of the enemy, the Third Cavalry was thrown forward to support the skirmish line. All night long they pursued the fleeing Confederates, and at 12 the next day, halted not far from Woodstock. Colonel Sargent was ordered to follow the retreating enemy, and the regiment marched on past Edenburg, Mount Jackson and Harrisonburg, and, at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th of September, went into camp near the latter place.

A rather amusing incident occurred at Fisher's Hill, which illustrates the animus of the Third Cavalry in that engagement.

As the men swept on toward the Confederates, General Grover, who was afraid he might never see them again, cried out most vehemently "Halt! Halt! Fall back!" General Emory knew better. "Let them go!" cried he. "Let them go, and bring up your infantry!" And they went. On September 22, 1864, at Fisher's Hill, the regiment made a record worthy of a place on the brightest pages of history.

It is said that an Englishman and an American were once talking about the Battle of Bunker Hill. The Englishman thought he would jolly the Yankee a bit, and so remarked: "I believe we drove you in that fight at Bunker Hill," "Yes," said the Yankee, "but we kept the Hill!"

At Fisher's Hill, Sheridan's men did both. They not only drove the enemy, but they could also say, "We kept the Hill."

Sheridan had lost thus far about 52 men killed, 457 wounded, and 19 missing: in all 528. The Nineteenth Corps had lost 15 killed, 86 wounded, and 13 missing.

Early reported 30 killed, 210 wounded, and 995 missing. Sheridan reported 1100 prisoners.

The loss of the Third Cavalry in the taking of Fisher's Hill was slight: only one man killed and two wounded.

Early had but little heart to again attempt to meet Sheridan in the open. He was preparing to make a stand at Mt. Jackson; but Averill's Cavalry came up so quickly that Early changed his mind, and ran off toward New Market without unnecessary delay.

Lee now sent reinforcements to assist Early in his desperate attempt to withstand Sheridan. Kershaw had come to his relief. Marching from Culpepper, through Swift Run Gap, he had joined Early on the 26th of September. At this place, some of Early's cavalry had come in from the Luray Valley, and Lomax from Harrisonburg.

Sheridan now decided to pass beyond Harrisonburg, and once more give Early a sample of the fighting qualities of his army. Torbert, with Wilson and Lowell, had gone up as far as Waynesboro, and had come in contact with Kershaw, marching to the relief of Early.

On September 29th, Sheridan ordered the Nineteenth Corps to Mount Crawford to support Torbert in his

movements there. The Third Cavalry moved with the Second Division, and arrived at Mount Crawford. Grant now suggested to Sheridan that he had better go to Staunton and Charlottesville. Instead, Sheridan, who had a different plan, sent the cavalry to Staunton, destroyed the railroad and a flouring-mill, and began that terrible work of devastation of the Shenandoah Valley. After this had been accomplished, Sheridan was to leave Crook in the Valley, and transfer the rest of his army to the lines of Grant near Petersburg.

On the 6th of October, very early in the morning, Sheridan began his retreat from Mount Crawford, down the Valley, toward Cedar Creek. The cavalry covered the rear, burning everything in sight that could be used to sustain life in man or beast. Early, no doubt, was surprised at this movement of Sheridan. As soon as he discovered it, he followed on. Powers' Cavalry was now with him, and the whole Confederate army began treading on the heels of Torbert's Union Cavalry.

On the 10th of October, the Third Cavalry reached Cedar Creek, went into camp, and began to throw up earthworks.

Grant now desired Sheridan to plan a movement against Charlottesville. The government wanted him to rebuild the railways in his rear. Halleck advised, and even ordered him to fortify and heavily provision every position Grant had wished him to occupy. So many and varied were the theories advanced that Sheridan was finally ordered to Washington, to confer with the authorities as to the most feasible thing to do. Had Sheridan known how near the army of Early was, and what was the wily Confederate General's plan, it is doubtful if Sheridan had consented to go to Washington at all.

Grant now called for the Sixth Corps to come to

Petersburg. Sheridan had already ordered Wright to march to Alexandria, via Ashby's Gap. Wright had already started.

In the meantime Early was creeping down the Valley, toward the Union camp. Sheridan, nor Grant, nor anyone in Washington knew of his whereabouts. Perhaps they thought he had been subdued, and would no longer dare to measure swords with the Northern army. In this they were mistaken. Thus, while some thought him to be at Gordonsville, and others at Charlottesville, and others still at Brown's Gap, Early was really coming dangerously near the victors of Opequon and Fisher's Hill.

Thus, while the Sixth Corps was on its way, toward Alexandria, and Sheridan himself was in Washington, Early sent his cavalry to spy out the position of the Northern army, encamped in fancied security on the farther bank of Cedar Creek.

In his admirable history of the Nineteenth Corps, Colonel Irwin has this sentence concerning Early and his army. "The first news of Early's presence within two miles of the Union camp, at the very moment when he was thought to be sixty miles away on the line of the Virginia Central Railway, was brought by the shells his artillery suddenly dropped among the tents of Crook."

When these shells disturbed the serenity of Crook's camp, the cavalry of Sheridan was dispatched to punish the gunners who had dared to throw them.

It was decided to capture the Confederate battery, but the infantry of Kershaw was met, who put up such a stiff fight that the Northern troopers were compelled fall back. Custer was also attacked by Confederate cavalry, and his men were given to understand that Early's army was not sufficiently whipped as to refuse to measure sabres with Sheridan's cavaliers.

Sheridan now yielded to Grant's desire for a forward movement toward Gordonsville, or Charlottesville. Accordingly, and fortunately for the army of the Shenandoah, Sheridan recalled Wright, who had set out for Alexandria, and ordered him to bring the Sixth Corps to Cedar Creek. On October 14th, Wright came into camp on the right and rear of the Nineteenth Corps.

Events were now shaping for a new and startling page of history. On October 15th, Sheridan rode with Merritt to Front Royal, intending to go to Washington, to see the Secretary of War. Before leaving Front Royal, however, he read a bit of news that doubtless stirred his blood: "Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you, and we will crush Sheridan. Signed, Longstreet." This message had been reported by an officer from Wright. It had been read off by some signal officer from the Confederate flags on Three-Top Mountain.

Sheridan returned his cavalry to Cedar Creek, keeping only an escort, and hurried by rail to Washington, after first warning Wright to be on his guard against Early, and to be ready in case he was attacked.

Sheridan was now in Washington. He arrived in the morning, and, in the afternoon was ready to return to the army. At about sunset on October 17th, the writer was detailed with others to act as a bodyguard to Sheridan when he should leave the city.

A special train was in readiness at the station of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The bodyguard entered first, and were seated. At length Sheridan came in, and with him, several officers. They took seats at the opposite end of the car, Sheridan occupying the last seat, and facing the bodyguard. This gave the writer a good opportunity to study his features. The pictures of

Sheridan do not, as a rule, represent him as he looked at that time. Then he wore a beard, and looked quite thin. The train started. Out into the darkness, on to the Relay House, then to Harper's Ferry, and then to Martinsburg, reaching the latter city about 12 o'clock at night.



SHERIDAN.
As he appeared in 1861.

In the meantime Early was perfecting his plans. Ascending to the top of Three-Top Mountain, he was examining the position and camp of the Union Army. Early now had definite information on which to act. He would steal down upon this camp and under cover of night he would surprise them in their beds; he would retaliate with Sheridan for having trounced him so severely at Opequon and Fisher's Hill.

On the night before the battle of Cedar Creek he sent Gordon with Ramseur and Pegram on this important mission. They were to cross the Shenandoah, near Fisher's Hill, recross near Cedar Creek and then creeping up nearer the Union army they were to spring upon the Northern troops and rout and crush Sheridan beyond recovery. Among the daring features of this deep-laid plot was that assigned to Payne's Confederate Cavalry. They were to dash through the Union lines, ride straight up to the Bell Grove House, capture Sheridan, and make themselves monarchs of all they surveyed. It was a bold and venturesome scheme devised by a bold and venturesome man.

CHAPTER XV

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

Location of Camp — Cedar Creek a Surprise — Position of the Troops — Early's Plot — Gordon and Kershaw Creeping Up — Thoburn Surprised — Stampede of the Eighth Corps — The Nineteenth Corps Pressed Back — The Third Cavalry Supports the Artillery — Wright Orders a Retreat — The Middletown Cemetery — Emory at Red Hill — Sheridan's Arrival — The Army Inspired — Sheridan Rides Down the Line — "Back to Your Camps" — Charge of the Third Cavalry — Early Routed — The Cavalry Pursues — Capture of Artillery etc. — Many Prisoners Taken — Great Rejoicing — Sheridan's Losses — Death of Lieut. James — The Victory in Song — "Thanksgiving."

THE Battle of Cedar Creek was one of the great surprises of the Civil War. It was a two-fold surprise. Sheridan was surprised to learn that Early was so near, and Early was surprised to learn that Sheridan was so far away. The Union army was surprised at the rapidity with which the enemy came; the enemy was surprised at the rapidity with which he (the enemy) went.

The Federals were surprised at the ease with which the enemy captured the camp of the Nineteenth Corps; the Confederates were surprised at the ease with which the Nineteenth Corps retook their camp. It was an all-round surprise, which redounded to the honor of Sheridan, and the glory of his victorious army.

Cedar Creek was a good place for water, but a bad place for a fight. Sheridan did not like the location, and said so several times. The camping-ground of the Nineteenth Corps was not far from the junction of Cedar



CAPT. G. FRANK STEVENS



HON. HENRY B. LOVERING, C. C. C.

Creek and the Shenandoah. Crook, with the Eighth Corps held the wooded heights on the left. Emory was on a hill whose summit was an hundred and fifty feet above the bed of the Creek. Here Emory had planted his artillery. A little farther north was Newtown. On the right of Emory's Corps was Dwight; and on the left was Grover. The front line was made up of the sturdy men commanded by Thomas, Molineux, Birge and Macauley. Ricketts commanded the Sixth Corps and Wright commanded the army. Behind the Sixth corps was Merritt,



CEDAR CREEK, VA.

and the impetuous Custer, watching the roads and crossings.

It is almost inconceivable that such an army could be surprised in the way it was. Torbert, Emory and Crook were all on the watch. Pickets were posted. Each and all were vigilant. One thing, however, seems to have been lacking. There were no Union cavalry between Sheridan's camp and Early's army. Official reports tell us that there was not a horseman between the infantry at Cedar Creek and Jubal Early's camp, at or beyond Fisher's Hill. Emory had for some time been

uneasy over the tranquility of the Union army. His uneasiness had been increased by what Thomas had told him. A group of men in citizens' dress had been seen moving about Huff's Hill, looking over the Union camp. Wright now sent out a force of cavalry, to find out, if possible, the whereabouts of Early's army. Had they succeeded in doing this, the day before, they had saved the army much trouble, the day after.

Gordon now crossed the Shenandoah. The Confederates were getting nearer the Union lines. Halting a short time, for a little rest, they took up their line of march toward the fords; and, at 3 o'clock in the morning, ran against Moore's outlying brigade; pressed on to the white house, known as "Cooley's," which Gordon had seen from the summit of Three-Top. He was now hardly 300 yards from the Union army. Quietly, but quickly, Gordon arranged his three divisions for a grand attack. In five minutes more, he would be inside the lines of Sheridan's army.

At half-past three, on that morning, Jubal Early stood near the banks of Cedar Creek, with Kershaw at his back. The long shadows of the full moon fell across his warriors as they marched along on their hazardous mission. In front of Early and Kershaw were the sleeping soldiers of Thoburn. Cedar Creek was now crossed in safety, and no alarm had been given in the Union camp.

Wharton crept up stealthily toward Sheridan's camp. All of Early's lieutenants were now waiting for the signal to strike. A light fog helped them in their approach to the sleeping army in their front.

It had been a custom in the Nineteenth Army Corps to "stand at arms" at daybreak, when in the enemy's country. Molineux was up and dressed. His men, including the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, had just eaten

their breakfast, and were preparing to go out on a reconnaissance. Emory was awake; his horses were being saddled; when, suddenly, a startling sound broke upon the morning air. A tremendous roar of musketry was the first salutation that came from the advancing enemy. Kershaw had reached the camp of Thoburn. Then came a terrible yell. Before the men could fire their guns; before the cannoneers could reach their pieces; before the soldiers had time to think, the Confederates were upon them. They swarmed over the earthworks. They carried everything by storm, and Thoburn's soldiers were sent flying in confusion to the rear. Their camp was taken. Kershaw had triumphed. A complete surprise had been sprung upon this brigade of Sheridan's army. He had taken everything. A moment before he had no guns, now he had seven pieces of artillery. Now Kershaw turned these captured cannon upon Emory and the panic-stricken fugitives, and his triumph seemed complete.

Molineux—than whom no braver man ever drew sword,—as he heard the rifles of Kershaw's men, ordered his brigade into the rifle-pits. Emory ordered the Nineteenth Corps to "Stand to arms." Riding toward the left, he sought, if possible, to find the reason for this sudden tumult. Emory ordered Molineux to send two regiments to support the artillery planted on the left, commanding the bridge. The two regiments selected were the Twenty-second Iowa and the Third Massachusetts Cavalry. Hardly had the order of Emory been executed than the enemy's shells came flying over the heads of the men and among the guns. Emory was thunder-stricken! He saw that Thoburn's camp had been surprised and captured, and that his brigade had been compelled to fly. Grover now appeared upon the scene, and Crook; and, later, Wright. Thoburn's men went streaming by.

But another surprise was in store for these four Union generals. Another noise was heard this time, on the left and rear. It came from Gordon's men, who had crept up to Crook's camp, and outflanked Hayes and Kitching. Thus was the army of Sheridan attacked at two points, on a foggy morning, before the troops had time to grasp their rifles, or man their guns.

And now a solid line of battle came on against the troops of Crook. Not a shot from any picket or skirmisher had put Crook on his guard. No alarm had sounded. The enemy came like a thief in the night. Crook now tried to form his men in line of battle. The effort failed. Roused from their slumbers, the first sight that greeted them was the rushing fugitives. It was sad to see these veterans of many battles, shaken before the charge of Gordon's men, join in the general flight, without hardly stopping to return the enemy's fire.

The Nineteenth Corps was now beset both by Kershaw and Gordon. These Confederate leaders had made a good beginning. They had done well in carrying out Early's plan for surprising and crushing Sheridan's Army. Early himself was not far away, and had sent artillery to reinforce Gordon and Kershaw at the left and rear of the Nineteenth Corps. Early rejoiced at what he saw.

Rosser's Carbines were also busy. Wright now sent a strong force into the valley road, toward the sound of the roaring battle. Emory sent Thomas into the ravine and the wood beyond the road. "Stand fast at all hazards!" were his words to the brave Vermonters. Thomas stood up bravely before the terrific shock, but was finally forced to yield the ground and fall back.

Kershaw's men now tried to capture the colors of the Eighth Vermont. Several times they fell, and as many times, willing hands snatched them up, and bore them

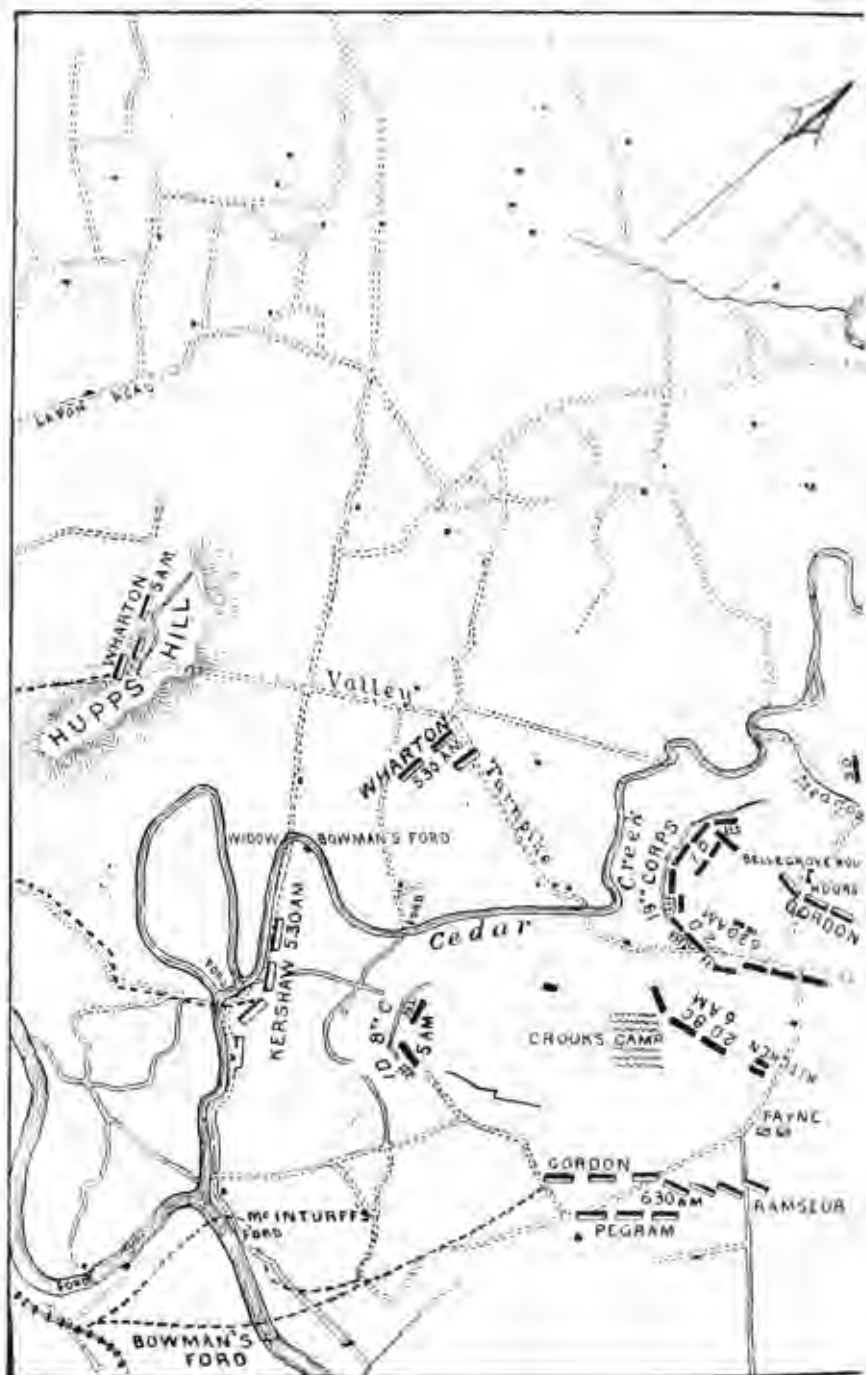
onward through the smoke of battle. Three color-bearers fell in the desperate conflict. Before the sun set that day two men out of every three, in the Eighth Vermont, had fallen!

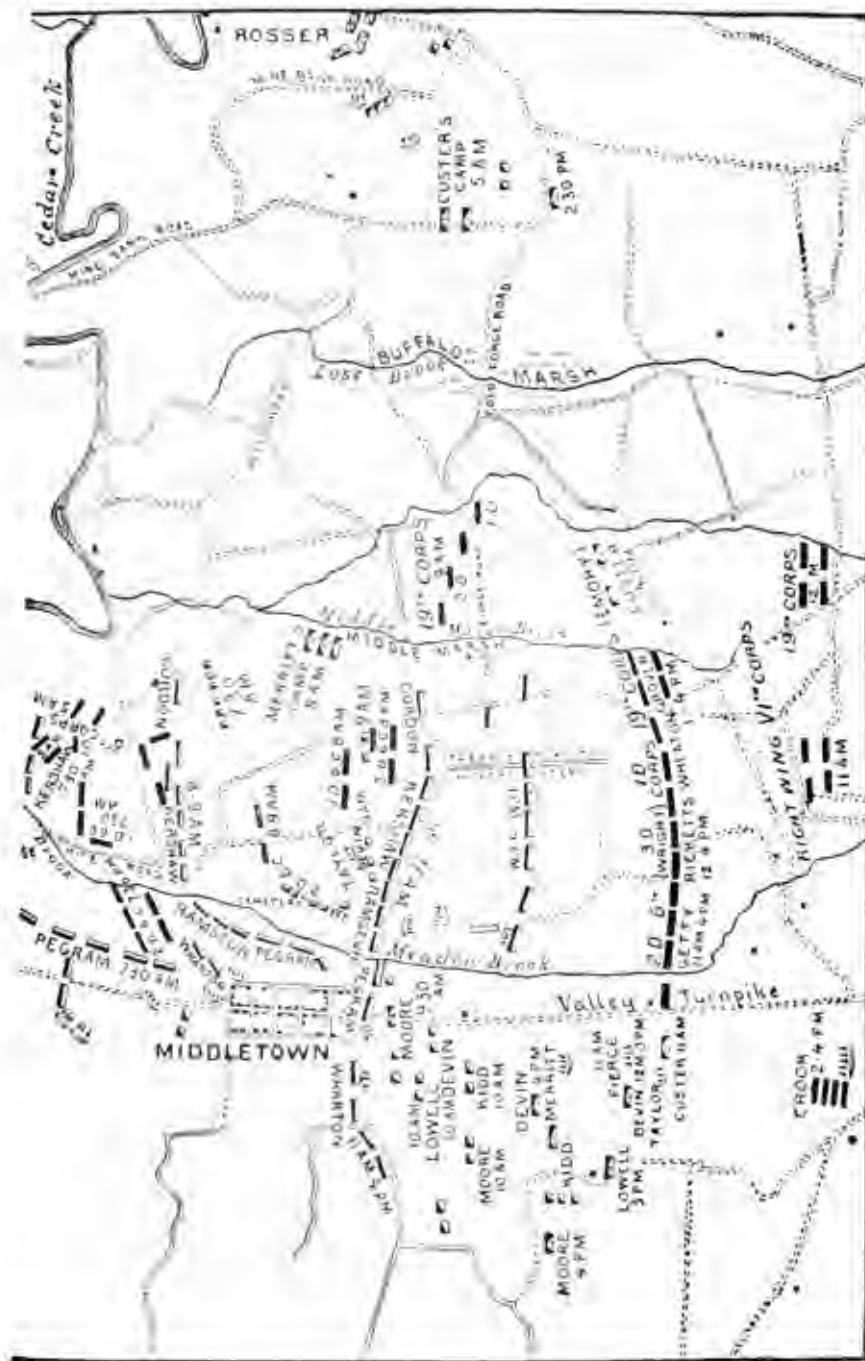
It was a fearful struggle! Kershaw came on; Gordon advanced. Forty pieces of Early's artillery were now sending shot and shell into the fleeing troops. One by one, the brigades of the Nineteenth Corps gave way. They could not stand before such a fearful storm. Yet while they yielded ground, and went backward, they did so slowly, and maintained their different organizations in very fine and heroic style. They were not stampeded.

Now Molineux moved his brigade from the rifle-pits by the right flank, and they took their position near Belle Grove on the right of the Sixth Corps. Emory now endeavored to arrest the progress of Gordon's men. New York troops were posted near the road, on a commanding knoll. Molineux also was sent to strengthen this position, and to resist the Confederate advance. On came the enemy. Death-shots fell thick and fast. General Dan Macauley fell wounded. Birge was pressed back, and the whole line was shaken hard by the oncoming foe. The army had suffered heavily.

Haley's Artillery had lost forty-nine horses; the First Maine Battery had left three guns behind; and the Fifth New York Battery had also abandoned three more. At about the same time, three guns of the Seventeenth Indiana, and two guns of the Rhode Island Battery were lost. General Grover was now wounded. Emory had two horses shot under him. Colonel Sargent's horse was killed. The regiment had suffered severely. Men had been dropping right and left, killed and wounded. At length the regiment retreated with the Nineteenth Corps toward Middletown.

It was a sad hour for all when they turned their backs





PLAN OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF CEDAR CREEK, OCT. 19, 1864.

By Permission. From Irwin's History of the 19th Corps. By PUTNAM & SOSS, New York.

to the Confederates and their faces toward the Potomac. They left their camp, and many comrades, to the tender mercies of the foe. For a while the Commander of the Nineteenth Corps went afoot. Birge was seen riding a mule. Emory had lost eleven guns, Crook seven, and the Sixth Corps was soon to lose six more.

General Wright, who, in Sheridan's absence, commanded the army, found himself in a tight place. He must do something, and do it quickly, if he would save the army from utter ruin. He decided, prudently, to fall back to a safer position, where his flanks would not be exposed, re-form the lines, and prepare to give the enemy battle on new ground.

Middletown was a better place than Cedar Creek for the new line of battle. If he should seek this position, the cavalry could aid him greatly. Accordingly, the order was given to retreat toward Middletown.

On the southern edge of the town, near the village cemetery, Getty planted the artillery. A warm reception was in store for Early should he come that way. Emory now marched his men from Belle Grove Hill, across Meadow Brook, and re-formed his line on the crest of Red Hill. At this place, for nearly an hour, Emory stood confronted by Gordon, who dared not attack. This bold stand of Emory, at Red Hill, gave Wright time to re-form his lines. Emory now moved his men across to the Cemetery, and came in on the west of Getty. Thus, around the Middletown Cemetery, at 7.30 in the morning of October 19, 1864, was gathered the Army of the Shenandoah, waiting for the flushed troops of Early to appear. While waiting for the appearance of the Confederates, Wright deployed his lines, and Emory fortified his front as best he could with rails and stones. The sun had now risen; the fog had disappeared. Early was losing time. Many of his soldiers were busy plundering

the camp they had captured, and filling themselves with the good things they had found in the sutlers' stores.

Another retreat was now in store for the Union army. From the Cemetery Wright ordered the army to fall back to the "Old Forge Road," this being a more advantageous place than the former site. The Nineteenth Corps had now retreated four miles. Five hours had passed since Kershaw's fire had surprised the camp of Thoburn. The retreat was at an end.

Of course, Early followed. Moving forward, he neared the Cemetery at Middletown, and posted his troops behind the stone walls. Two courses were open to the Confederate leader. He must either extricate his army from its present position, with Wright in front and Cedar Creek in his rear, before the Union army should advance, or else he must strike that army before it had time to form in its new and more favorable position.

The men who now stood across Early's pathway were among the best soldiers in the army. They had been tried in many fields, and had not been found wanting. They were ready to face Early and his intrepid soldiers, and to them Wright and Emory now looked to save the day. It was a critical time.

A story is told of a certain dog, who used to attack people furiously, as they passed his master's premises. His bark was savage; his bite was more savage than his bark. He would not only attack people, but oftentimes would carry off mouthfuls of some article of wearing apparel. Naturally enough, the people grew a little nervous when that particular dog was near. They wanted him removed from the neighborhood. At length a petition was gotten up, signed by all who had suffered from the dog's attacks. They wanted the dog killed. They gave this as a reason: "They wanted to get back some of their things!"

So the Third Cavalry felt at Middletown and the Old Forge Road. Jubal Early had attacked them furiously. He had taken much valuable property. They had grown a little nervous because of his treatment of them in the early morning. They wanted him and his army out of the way. They were ready for decisive action. They wanted to get back some of their things.

Military writers have guessed what might have happened that day if Sheridan had not arrived when he did. No man can prophesy what would have happened had Early charged the Union lines one hour before. Great as had been Early's surprise to the Union army in the morning, a greater surprise was now in store for Early and his men.

It has been said that the chariot of God's providence does not run on broken wheels. It was no accident that brought Sheridan to the front on that eventful day, in October, 1864.

An unexpected element now enters into the problem before the contending armies. A sudden noise is heard. It comes from far down the road. It sounds like the cheers of men. Louder and louder comes the sound of human voices. Then the name of Sheridan is heard! The great commander is approaching! His foaming steed is coming up the road from Winchester! The flying soldiers recognize their leader! The surging crowd are halted by his commanding voice. "Hurrah for Sheridan!" is the cry "Turn the other way!" said Little Phil. "Park the wagons! Put a guard across the road!" The master of the situation was on the ground, and all was changed.

When Sheridan left the train he went to the camp, slept that night at Martinsburg, and rode the next morning up the road to Winchester. This was on October 18th. He had intended to pass the day at Winchester in

company with a couple of engineers he had brought with him from Washington. About six in the morning he heard heavy firing at the front, but thought little of it. At half-past nine, he heard more cannon, and became uneasy. Mounting "Rienzi," his favorite horse, he started out from Winchester to join the army he had left some fourteen miles away.

Near Abraham's Creek he began to meet the stragglers. "What can this mean?" he thought. Sheridan now recalled what Wright had told him of that mysterious despatch of Longstreet's "Be ready when I join you, and we will crush Sheridan." "What shall I do?" said he to himself. "Shall I re-form and fight Early at Winchester, or rally my defeated army and fight him at Cedar Creek?" What he did all the world knows. For on that day he inspired his men by his magnetic presence more than they could have been by the arrival of an army corps.

At 12.30 Sheridan was ready to act. His lines had been re-formed and posted advantageously. At Major Forsyth's suggestion, Sheridan rode down the lines. The men went wild! Cheer after cheer broke forth, and rolled from regiment to regiment, as he passed along. He was the idol of the army. He had the confidence of all. The enthusiasm knew no bounds. Confidence was restored. The men were eager for action.

It is doubtful if ever an army of soldiers was so completely transformed by one man into an irresistible avalanche. Flags were waving, men threw up their caps. All shouted for joy, for the victorious leader had arrived. It was an auspicious moment.

Sheridan had great confidence in the Nineteenth Corps. At Cedar Creek, when things looked rather dubious for the moment, Sheridan did not lose faith in Emory and his troops. "Don't you worry," he ex-

claimed; "Don't you fret. I've got the Nineteenth Corps, and I can lick them with that!"

Sheridan at once advanced his lines. There was to be no more retreat. The whole army felt the effect of this first movement. About this time Custer put in some good work with the cavalry. And now came the order to "Move forward!" "Back to your camp!" was Sheridan's watchword, and every man was eager to obey.

Back over the ground the had lost; back through Middletown Cemetery, and past Red Hill; back upon the columns of Gordon and Kershaw, moved the intrepid soldiers of the Sixth and the Nineteenth Corps. The Confederates objected, but their objections were overruled. Early fought hard, but his fighting was of no avail. Sheridan had started to go back to his camp, and would "get there just the same."

Now the left centre of the Union line wavered. Molineux with the Third Cavalry was there. When the order came to "Move forward," Colonel Sargent's voice rang out along the line, "Forward!" and every man obeyed. In front of the regiment was a breastwork of rails. Over these works sprang the men, eager to "Go back to their camp" with Sheridan. Volley after volley was poured into Early's ranks. The gallant Third sent up deafening shouts of victory. Kershaw's men were in front of them.

Out of the hollow charged Molineux's men. Up the hill they rushed, driving Kershaw before them! Across the "open," and over a stone wall, in spite of a fierce fire, the Third rushed on until Kershaw was routed, and the troops of Ramseur were panic stricken. The work had been nobly done, and Jubal Early's exultant victors of the morning were sent across the fields, "whirling, like a top, up the valley."

The Cavalry pursued with vigor. Colonel Lowell had

fallen ; but the brave troopers galloped forward, and secured a large number of prisoners. A defective plank in the bridge near Strasburg caused many pieces of artillery to fall into Sheridan's hands. Seven battle-flags were captured, 48 cannon, 52 caissons ; all the ambulances lost in the morning ; many wagons, 24 guns lost earlier in the day, stacks of rifles, and about 1,200 prisoners of war. Ramseur was mortally wounded, and died in the Union lines. Early himself, narrowly escaped capture at the hands of Torbert's Cavalry. Sheridan's army had reached the Camp, and the victory was complete !

During the Battle of Shiloh, a German staff officer rode up to General Grant, saluted, and said, " General Schwartz' battery is took ! " Grant gave little heed to the man's report. Again the German cried : " Schwartz' Battery is took ! " Well, said Grant, " you spiked the guns, didn't you ? " " What's that you say ? " cried the German. " Spike them new guns ! We spiked no guns " " Well, what did you do ? " said Grant, with some degree of impatience. " We just rallied our forces ; and we charged upon the enemy, and we took them back again ; and, I say, General Grant, Schwartz' Battery is took ! "

At Cedar Creek, Sheridan rallied his forces, charged upon the enemy, and took back all he had lost in the morning, and much more beside.

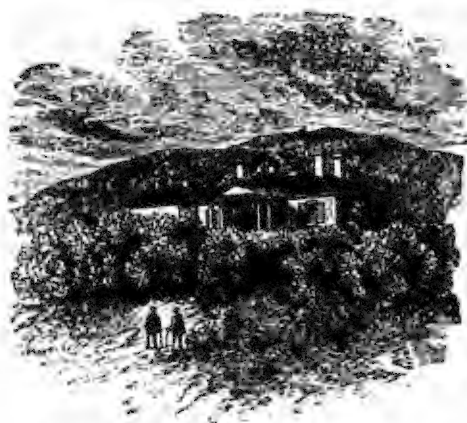
The losses of the Union army in the Battle of Cedar Creek were as follows : Killed, 644 ; wounded, 3,430, captured or missing, 1,591. Total, 5,665.

The Nineteenth Corps lost 257 killed, 1,336 wounded, total, 1593.

The Third Cavalry lost, in killed wounded and missing, 77 officers and men. Among the killed, was Lieutenant Lyman James.

It is useless to deny that some men ran at Cedar Creek. They were compelled to run. They ran for their lives. Many of them felt like the comrade who was in the Battle of Bull Run. Meeting a friend one day, the former said: "Were you in that battle?" "Yes." "Did you run?" "I did." "Did they all run?" "No." "What became of those who did not run?" "They are there still."

Great was the rejoicing throughout the North when the news came of Sheridan's victory at Cedar Creek. The country was electrified. The news was encourag-



SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT CEDAR CREEK.

ing. At the White House, Lincoln read it, and was thankful that he had at last found generals who could win victories. Stanton read it at the War Department, saw that Sheridan was the right man in the right man place. Grant read it at City Point, and was gratified to know that his confidence in Sheridan had not been misplaced. Jeff Davis read it in Richmond, and in its light saw the handwriting on the wall of the Southern Confederacy.

While the Northern States were celebrating Sheridan's victory, the soldiers of the Army of the Shenandoah were also having a good time over the same event. Comrade George H. Rymill, who passed through the battle,

thus writes about the celebration in the camp of the Third Cavalry :—

After the Battle of Cedar Creek, at Camp Russell, Comrade Savage, of Company K, Eighth Indiana, composed some verses, and had permission from General Sheridan to go down to Winchester, and have a lot of them printed.* We took them over to our quarters

*** Battle of Cedar Creek, October 19th, 1864.**

By C. A. SAVAGE, CO. K, 8TH INDIANA.

Old Early camped at Fisher's Hill,
Resolved some Yankee blood to spill;
He chose his time when Phil was
gone,
The Yankee camp to fall upon.

Get out of the way, says Gen. Early;
I've come to drive you from the
Valley.

At night, like thief, of sense bereft,
He marched his troops around our
left,
With orders strict unto his boys,
To nothing take t'would make a noise.

While they were on their mission bent,
We Yanks were sleeping in our tents,
Until the Rebs, with rousing volley
Warned us to sleep was death and
folly.

Get out, &c.

Old Early carried out his plan,
Surprising Crook and his command,
Who had not time their lines to form,
So sudden came the rebel storm.

Now when the Eight Corps all had run,
Old Early thought it jovial fun;
But General Grover (bless his name)
Said he would help them play the game.
Get out, &c.

He formed a line the pike along,
To check old Early and his throng;
And here he held the Rebs at bay,
Till he was flanked from every way

This gave the Sixth Corps time to form,
Who bravely faced the rebel storm;
Till the Nineteenth Corps had time to
rally,
To stop the rebels in the Valley.
Get out, &c.

Now the Johnnies thought the vic-
tory won,
And their usual pillaging begun;
Robbing the dead and wounded too,
As none but Southern bloods can do.

Now when the day was almost lost,
God sends a reinforcing host;
The host he sends is but a man,
And that's the noble Sheridan.

Now turn your tune, says he to Early.
You've come too late to get the Valley.

On, on he comes with lightning speed,
Crying "Who has done this awful
deed?"

"He'd better fare 'neath Southern
skies,
Who dares my sleeping camp sur-
prise."

Get out of the way, says Phil to
Early,
You've come too late to get the Val-
ley

But, hark! another sound is heard,
And Liberty's the rallying word;
And every heart is filled with pride,
To see their gallant leader ride.

Saying, "Form quick, the fight renew,
And see what right with wrong can do;
By night our camp we will regain,
And vengeance have for those that's
slain."

Then orders flew from left to right;
And glorious was the evening sight;
The rebels flew 'mid the cannon's roar,
Lost all they'd gained and thousands
more.

(Bugler), fitted them to a tune, and sang them around our camp-fires. We had quite an audience from the boys in camp. I sang the solo, and the boys joined in the chorus."

A little later, there came to the regiment a time of feasting. A real "Thanksgiving" was at hand. The same comrade writes:

"Soon after this episode we received turkeys for thanksgiving from the good people north. The Boys in the field shared in the good time, eating. The allotment to our company was three; and so, in order to make them spin out, we had to buy potatoes and onions, and make them into a stew. By that means we were enabled to get a good, generous ration."



JAMES K. EWER, Bugler Co. C. (1863.)
Taken at Fort Hudson.



REV. JAMES K. EWER, (1903.)

CHAPTER XVI.

LAST DAYS IN THE VALLEY

Breaking up of the Army — Sheridan Reviews the Troops — His Appreciation of his Soldiers — Sheridan's Great Raid — A Big Snow-Storm — Hancock in Command — The Regiment Remounted — Sheridan's Prisoners — The coming of Spring — Sheridan Joins Grant — Colonel Sargent Goes Home — Burr Porter in Command — Grant Breaks Lee's Lines — Surrender of Lee — Lincoln Assassinated — The Regiment Ordered to Washington — Arrival at Fort Albany — In Camp at Fall's Church — Muster-out of Original Members.

THE time was now approaching when the victorious Army of the Shenandoah was to be disorganized, and its detachments sent to other fields. One more grand review was to be witnessed, however, before the breaking up began.

On November 7th, Sheridan assembled his troops on the battlefield of Cedar Creek, and looked for the last time upon the gallant men of the Nineteenth Corps. Sheridan had a good opinion of these valiant soldiers. Many times he had had occasion to speak in terms of commendation of Emory's command, and now at the Review of November 7th, he gave expression to his feelings in regard to the men who had come from Louisiana to make his victorious Valley Campaign possible. Sheridan appreciated the Nineteenth Corps, and the corps appreciated Sheridan.

November 9th, the army once more changed its camp

and fell back to Kernstown. On this day the Third Cavalry marched twelve miles through Newtown to the vicinity of the battlefield of Opequon, not far from Winchester. It was Sheridan's intention to go into winter quarters, as the time for active operations had passed. Early, however, disarranged his plans somewhat by sending Rosser's Cavalry down the Valley to ascertain the significance of Sheridan's retrograde movement. Early had imagined that a part of Sheridan's army had gone to reinforce Grant. Torbert's Cavalry was sent out to meet Rosser. Falling



SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT KERNSTOWN.

upon both flanks of the Confederate cavalry, Torbert gave Rosser a most unmerciful drubbing, and sent him back to report to his chieftain that Sheridan's army was still in the Valley, and ready for any engagement Early wished to make with Sheridan. The advance of Dudley's Brigade to the support of Torbert led Early to believe that Sheridan's army was intact, and that none of his troops had gone to Petersburg. It was during this movement of Dudley that the Nineteenth Corps lost its last man in the Valley.

Winter was now approaching. Early sent Kershaw back to help Lee, at Petersburg. Early was soon ordered to send all of his men to resist Grant on Lee's front,

and Grant ordered Sheridan to send the Sixth Corps to help him to break through Lee's lines to the south of Richmond.

When the Third Cavalry went into camp at Opequon Creek, they began to build earthworks and construct log cabins for winter quarters. The men naturally inferred that the regiment would spend the winter in that place. Events in Grant's army, however, caused Sheridan to change his plans, and, late in December, he decided to move his troops toward Harper's Ferry. This would be safer for the army, and nearer his base of supplies.

Five days before the army moved, the Third Cavalry was ordered to guard an artillery train to Harper's Ferry. From the latter place the regiment proceeded to "Re-mount Camp." On the last day of the year, a heavy snow-storm set in, and the roads were filled with snow and mud. In marching from Harper's Ferry to Re-mount Camp the men waded through slush and mud, ankle-deep, 38 miles. Many of Sheridan's troops suffered severely from the cold. Camp Russell was abandoned, and the whole army was soon encamped near "Stevenson's." Winter quarters were now constructed of materials cut from the forests and furnished by the Quartermaster.

On the 6th of January, 1865, Grover's Division was sent to Savannah. Sheridan now took 10,000 troopers, and marched to Lynchburg, Charlottesville, and Gordonsville, to join Grant at City Point. With the close of the year, the Third Cavalry completed six months' service as infantry.

After Sheridan left the Shenandoah Valley for Petersburg, Hancock was sent from Washington to take Sheridan's place. Only a small part of the Nineteenth Corps now remained. McMillan was at Summit Point; Dwight and Emory at Stevenson's.

On the 14th of March, Emory reviewed his old corps for the last time. On March 20th, it was dissolved. Emory went to Cumberland, where he assumed command of that Department.

It was very natural that the officers and men of the Third Cavalry should desire once more to be mounted. At a critical time in the history of the war, they had been dismounted and hurried north to the defence of the national capital. They did not surrender their horses without profound regret. These faithful animals had carried them through the Red River Campaign in safety; and it was with difficulty that the men turned away from their trusty friends. Indeed, so tenderly had they become attached to them, that when they left them behind at Morganza, some of the men shed tears.

Now, however, the crisis was passed. The regiment had served loyally as infantry during the triumphant campaign now closed, and, naturally, looked to the commanding general for the order that would once more make them cavalry, in fact as well as in name. Lieutenant-Colonel Vinal used his influence to bring this to pass; and was, at length, rewarded for his toil.

One of the last things Sheridan did before he left the Valley, was to issue an order by which the Third Cavalry was again mounted.

Speaking of the regiment, and its experiences as dismounted cavalry, Sheridan said to its commanding officer: "I am now thoroughly convinced that great injustice has been done your gallant regiment. It was a feat unparalleled during the war. But when it is understood that yours was a cavalry regiment—and dismounted at that—all military men must recognize its action as beyond all praise."

On December 28th, the regiment arrived at Remount Camp; and on February 15th, the horses for the men arrived. In the meantime the men were hard at work, build

ing their winter homes. Two weeks were occupied in this work, and at length, comfortable quarters were secured. On February 18th, carbines, revolvers, saddles, bridles and blankets were issued, to the great delight of all. With the coming of these horses and equipments came also a new set of State colors. On these were the names of the various battles in which the regiment had borne a conspicuous and honorable part. These colors were presented to the regiment on the 21st of February, 1865.

During the winter, the Confederate Cavalry were not idle. Mosby was in the saddle, and sometimes made things lively for Northern soldiers. His operations were not carried on with any degree of regularity, nor on a very large scale. Sometimes he would dash through the Union lines, capture a few pickets, and run off a few horses and mules. General Rosser was also anxious to get some glory for his men, and was, at times, even more daring than Mosby. One day he slipped across the Alleghanies into West Virginia, surprising the garrison of Beverly, capturing 400 men, many horses, and a large quantity of military stores.

The most surprising and daring raid, however, made by the Confederate cavalry, during that winter of '64-65, occurred on the morning of the 21st of February, 1865.

On the very day when the new State colors came to the Third Cavalry at Re-mount Camp, a squad of Confederate cavalry dashed into Cumberland, Maryland, captured General Kelley and General Crook in their beds, put them on horses, and hurried them off toward Richmond. This humiliating event caused the Union cavalry to be more than ever on the alert, to make strong every picket line, and to watch unceasingly for any surprise the enemy might spring upon them.

Soon after the regiment had been remounted, it was sent up the Valley to a place called Duffield's Station.

On the 25th of February, it relieved the Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry who had been on duty in that locality. While here, the men of the Third Cavalry picketed the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and the turnpike, to guard against any surprises of the Confederates

from that quarter. As Early had been in winter quarters at Staunton, with his outposts at New Market, there was nothing for the men to do, but to watch and wait for an enemy that did not appear.

After picketing awhile the order came to "move forward," and on the 28th, the regiment proceeded up the Valley toward Winchester, taking the road through Charlestown, Smithfield and Bunker Hill.

Spring was now approaching, and with its coming came greater activity, especially on the part of the cavalry. Sheridan had gone with 10,000, but quite a



GEN. SHERIDAN'S MOVEMENTS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

force still remained under Torbert to watch Rosser and Wharton, who were still in the Valley.

On March 1st, Colonel Sargent had orders to report to General Torbert at Winchester, and was assigned to Chapman's Brigade. Just outside Winchester was Camp Averill, and at this place the regiment tarried for a short time.

Cavalry are oftentimes disturbed, while the rest of the army rest in peace. Being at the front, the Third was no exception to the general rule. On March 5th an alarm was sounded in the regimental camp, and one hundred men were dispatched, under Bunker and Pope, to ascertain the cause of the sudden commotion. After scouring the country for thirty miles, they returned to camp without loss, save in time and strength.

General Sheridan made good time, and a good record, with his 10,000 troopers. He moved so rapidly that he arrived at Mount Crawford before the enemy could destroy the bridge near that place, then, crossing the Shenandoah, he hurried through Staunton, struck Early at Waynesboro, routing him completely, and capturing some 1,600 prisoners, 11 guns, 17 flags and 200 loaded wagons. This was a heavy blow to Early. Indeed, one writer has said that "Little was left of Early's army, but Early himself."

The prisoners (1,600) were sent back to Winchester, and, on March 7th passed the camp of the Third Cavalry on their way to Harper's Ferry. These prisoners looked tired. They had had a hard time. Since Sheridan's arrival in the Valley, they had made several desperate attempts to get to Harper's Ferry; now they were going that way escorted by 1,500 Union Cavalry.

Sheridan not only routed and captured the most of Early's Army at Waynesboro, but, sweeping on, he captured Charlottesville, without the loss of a man, tore up the railroad, destroyed depots, manufactories, bridges and, in time, reached the James River, at or near

Scottsville. Then tearing up more railroad, and destroying the canal, he passed north of Lee's army, around Richmond, across the North and South Anna to the Pamunkey; down this river to the "White House," and in a short time reported to Grant in front of Petersburg, on the 27th of March, 1865. He arrived just in time to take an active part in the stirring events preceding the surrender at Appomattox.

The next day, after Sheridan's prisoners went by on their way to Harper's Ferry, the Third Cavalry was ordered to proceed toward Opequon Creek. Halting near Front Royal, Colonel Sargent established a strong picket line, at the same time sending forward a strong detachment to ascertain whether the stream was passable. As the creek was at this time swollen, further operations in this direction were abandoned, and the detachment sent forward, returned.

About this time several important changes were made among the regimental officers. On December 12th, 1864, Captain Fred G. Pope was made Major. February 9th, following, Rev. Tyler C. Moulton became chaplain. On March 12th, '65, Colonel Sargent was obliged to resign from the service, on account of a serious trouble with his eyes. He had been with the regiment from the beginning. He had shown himself a true soldier on many fields. He had won the confidence and the esteem of every man in the regiment, and his departure was regarded with universal regret. Colonel Sargent received an honorable discharge on the Surgeon's certificate of disability.

And now the question arose: "Who would be his successor?" In the natural order, Lieutenant-Colonel Vinal was the man. He had worked zealously in his own city of New Bedford, had raised a company of men; had joined the regiment at Lynnfield, and had endured hardness as a good soldier for nearly three years. He had

been promoted twice, and was now the second in command. He was the logical successor of Sargent.

Great, therefore, was the surprise of the men, when, on the 26th of March, Colonel Burr Porter of Massachusetts arrived in camp, and took command. Porter had been commissioned Colonel on the 21st of March, '65, as the successor of our "beloved Sargent."

With the coming of April, came good news from Grant's Army around Petersburg. The Confederacy was crumbling. The army that held it up was melting away. The surrender was not far off, and the return of peace was something more than a dream.

Hancock now prepared to prevent the escape of any fragments of Lee's army via the Shenandoah Valley. On April 4th, he sent Dwight's Division to Camp Russell. On the 7th, he ordered them to Winchester. In the meantime, the cavalry was not idle. On the first day of April, more horses came to the regiment. The next day, Major Pope, with 200 men, went on a scouting expedition toward Woodstock. Here the enemy's cavalry were encountered, but no loss was sustained by Pope's command. The fourth of April found the Third once more at Cedar Creek. The men were glad to get another glimpse of this famous battle-ground, whose soil had been made sacred by the blood of some of its members, who on that field gave up their lives. The regiment now threw out pickets as far as Fisher's Hill.

Grant had now broken through Lee's lines around Petersburg. Lee had retreated toward Lynchburg, and Richmond was in flames. Lincoln had marched in triumph through the Confederate capital, amid the prayers and praises of multitudes of rejoicing freedmen.

At midnight, on the 9th of April, the news reached Winchester that Lee's army had surrendered to Grant.

The end was in sight! Home was not far off! Scouting parties were occasionally sent out, but fighting was at an end.

Now came more startling news; this time bringing a shock and sorrow to every man. Lincoln had been shot! While sitting peacefully in Ford's Theatre, he had been fired upon by an assassin! It was dreadful! Next came the news that he was dead!!

Every man's heart was in mourning, Every soldier felt that he had lost a friend. Some wept, others swore. All felt it to be a national calamity.

It has been said that Lincoln, more than any American that ever lived, was "wrapped in a cloud of glory which no man could penetrate." No sane man now doubts that Abraham Lincoln had been chosen by the God of Nations for a great and important work. The people called him "Honest Old Abe," the soldiers were accustomed to refer to him as "Father Abraham." On his shoulders rested a tremendous burden. He loved his country, and his prayer was for the whole nation. He bore no malice toward the South. As he saw the end coming, he planned with a sagacious statesmanship for the healing of the breach, and for a complete and final restoration of the Union.

On the 4th of March he had been inaugurated. For the second time, he had been summoned by the people to the highest seat of power and authority in the land. In that wonderful message given that day to the world Lincoln referred to the war, now, happily, closing: "Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and prayed to the same God. Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away."

In this, his last message to the nation, he seems to

have had in mind his friends the enemy, south of the Mason and Dixon line: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

When Booth shot Lincoln, he killed the South's best friend in all the world!

On the heel of Lee's surrender, came Johnston's, and after Johnston's, Kirby Smith's. On the 17th of April, a detachment of the Third Cavalry interviewed Colonel Mosby, the famous Confederate raider, but no satisfactory terms were agreed upon, and the effort was a failure.

Following the assassination of Lincoln, there was great excitement in and around Washington. The army was called upon to guard every road leading from Washington out into the country, lest the assassin might escape.

A continuous line of sentries was stretched around the Capital for thirty-five miles. On the 20th of April, the Third Cavalry was ordered to Washington. Starting from near Berryville, the men marched through Jeffersonville and Harper's Ferry; then, crossing the Potomac, they passed through Frederic City, Monocacy, and Rockville, arriving at Fort Albany, near Alexandria, on the afternoon of the 22nd. Arrived at Fall's Church the next day, and went into camp. On the 24th the dismounted men arrived.

Large bodies of troops were about Washington. White tents met the eye on every hand. Army wagons and artillery were parked on the southern bank of the Potomac. During the evening hours, a thousand camp-

fires blazed up into the blackness of the night; and when the morning broke, the notes of the bugler woke two hundred thousand warriors from their dreams. Songs, stories, jokes, and dreams of home now entered into the experiences of the returning regiments. Everybody was happy. The long looked-for result had come, and the boys were going home.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

Assembling of Armies — How the Men Looked — Their Number and Exploits — The Third Cavalry Crosses Long Bridge — The First Day's Parade — Army of the Potomac — Sheridan's Cavalry — The Third Cavalry on Pennsylvania Avenue — Sheridan's Love for the Nineteenth Corps — Sherman's Army in Review — Custer's Horse Frightened — Sherman and the Roses — The Flag of the Third Cavalry.

THE victorious armies of the Union were now in the vicinity of Washington. Grant had arranged that a general review of both the Armies of the Potomac and of Sherman's Army should be witnessed in the national capital.

Meade had marched his men from Petersburg and Richmond to the banks of the Potomac. Burnside, with the Ninth Corps, was not far away. Sheridan had brought the Cavalry, and Sherman had come up from the Carolinas to take part in the imposing demonstration. Sherman's Army alone numbered 65,000 men. It was said by some to have been the finest army in the world.

It was the writer's privilege to witness, with thousands more, this grand review of the veteran legions of the four year's struggle. He saw them as they marched shoulder to shoulder along Pennsylvania Avenue, to the music of the bands. Four years before they had marched, regiment after regiment, through northern cities, down to the seat of war. Then their banners were new and bright,

their arms polished, their faces youthful and fresh, their step elastic and firm. Two of their number, Ladd and Whitney, had, during their journey South, fallen in the streets of Baltimore. The gallant Ellsworth had been shot while in the Jackson House at Alexandria. These were the earlier sacrifices of that terrible fratricidal war.

The list had been greatly lengthened since those days of '61. More than 60,000 had been killed in battle; 43,000 and more had died of wounds, 199,000 had been swept off the earth by the hand of disease. The war for the Union had cost, in round numbers, 350,000 lives!

Into the mighty armies that had fought and won, a million and a half of men had gone. On both sides, more than two million had abandoned the pursuits of peace, and had taken up arms in defence of what each supposed was right. In the settlement of the dispute, fully a million of men were sacrificed. When the war closed, a million of men, were under arms, led by Union generals. Many of these were now marching through the streets of Washington.

“So from the fields they won
Our men were marching home.
A million were marching home,
To the cannon's thundering din,
And banners on mast and dome.”

On the day before the Grand Review, the regiment passed through Washington. Crossing the Long Bridge, they joined Sheridan's Cavalry north of the city near Bladensburg. Washington was all astir. Flags, lace, white gloves and dashing orderlies were seen on every hand. On the day of the review, May 23rd, the men rose early. Some were up at 3 o'clock in the morning. At 7.30 the regiments were inspected and at 9 o'clock the army was ready to move.

“ The armies have broken camp,
On the vast and sunny plain,
With steady, measured tramp
They’re marching all again.”

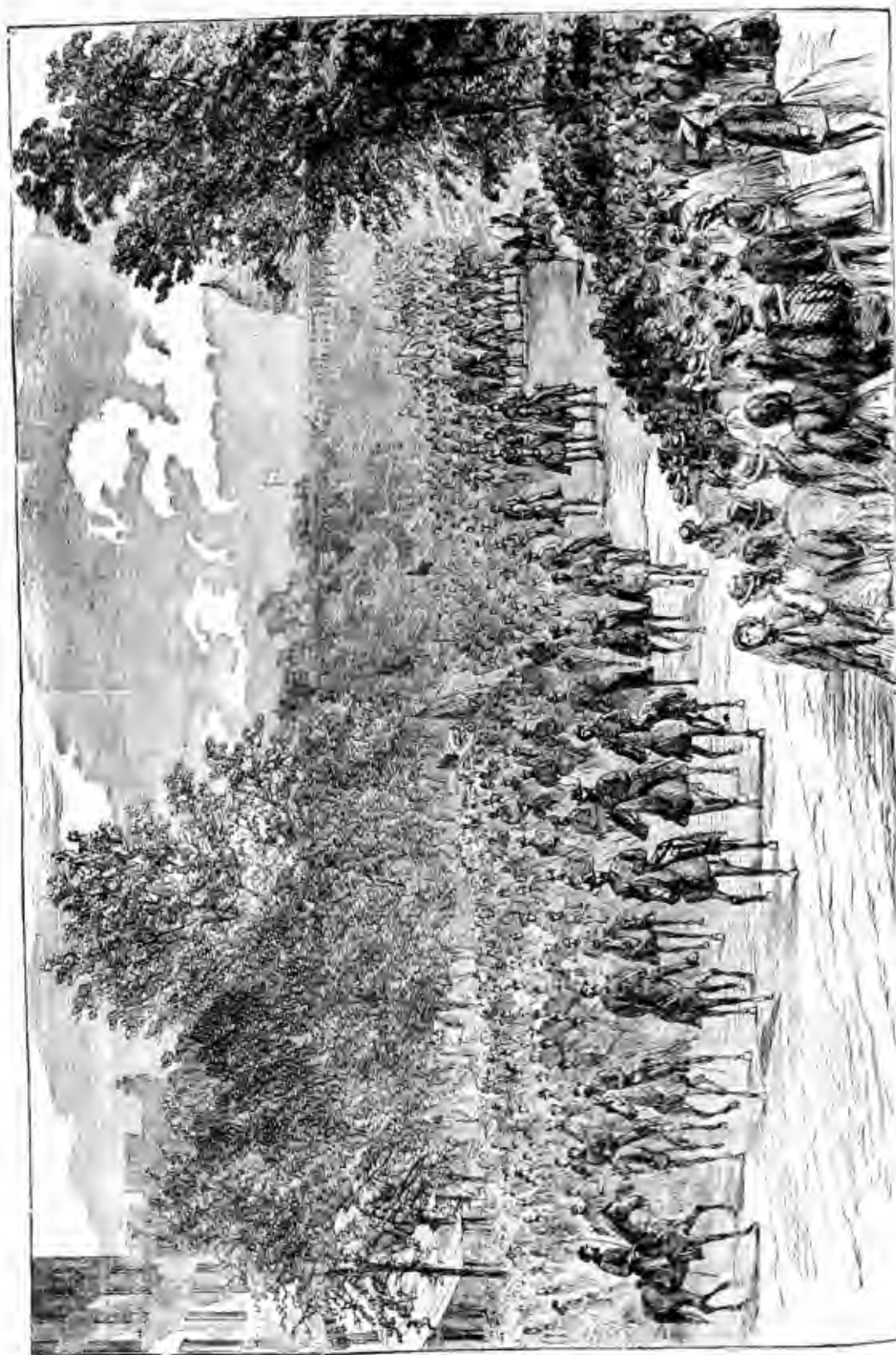
The first to pass was the Army of the Potomac. In those serried ranks were the heroes of the Peninsula, when McClellan led. There were the regiments who charged the bloody slopes of Antietam, and drove back to the Potomac that first strong, invading tide. There were the troops who, on that cold December day in '62, charged Marye's Heights, when Burnside was repelled by a stronger foe above.

Then came the men who bared their breasts at Chancellorsville, when Hooker met defeat; who stood three days with Meade for God and native land at Gettysburg; who crossed the Rapidan with Grant; who fought at the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, and Deep Bottom, and the Weldon Railroad, and Petersburg, and Five Forks, and Sailor's Creek.

There, too, was Dwight's Division of the Nineteenth Corps, marching in rear of the Ninth, and followed by the Fifth; the heroes of Opequon, and Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek are marching with those of Appomattox.

“ The troops are all in their line,
The guidons flutter and play;
But every bayonets shines,
For all must march to day.”

Sheridan was not permitted to join in the great review. Grant had ordered him to take command at once in the Southwest. Yet he did wish to look once more at the men of the Nineteenth Corps, who had followed his lead in the Shenandoah. So, on the 12th of May, when Wilcox reviewed Dwight's Division at Fort Bunker Hill, Sheridan rode by his side. He wore the same animated smile, and “Rienzi,” too, looked natural, and as the



gallant chieftain passed by, cheer after cheer broke upon the air.

On the second day of the Review, Sherman's veterans went by. Washington had never seen Western soldiers before. Now they saw them through the livelong day. There was Grant's old army that went with him to Donelson and Shiloh, that charged at Vicksburg, that swept upon the enemy at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. There, too, were the regiments that fought and won at Altoona and Atlanta, and that marched with Sherman from "Atlanta to the sea." And there were Sherman's "Bummers," a grotesque and motley company. "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys came marching!" Down on the Southern battle-field they had met and conquered the nation's foe, and now were coming back to home and friends and the blessing of an honorable peace.

" The colors ripple o'erhead,
The drums roll up to the sky,
And with martial time and tread,
The regiments all pass by."

That was a great day for the American nation. Bonfires blazed along many a street and on many a hill, booming cannons could be heard on many a plain; bells pealed their joyous note from steeple, turret and tower, while music from a hundred military bands floated out upon the air. One sentiment was in every breast, one sentiment burst forth from every heart. An honorable peace had been won, not by subterfuge, not by compromise with evil, but by sacrifice, by victory over disunion, treason and sin.

Three things impressed the writer as he witnessed for two days the passing of the troops.

One was Custer and his horse. As the gallant cavalier came up the Avenue, some admirer threw from

a neighboring window on his right a floral hoop. Instantly Custer put up his sabre, and caught the hoop upon his arm, amid the cheers of thousands. Immediately his horse took fright, and started up the street. He ran with all his might. Some thought that Custer was in danger, and thousands held their breath. On went horse and rider, far ahead of his command, far up the Avenue. Passing the review stand, Custer saluted gracefully, reined in his charger, and, turning, came back unharmed with the roses on his arm, cheered to the echo by the admiring crowd.

Sherman's horse attracted much attention. As the grim warrior was passing, somebody approached and undertook to put a floral wreath over his charger's head. Sherman's horse was a veteran. On many a battle-field he had heard the thunder of guns, the bursting of bombs, and the cheers of men. He had seen them charge the enemy's earthworks. Rolling drums and shrieking shells were no terror to him, but when he faced this strange looking "horse-collar" made of roses and ribbons, he was inclined to beat a hasty retreat. Sherman said "Steady! Stand to arms!" as farmers would say, "Whoa!" When, however, the horse stood face to face with this "floral offering," he protested as a fiery steed only can protest. He undertook to throw his rider, and get away. On his back, however, was a soldier who knew no defeat. Drawing the rein, and applying the spur, Sherman compelled the horse to stand at attention, and to remain quiet while the floral offering, that "rose-colored horse-collar," was placed over his head and on his neck. The victory was won. Sherman had conquered, and the vociferous cheering of the tumultuous assemblage added to the laurels of the conqueror.

The third sight that impressed the writer was when the dear old Third Cavalry passed by.

One year had passed since he last looked upon his comrades in the ranks. Much had transpired since that day of parting at Alexandria, La., on the first of May, 1864. Many had fought their last fight, and had been "mustered out." With them,

" The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast.
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout were passed."

It was with honest pride that the writer saw the Cavalry pass. He looked to see among the passing troopers the battle-flag of the gallant Third. He was soon rewarded. Custer had passed, and now came Chapman's Brigade, then Burr Porter and the squadrons of the dear old regiment. Above their heads he saw the same old flag that had so many times led us on into the smoke of battle, into the thickest of the fight. That banner beneath whose ample folds so many of the brave boys had died, was still "full high advanced." In their hands, not a stripe had been "erased or polluted," not a "single star obscured." It bore for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and union afterward." It had been baptized in some of the best blood of the nation, and now stood as never before for "Liberty and Union; now and for ever, one and inseparable."

The Grand Review was over. The crowds dispersed. The hotels filled with Union officers. Scenes of joyous congratulation followed; while the enlisted men gathered around numerous camp-fires, and talked over the interesting experiences of the day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON.

After the Review, What?—The Third at Cloud's Mills—Washington in 1865—
Soldier's Home—The White House—An Interview with Lincoln—Arlington
Heights—The Nation's Dead—Alexandria—Mount Vernon—The Capitol
Return of Captain Gove.

THE Grand Review ended, the question naturally arose: What next? One thing was certain the war was over. Four years of fighting had closed. Johnson was in the White House; and Reconstruction was next in order in the history of the country then making.

After the Review, the Third Cavalry passed to the north of Washington, and, with Sheridan's Cavalry, went into camp near the village of Bladensburg. The armies of the Union were now breaking up. Many regiments were being sent home. Others were being hurried to the frontier, to take care of the Indians, others still were ordered to the Department of the South, to assist in the work of Reconstruction.

The men were allowed to remain at Bladensburg only one week, when the order came for them to cross the Potomac once more, and march to Cloud's Mills. Passing through Washington, and over the historic bridge, the men marched through Alexandria, and on the same day went into camp at Cloud's Mills.

It may be interesting to the members of the Third Cavalry to know that the last engagement during the

war occurred in the Department of the Gulf. Kirby Smith was most reluctant to yield.

When Lincoln was assassinated, military men at Shreveport belonging to the Confederate army rejoiced. Let their names and memory be forgotten!

Sheridan was sent to New Orleans, and was there planning an expedition for the possession of Texas.

On the 21st of April, Kirby Smith had issued a general order from Shreveport, appealing to his followers to still keep up the hopeless struggle. He encouraged them by reminding them that they possessed the means of long resisting invasion." He told them they had "hopes of succor from abroad." "Protract the struggle," said Smith, "and you will receive the aid of nations who deeply sympathize with you." Kirby Smith was ambitious to be the deliverer of the Southern Confederacy.

Dick Taylor had surrendered to Canby on May 4th. Davis, not yet captured, was hurrying toward Danville, intent, as some have thought, on joining Kirby Smith, and thus protracting the struggle. It was feared by some that many Confederate leaders might join their fortunes with Maximilian, then in Mexico. Smith urged his followers to stand by their colors. "Secure to your country terms which a proud people can accept with honor

Check the triumph of our enemies, and secure the final success of our cause."

His appeal, however, was in vain. The rank and file deserted him. They flatly refused to be sacrificed. They dissolved their organizations, helped themselves to whatever they could seize of the "remains" of the Confederacy, and left Smith's army for their homes.

General Buckner, of Smith's staff, came down to Baton Rouge, and surrendered to Canby's representative. This was on May 26th. Armed rebellion on the Mississippi and the Red River was over.

Just thirteen days before, the last shot was fired in Texas. On May 13th, 1865, while the Third Cavalry was at Falls Church, the last fight occurred between the enemy and the forces of the Union. Colonel Barrett's Cavalry had been sent from Brazos, Santiago, on the Rio Grande, to surprise and capture the camp of the Confederates, fifteen miles away. Barrett had been successful, and, while taking care of a lot of horses which he had captured, was overtaken and attacked by General Slaughter, with a stronger force and three field pieces. Barrett was defeated, driven back to Brazos, with a loss of about eighty men, who were made prisoners by the enemy.

While the Third Cavalry was encamped near Washington, the men embraced the opportunity to visit some of the many places of interest in the vicinity. The Washington of that day was not the Washington of 1900. During the War, it was little more than a military camp. An English tourist, writing from Washington, just after the War, used these words concerning its general appearance: "The whole place looks run up in a night, like the cardboard cities Potemkin erected to gratify the eyes of his imperial mistress on her tour through Russia, and it is impossible to remove the impression that when Congress is over, the place is taken down and packed up till wanted again."

Among the places of interest visited by men of the regiment was the Soldier's Home, just north of the city. Here the aged soldiers of the regular army spend their last days in peace. Here Lincoln often passed the night during the years of the Civil War. This home was founded, through the efforts of General Scott, in 1851.

A second place of interest was the White House. The men were told that Washington was present at the laying

of the corner-stone of the Executive Mansion, and that Washington named it "White House," in honor of his wife's early home on the banks of the Pamunkey

In the East Room the men saw the portrait of General Washington by Stuart, purchased in 1803. The White House looked lonely without Lincoln.

A few members of the regiment visited Washington while the command was in the Shenandoah Valley. Some of them were very fortunate in getting a glimpse of the White House and its illustrious occupant. A few were permitted to attend President Lincoln's receptions. A handshake with the President was a great honor. Such an honor came to the author, just before Lincoln's assassination.

Wounded in battle, suffering from disease, and greatly broken in health, I had been sent, first to the hospital, in New Orleans, thence North, where a more favorable climate might, as the doctors thought, aid in a more complete restoration to health. So to Washington, I went.

As soon as I was able, I was called upon to perform such service as was within my power to render. I stood guard on Long Bridge. I watched the doors of the old Capitol Prison, where certain political prisoners were confined.

For a long time, I had had a great desire to see President Lincoln. I had read about him when a boy. My father had been one of his great admirers, I had seen his name on a certain campaign flag which was flung to the breeze just before the war broke out. I had heard his name voiced by thousands of Union soldiers, as on the march and in camp we used to sing

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand strong."

I wanted to see his face. I now had an opportunity. So to the White House I directed my steps.

It was evening. President Lincoln was holding a reception. Everybody had been invited, including the soldiers; so I felt that I was not intruding. I passed up the steps, and followed a throng before me. At length I stood before a long line of distinguished people. Here were the great men of the nation: right in front of me were Salmon P. Chase and William H. Seward, members of the President's Cabinet. Then, could it be possible? I stood in the presence of Abraham Lincoln. I shall never forget that moment! It was one of the supreme moments of my life!

I had heard that the president was very tall, now I knew it. He was the tallest man I ever met, it seemed a long way from the top of my head to the top of his. There was a look of kindness in the great man's face. He took me by the hand, said he was glad to see me, and I passed along.

Young men are not always discreet. Had I been discreet, I would have said: "It is enough!" and gone back to my quarters. But I had no desire to go quite so soon. So great was my delight in meeting Mr. Lincoln face to face, that an intense desire seized me to meet him again. The crowd was still surging through the rooms. I joined it, and passed along.

Once more I found myself in the presence of the foremost man of the nation. There was the same kind look in his face, the same pleasant word, and the same warm grasp of the hand. I wanted to linger a moment in that august presence, but was pushed along by the crowd of people, every one of whom was just as eager as I to shake hands with the president.

It may seem ridiculous to some that I was tempted to "fall in," and go round the third time; but I did. I



LIEUT. JOHN H. WESTON.



LIEUT. RICHARD M. SANDBORN.



LIEUT. THOS. C. OTIS.



LIEUT. RALPH A. ROWLEY.

plead guilty to the sin of presumption. It was a most ungracious act; but I did it. Life in Washington was a great change from the life I had been living at the front. Two years in the swamps, along the bayous, and on the battlefields of Louisiana had almost unfitted me for residence in a civilized community. I dared to do it.

Now, for the third time in one evening, I stood face to face with the foremost man of all the world. Lincoln did not resent my audacity. He pretended he had never seen me before. I knew better; and so did he. His grasp was no less warm, however, his voice no less kind, and his presence no less inspiring.

The next time I saw that wonderful face, Lincoln was dead, and a nation was in tears.

A comrade of the Third Cavalry thus refers to his experiences in Washington:—

“ I saw and enjoyed many things during that short sojourn in the national Capital. I was on detached service. Having a talent for music, I was detailed to play in a certain ‘Headquarters Band.’ We had some fine experiences, serenading the great men of the nation. Seward, Chase, Stanton, and others were regaled by our military music. •

“ On the night when Washington celebrated the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee, we played in front of the White House, several hours. Grant had come up from City Point, and was present during the exercises. Everybody was happy. Grant’s name was on everyone’s lips. The war was over. Peace had come, and many an old soldier was planning to go home. Then came that awful tragedy in Ford’s Theatre. Never shall I forget the emotions of that hour, when it was announced that Lincoln had been shot.

“ Three great events were witnessed by me in Washington. The celebration of Lee’s surrender; the funeral

of Lincoln, and the grand Review. If, as someone has said, 'an impression is a dent in a soft spot,' these three events made three dents in the soft side of my life which time will never obliterate."

Many of the men went out to Arlington Heights. Here they saw the former home of General Lee, and



ARLINGTON. Home of General Lee.

here, too, they looked upon the long line of graves of sixteen thousand soldiers of the war just closed. The nation's dead were an object of peculiar interest to these surviving comrades.

In parallel rows the graves were arranged with a small, white marble headstone, with name, company, regiment, and date of death inscribed upon it. In one part of the cemetery are the graves of 4,349 unknown dead.

In this estate are 1,160 acres. When the South seceded, Robert E. Lee lived at Arlington. The property was inherited by his wife, who was the daughter of Geo. W. P. Custis. Custis inherited the estate from his grandmother, who was the Widow Custis, and afterward the wife of Washington. Robert E. Lee left Arlington, in April, 1861, and went to Richmond. In defending Richmond, he lost Arlington; and thus the home of Martha, the wife of the Father of his Country, became the final resting-place of many of the nation's defenders.

Many comrades visited Ford's Theatre. In this building President Lincoln was shot by J. Wilkes Booth. On the night of April 14th, 1865, the fatal bullet was fired which deprived the nation of its head, the soldiers of a true friend, and the world of its foremost man. Four days before, there had been a great celebration in Washington, on account of Lee's surrender and the close of the war. The city was brilliantly illuminated. Everyone was happy, and among those who rejoiced Abraham Lincoln was one. Joy was suddenly changed to bitter lamentation. A nation was in tears. On April 15th, in a house opposite, Lincoln died, "and the fountains of the great deep were broken up."



FORD'S THEATRE.

Seven miles down the river from Washington, was Alexandria. This was a very old city, founded in 1748, and quite near the camp of the Third Cavalry. Originally it was called "Bell Haven." When Washington was a farmer, it was a thriving town, and carried on a large foreign trade. Once it had 15,000 inhabitants. During the war it was often the scene of great military activity. Many of the boys visited the Jackson House, to see the place where Ellsworth fell. Some found their way to Christ Church, built in 1765, in which Washington and his family used to worship.

Down the river from the camp in which the Third rested after the Review, was the former home of Washington. A short ride of a mile along the road from Alexandria brought the comrades to the hallowed shades of Mount Vernon. It was a significant fact that, while Virginia suffered immensely from the ravages of the war, yet no body of troops committed depredations on the former estate of Washington. Not far away, armies had marched and countermarched, great battles had been fought, and great devastations wrought; but Mount Vernon was spared. Both sides respected the memory of Washington, and called it "hallowed ground."

The men roamed over the lawn, and sat on the broad piazza, whose well-worn flag-stones came from the Isle of Wight. In winter weather, Washington was accustomed to walk for hours at a time across these imported flag-stones. The men also saw the trees planted by Washington, when a young man. They stood reverently in front of the tomb, and heard the solemn tolling of passing steamers, whose custom, for years, has been to go "slowly sailing, slowly sailing, past the tomb of Washington."

Back of the mansion house were the ruins of the cabins of Washington's former slaves. When he died he

gave them their freedom, and many of their descendants live in the vicinity of Mount Vernon. Three miles from the wharf may be seen the ruins of Washington's old flour-mill. A short distance from the river was the famous "Washington Oak," in whose grateful shade the hero of the Revolution used to take his rest. This oak was twelve feet in circumference, and was said to be more



MOUNT VERNON.

than 200 years old. It blew down in 1882, and fragments of the tree were carried to almost every part of the world.

The men looked through the various rooms of the first President's mansion-house. Mount Vernon had many rooms of interest.

The most sacred place visited was the room in which Washington died. It was a small room, in the second story, unpretentious, but tidy. The men could hardly

realize that, in this very room, on December 14, 1799, between ten and eleven at night, the illustrious patriot expired. Here was the bedstead on which he died, dark with age, six feet square; mahogany; and having four high posts. It stands between two long windows, opening on to a balcony. From this balcony, a most charming view of the beautiful Potomac can be enjoyed, as the river flows peacefully toward the Chesapeake. In yonder fireplace are the very andirons used on the night when the great American died.

In one room the men saw the famous key of the Bastille, presented to Washington by Lafayette. In another apartment they sat in the famous arm-chair, which came over in the "Mayflower." It is said that a million visitors have sat in this old, "slat-back chair."

As the visitors passed along through the music-room they were shown the harpsichord presented by Washington to his adopted daughter, Eleanor P. Custis. This instrument, having two banks of 120 keys, is said to have cost Washington 1000 dollars.

Some of the members of the regiment found their way to the Capitol. The hall of the House and the Senate chamber were visited. In these halls of legislation, the great men of the nation had discussed the problems growing out of the war. Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson were the senators from Massachusetts, and such men as John P. Hale of New Hampshire, and William Pitt Fessenden of Maine, also lent the aid of their eloquence in advocating measures suggested by Lincoln, and demanded by the times through which the nation was passing to a higher destiny. ■■

Among the men who represented Massachusetts in the national House during the war period were Oakes Ames, Alexander H. Rice, Samuel Hooper, John B.

Alley, D. W. Gooch, George S. Boutwell, W. B. Washburn, and Henry L. Dawes.

The Massachusetts delegation always voted solidly to uphold the hands of Lincoln, and to press every measure that looked to victory, and an honorable peace. As Congress was not in session, there was no opportunity to hear debates.

In the Senate Chamber were some of the very same chairs in which illustrious men had sat in other days. There were those used by Webster, Clay, Benton, Cass and others.

Of great interest to the men was the famous "Roger's bronze door" at the main entrance to the Capitol. This door weighs 20,000 pounds, and cost \$30,000.

During the war the dome of the Capitol had been in process of completion, and while the soldiers were fighting the nation's battles at the front, workmen had been perfecting the National Capitol at Washington. At the close of the war, this dome was completed, and many thousands of the brave men who participated in the Grand Review looked for the first time upon its fair proportions.

No edifice in the world is so grand and imposing. It seems to be a most fitting type and illustration of the American Union. It is nearly all of one material. Its plates are so arranged that they will expand and contract "like the unfolding of a lily, all moving together." If atmospheric conditions move one part, all other parts move also, so that as one has said "The Rocky Mountains will bulge as quickly" as this iron structure. On the top of the dome is a lantern which can be seen for many miles around Washington. Above this lantern is the bronze statue of Freedom. This statue is 375 feet above the Potomac.

It is not generally known that Jefferson Davis had

something to do with this statue of Freedom. It is said that, when Thomas Crawford, the artist, was at work modelling the figure, he designed a "Goddess of Liberty" with a liberty cap. Davis was then Secretary of War, under Buchanan. In an interview, one day, he suggested to Crawford the cap of eagle's feathers, which was accepted by the sculptor, and found its way to the top of the dome. Crawford's statue cost \$25,000, and was cast in Bladensburg, not far from the camp-ground occupied by the Third Cavalry while the regiment was at that place. While the men were at Port Hudson, in the winter of '63, Crawford's statue was raised to the top of the dome. Forts around Washington fired salutes, flags were displayed, and in every camp and garrison, artillery thundered out a grand salute to this glorious emblem of liberty.

Not all of the older members of the Third Cavalry participated in the march of the troops through Washington. On May 20th, the original members of the regiment were mustered out, and saw no more service with the command.

About this time Lieutenant Gove, who had been captured at Port Hudson, in the fall '62, arrived in camp. He had been kept in Southern prisons for many months. Lieutenant Gove was captured at the same place where Neal Dow was taken. After his capture, the Confederates took him to Jackson, then to Scott's plantation, in Mississippi, then to Salisbury. From the latter place, he made his escape, and enjoyed four or five days of freedom, such as it was. Hunted like a dog, he was discovered in a negro's hut, where he had taken refuge, and brought back to prison. From Salisbury, he was transferred to Columbia, from which place he was finally liberated, and rejoined the regiment at Falls Church.

Captain J. G. B. Adams of the Nineteenth Massachu-



LIEUT. HENRY S. ADAMS, (Adjutant.)



LIEUT. H. P. HUGHES.

setts, who was himself a prisoner at Columbia, tells us something about the prison. The camp ground of the prisoners consisted of several acres, on which were some trees. A guard was placed around it. Twenty feet from the line of the sentries was the "dead line." A furrow ploughed in the ground indicated to the prisoners where the dead line was. Militia were on guard. Wood and water were outside the lines. Each man must bring his own. The daily food was corn meal, "bitter, and half bran." To this was added molasses. A pint of each lasted five days. At night the men slept in holes dug in the earth, two feet deep. Sometimes these holes were covered with brush and dirt. Nearly all the men were barefoot.

Men were often shot by the Confederate guards. One day a lieutenant from Pennsylvania was seen to throw up his hands, and fall dead. One of the guards had asked another if he supposed he could hit a man at that distance. His neighbor expressed a doubt. Lifting his rifle, the guardsman took deliberate aim, and fired. The death of the Northern soldier was the result. On another occasion, an officer was waiting with axe in hand to go out to cut wood. He was several feet from the dead line. Without provocation, the Confederate guard fired, and the officer fell to rise no more. An utter disregard of the value of life characterized the guards at Columbia.

CHAPTER XIX.

OUT WEST.

A Home Feeling — Grant's Congratulatory Order — A Western Fever that was not Epidemic — The Start for the West — Stay at Fort Leavenworth — Again Dis-mounted — A Reorganization — New Horses — March to Fort Kearney — Colonel Vinal Goes Home — Pay & Day in Camp — A Start for Colorado — Return to Fort Kearney — Mustered Out — Return to Boston — Discharged at Gallops Island.

WHEN the men composing the rank and file of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry left Massachusetts for the seat of the War, they little dreamed of seeing service out on the Plains of the great West. Most of them had enlisted for "three years or the War" When Lee surrendered, a general expectation arose that the regiment would soon be sent home. This feeling was strengthened by the frequent discharge of regiments with whom the Third Cavalry had served while at the front. The newspapers were saying that the army was to be "disbanded at once."

One by one, brigades and divisions were broken up, and officers mustered out. Every day made one less of time for the men to remain in camp. On June 2nd, 1865, General Grant issued a general order to the soldiers of the Union armies. He praised them for their patriotic devotion in the hour of "danger and alarm." They had overthrown "all armed opposition." Their "marches, sieges and battles, in distance, duration and

brilliancy of result," had dimmed the "lustre of the world's past military achievements." In obedience to your country's call, you left your "homes and families, and volunteered in her defence." "Victory has crowned your valor." "You will soon be permitted to return to your families. having discharged the highest duty of American citizens." "Thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen" and "sealed" this "priceless legacy with their blood." "The graves of these, a grateful nation will bedew with tears, honor their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families."

It was quite natural that the men should sigh for home. They had seen regiment after regiment depart, and a goodly number of their command had already been discharged. Some of the officers had made great pecuniary sacrifices in remaining with their regiment, and were now looking forward to the time when, the War over, the Union restored, the last enemy disarmed, they might, with honor, turn their steps homeward. It was, therefore, a great surprise and disappointment when orders came to strike camp, and prepare to "go West."

It is true that the Indians were causing some trouble in the West. It was also true that the West was filled with veterans. It seemed strange to many that Eastern men should be sent West at this particular time. Many of the men felt like a certain soldier, who was in the Battle of Bull Run. The next day after, he was seen by a friend on the streets of New York. "Were you in the fight?" "I was." "Why are you here, then?" "I'm here by orders." "What orders?" "You, see when the battle began, the Colonel came along, and said, "Men, we are going into the fight. I want you all to do your duty Strike for your country! Strike for your home!" "Some of them struck for their country; but I concluded I'd strike for my home!"

The men of the Third had been some time at the front. They had seen much hard fighting. They had tried to do their duty. They had during many days and months, struck for their country; now they were inclined to "strike for their homes."

On the 14th of June, the regiment left for St. Louis. Passing for the last time over the familiar Long Bridge,



THE LONG BRIDGE.

and through Washington, they went by rail to Parkersburg; then on to Cincinnati; arriving at the place of destination on the 20th of the same month. The next day, they embarked on river steamboats, and went by water to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

The first move made by the regiment in Kansas was "up-stream," three miles.

Next came another change, which deprived the regiment of its horses. General Dodge had decided to give the horses to the Fourth Michigan Cavalry; and, once more the men found themselves on foot. On the 7th of July, the camp of the Third was moved up nearer the fort.

Another change now came to the command: Consolidation was the order of the day. The Government was curtailing expenses as rapidly as possible, and reducing the number of officers and enlisted men as fast as it could do so safely. Accordingly, a battalion was formed of six companies. On the 21st of July, Capt. William M. Gifford was assigned to Company A; Capt. J. A. Comerford, to Company B; Capt. D. P. Muzzey, to Company C, Capt. Charles Stone, to Company D, Capt. M. U. Barney, to Company E, and First. Lieut. J. H. Hilton, to Company F.

Thus, instead of a regiment of twelve companies, there was now a battalion of six. Of course, six companies did not need as many officers as twelve. Accordingly, nine officers were mustered out, and left for home. Among these were Colonel Porter, Major Noyes, Surgeon Leavitt, Adjutant Ellington, Quartermaster Kingsley, Commissary Stone, and Lieutenants Elliott, Caswell and Otis.

Three new Majors were made on October 5th. Captain Gifford, Captain Comerford and Captain Stone now received what they had long merited. At the same time, Major Muzzey was again promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel. Thus were brave officers recognized for their period of gallant and meritorious conduct. Dr. George G. Tarbell was now Surgeon of the battalion.

It cannot be said that the men enjoyed their experiences in the West. Some of the officers, especially, were anxious to get home. On one occasion a petition

was drawn up, and signed, and forwarded to the War Department, praying for an honorable discharge. Whether it moved the authorities at Washington, the writer does not know; but it did move Porter to put one officer under arrest for inciting sedition, —a very serious offence. As the officer was soon after promoted, the arrest and charge preferred were not taken seriously.

The men had been without horses twenty days. They were now to get back what they had lost, viz., horses, not the same ones, but similar four-legged beasts of burden.

On July 23rd, the battalion was supplied with horses. It took some time for the men to get acquainted with their new friends; but an experience soon came to both horse and rider, which made their companionship and friendship mutual.

The very next day after the men had received their horses, an order came to march across the country to Fort Kearney, in the Territory of Nebraska. Rations were issued for a twenty-five days' journey, and on the 27th of July, the men started on their long march.

The men who travelled over those Western roads will remember that they were in bad condition. In some localities, locomotion was well-nigh impossible. The men, however, had encountered obstacles before. Officers and men pressed on through places well-nigh impassible. The route lay in a north-westerly direction, past Mount Pleasant, Grenada, Grasshopper Falls, Seneca, Marysville and Big Blue River. Not all of the twenty-five days allotted were used in making the journey, for, on August 16th, just nineteen days from the time of starting, Major Pope, in command of the battalion, reported to General Dodge, at Fort Kearney, Kansas. An eight-day rest was now afforded the battalion, which was greatly enjoyed by both man and beast.

Lieutenant-Colonel Vinal now severed his connection with the regiment. His term of service had been long and honorable. On the 18th of August, 1865, he was discharged from the service, and left for his Eastern home. Colonel Vinal had led the men in many engagements,—first, as Captain of Company A, as Major, and, finally, as Lieutenant-Colonel. His record shed lustre on the State of Massachusetts, and on the Nation whose flag he had gallantly upheld.

One of the most delightful experiences that came to the regiment was the visit of the Paymaster. His visits were not frequent; but when he did come, his coming brought great and unspeakable joy. Often the men were bankrupt months before his arrival. Sudden wealth followed his advent. Old debts were liquidated, and new supplies of the comforts of life were indulged in, as long as the greenbacks lasted. Some of the men, of course, were extravagant, and soon "frittered away" their hard-earned wages, others were economical, and sent home much that came to them from the hands of the Paymaster. One man saved from his wages and bounty \$500, and gave it to an invalid father, who was dependent on him for support.

On the 23rd of August, the report was circulated that the Paymaster was in camp. It did not take long to "fall in," and march to the Paymaster's tent. No pen can paint, nor tongue describe, the look of satisfaction on the comrades' faces as six months' pay was put into their hands in new, clean, crisp greenbacks, — the "promise to pay" of the government they had promised to defend.

The regiment had now served, since going West, in Kansas and Nebraska. Not long had it remained in either place. It seemed to have had no "continuing city" or abiding place; but it sought one "to come."

At Fort Leavenworth it remained one month, at Fort Kearney, eight days. Rumor now said that the battalion was to be sent to Colorado.

The men protested. "Going West" from this point was not congenial. A petition had been gotten up by someone, circulated and signed, and sent to Washington. It had come back "unapproved."

Now another petition was started. Its terms and phraseology were stronger than those of the first one. It told of suffering wives and children in Northern homes, of great injustice to long-suffering veterans, of other things too numerous to mention. It was a most remarkable document, and it produced a most remarkable impression at Washington. It came back "approved." Of course there was great rejoicing when the news came. Every man felt like hugging every other man.

They were very much like the Irish janitor at the dedication of a Catholic church. Many Protestants had contributed liberally toward the building fund, consequently several wealthy ones were present at the dedication. "Mike," said the priest, as he saw them come in, "get three chairs for the Protestants on the platform." Mike, misunderstood, and, hurrying forward, he jumped upon the platform, took off his hat, and, swinging it over his head, most vigorously, cried out at the top of his voice, "Three cheers for the Protestants!" So, when the men of the Third Cavalry were ordered West, from Fort Kearney, some protested, and now every man was inclined to give "three cheers for the protestants."

It was noon, August 24th, when the men began the march toward Colorado. They were to report to General Conner. What they were to do, nobody knew.

After a four days' march, the command reached Cottonwood Springs, where the advance toward Colorado terminated, and an order came for the men to retrace

their steps toward Fort Kearney. The War Department was now fast reducing the number of men under arms. On the 1st of March 1865, there were 965,591 men in the Northern Army. Of these over 600,000 were present for duty. By August 7th, about 640,000 had been mustered out. By October 15th, 785,205 had been discharged. This included many thousands who were in hospitals, on furlough, and on "detached service."

"Thus rapidly, as well as peacefully and joyously, were the mightiest hosts ever called into the field by a republic, restored to the tranquil paths of industry and thrift. Melting back by regiments into quiet citizenship, they retained nothing to distinguish them from others, but the proud consciousness of having served and saved their country."

The Third Cavalry was now about to close its active service for the Union. Orders came to report to General Dodge at Fort Leavenworth, for muster out. The men obeyed with alacrity, with not one dissenting mind. Three days' rations were drawn, the march was commenced. On August 29th, the men left Cottonwood Springs, and on September 1st, reported at Fort Kearney, Kansas. Here a three days' rest was enjoyed, and on the 4th, the men turned over to the Quartermaster one hundred and fifty of their best horses. The stay of the battalion in this place was brief. Having drawn supplies for fifteen days, the men who were still mounted started for Fort Leavenworth, while the dismounted men went in wagons, under the immediate supervision of Captain Cunningham. The battalion that went on horses arrived at Fort Leavenworth, September 18th, after a ten days' march. The dismounted men arrived five days later.

The men now turned over the rest of their horses to the proper authorities. All ordnance, and camp

equipment was also surrendered without a single sign of regret.

Eight or ten days were now employed in making out the muster rolls, and on the 28th of September, 1865, the Third Massachusetts Cavalry was mustered out of the service of the United States. The men were ordered East, for final payment and discharge on Massachusetts soil.

It was a happy day when the men took passage for Boston. "Home, sweet home," loomed in the distance. Friends were waiting to give them a royal welcome on their return. Some of them had served for four long years. They had gone "West" from a sense of duty, now they were going home because that duty had been done.

The Third Cavalry enjoyed the proud distinction of having been the only regiment that passed through the Queen's dominions during the Civil War. The journey of the men to Boston was over the Great Western Railroad, via Detroit and Canada West. Now, for a while, the men were under the British flag. After leaving Detroit, they were obliged to pass through the Queen's dominions. This, however, was before the days of Fenian raids. As the serenity of the English mind had not yet been disturbed by these demonstrations of unfriendliness, the men of the Third were allowed to go through Canada unmolested.

Every attention was paid them en route. In Maryland, one year before, they had ridden on a cattle train, on their chase after Jubal Early; now they rode in richly upholstered seats, in elegant railroad coaches. The fortune of war had brought good fortune at last.

Colonel D. P. Muzzey, who was with the regiment as it came from the West, refers most interestingly to the

treatment the men received as they passed through Canada —

“ Everywhere we were treated with the utmost respect.

The railway coaches were fine. The English officials were most civil and cordial. At one place, an official of the British government approached Colonel Pope, and said, ‘Colonel, are your men armed?’ ‘No, sir,’ said Colonel Pope; ‘only a few are taking home their arms as souvenirs of the war.’ ‘I was about to say,’ continued the English officer, that, if the regiment was armed, we should be compelled to request the men to surrender their arms while passing through the Queen’s dominions.’ No surrender is recorded, and the regiment went through Canada as it had entered, without the loss of a man or the surrender of a gun.” The English soldier respected the men from Massachusetts.

On the 5th day of October, the men arrived in Boston. Their journey East had been extremely delightful. Everywhere they had been received with the utmost cordiality, and it was with great satisfaction that the men found themselves once more in the Hub of the Universe.

At this time, the mustering officer was at Gallops Island, Boston Harbor. On October 8th, the men reported to the officer, were paid off, and honorably discharged.

Thus closes a most honorable record of one of Massachusetts volunteer regiments. More than three years had passed since some of them had donned the blue in the camp at Lynnfield. Through all the weary months the regiment had borne its part in maintaining the honor of the flag and the integrity of the American Union. Fifteen hundred miles of marching along the banks of the Mississippi and the bayous of Louisiana, and up and

down the valley of the Shenandoah ; in thirty engagements with the enemy, in the enemy's country, in battle, siege and march, they had ever borne in mind the solemn oath they took before they left the State. Now, returning after three years of faithful service, they could look with pride into the face of those who had sent them forth. By their gallantry in battle ; by their discipline in camp ; by their soldierly conduct on every occasion, the regiment merited and received the commendation of its various commanders. Banks, Sheridan, Emory, Grover, Dudley and Molineux, all unite in saying to the men of the Third Cavalry, "WELL DONE!"





HISTORY
OF
READ'S COMPANY
MOUNTED RIFLE RANGERS.

By LIEUT. HENRY D. POPE.

CAMP CHASE, LOWELL, TO SHIP ISLAND.

In September, 1861, President Lincoln authorized General B. F. Butler to recruit a division of troops in New England, and General Butler gave S. Tyler Read permission to raise a squadron of Cavalry, to consist of two companies, and also permitted H. A. Durivage to raise a company

These three companies were later known as the three unattached companies of Massachusetts Cavalry, but at the start, Read's two companies were called the Mounted Rifle Rangers, and Durivage called his the Light Cavalry. In fact, the latter company averaged of smaller stature than the Rangers.

The three companies were the only cavalry in General Butler's New Orleans expedition, and all in that Department until new companies were raised in New Orleans in the fall of 1862.

Captain S. Tyler Read was a graduate of Union College, the class of 1860. He had seen something of army life in 1861 as a correspondent of the "New York Sun" at

Fortress Munroe. He claimed to have had some military training at school or college, and the claim led to a report or impression that he had been for a time at West Point. He was a native of Attleboro, Mass. and about twenty-five years old when he began his recruiting; was of fine appearance, light brown hair, blue-grey eyes, and rather above the standard height of the company (5 ft. 8 in.) and a good horseman, but not a rough rider.

The recruiting was mainly done in the Boston Headquarters, although some squads were picked up elsewhere; but all were fine men, and the standard of 5 ft. 8 in. was kept up, except for a few who came as buglers and company clerks.

Recruiting was somewhat slow, as the Butler troops had to be raised without the aid of the State, or even its moral support. In fact, the "State aid," given other Massachusetts troops for their families, was withheld.

A squad of six or eight recruits reported at Camp Chase, Lowell, September 30, 1861, and found but three or four men there, but had been led to expect that there were ten times as many.

That night the first tent of the command was pitched, and it was not until November 15th that the first muster was made of three officers and 105 men. Previous to the muster, the men had declined to be sworn into the service, fearing they would be put into some other command. The second company of Rangers was mustered in, December 27th — three officers and 63 men. Then the men were divided equally between the two companies, and given their choice as far as possible. They then were:—

1st Company	{	Captain - -	S. Tyler Read
		1st Lieutenant	J. E. Cowen
		2nd " "	B. Pickman
			and 84 men.

2nd Company	{	Captain - -	J M. Magee
		1st Lieutenant	A. G. Bowles
		2nd " -	P D. Allen

and 84 men.

Captain H. A. Durivage had mustered in his company early in December.

Captain Read had intended to command his two companies as a squadron, that being the old plan for cavalry, but in the new arrangements made by the War Department, Captain Magee was given his company alone. Magee was an enlisted man in the regular army, and was sent to Camp Chase as a drill-master, knew his duties well, and made a good officer.

At first, in camp, the men were drilled in infantry facings and movements, and the most proficient given charge of later squads. But early in November some of the prospective officers appeared, and the cavalry movements on foot were taught. Magee came about December 1st.

In the early fall, the camp life was pleasant, but later the weather became very severe, and the parade ground was a glare of ice. The thermometer was very low, reaching 10 degrees below zero, one night; and all were quartered in tents.

January 2nd, 1862, camp was broken, and the cavalry Thirty-third Massachusetts Infantry, Twelfth Maine Infantry, and First Maine Battery, went by railroad to Boston, and embarked on the steamship "Constitution," a fine ship. But a force of about 2,400 was rather large to admit of comfortable accommodations. The ship was new, having been built for the Pacific mail service. She had been but one trip to Ship Island, with two regiments and a battery from Camp Chase. The berths for the men of the cavalry were mere scaffolds of boards, deep

as the length of the men, and two tiers in height. The men lay with their feet outward, and between the berths and the ship's side was a narrow alley, which was made still narrower by putting in steam-pipes for heating.

The steamer was held in Boston Harbor until January 13th, as "the Trent affair" was unadjusted; and during the time, the cold became severe, and the Harbor would have frozen but for the activity of the tug-boats—one night it was 22 degrees below zero. At one time it was proposed to relieve the ship by disembarking some of the men at Fort Independence, but sailing orders came before more than twenty or thirty men had landed and spent a night.

Fortress Monroe was reached January 16th, and on January 20th the landing of the troops commenced, and a camp was formed on the sandy neck which connects Old Point Comfort with the mainland of Virginia. The afternoon and evening of the landing, there was a typical Southern thunder-storm and rain. As no tents had been pitched, the night was very uncomfortable, but in the morning, the sun was out. Before another night the tents were up, and the quarters were much more comfortable than on shipboard, or, at least, they seemed so for a time.

During the sojourn on the sands, Lieutenant Weitzel of General Butler's staff, appeared with an order for Captain Read to report to the Examining Board at Washington.

The Captain left by the afternoon boat for Baltimore, and arrived at the office of the examining board in Washington at the time appointed, the next morning. The examination was so satisfactory that he reported back to his command, fully endorsed. Captain Read could, probably, thank his training at Union College for his success.



LIEUT. HENRY D. POPE. *Reed's Company.*

While camped at Fort Monroe, during an easterly storm, the tide rose very high, and, with the surf, broke over the neck of sand, and all the cavalry and some of the infantry had to flee to higher ground. The break came about nightfall; and, with the drenching to start with, and an all-night rain, many suffered. Some never recovered from the exposure, and some quartered in the burial ground that night.

On February 28, the troops were again put on board the steamer, which had, in the meantime, been cleaned and fumigated, as a number of cases of contagious diseases had developed, mainly measles. The men enjoyed getting back, but had, in the main, had a good time on shore, particularly at first, for the cavalry wore long, dark-blue cape overcoats, corded on the edge with green for the Rangers, and yellow for the Light Cavalry; and, appearing like officers, they went about with a freedom not allowed to enlisted men, to say nothing of the sentries presenting arms when they passed their stations. But, in a few days, the truth leaked out, and, with a laugh, the sentries would decline to pass them, saying, "That's played out."

February 4th—Sailed for Ship Island, but came back to bring the U. S. steamer "Miami," a double-ender, whose machinery was disabled; then sailed again, and reached Ship Island, February 12th, and embarked next day.

During the voyage, the Cavalry had been attached to the Eastern Bay State Regiment, afterward the Thirtieth Massachusetts, Lt.-Col. Jonas H. French commanding, but on landing at Ship Island, this connection was broken, and the three companies were camped as a battalion, Captain Read being in command, so that, for a time, he enjoyed the position he had been hoping for.

The horses began to be drawn, February 16, and soon

all were mounted, and drilling went on actively. When more troops arrived, three brigades were formed (March 22nd, 1862), and a company of cavalry assigned to each brigade. Captain Read's company was assigned to the First Brigade, Brigadier-General J W Phelps, and the company was designated Company A, Second Massachusetts Cavalry Battalion; and as the three companies remained apart, this account will be confined to Captain Read's, which became officially known as Read's Company, and had no letter or other designation except that of the regiment it nominally formed a part of, after July, 1863.

SHIP ISLAND TO NEW ORLEANS.

SERGEANT READ'S ACCOUNT OF THE RESCUE OF A SLAVE WOMAN.

On April 15, 1862, the Company embarked on ship "North America," with the Thirtieth Mass. Regiment, Durivage's Cavalry and Fourth Mass. Battery, to go by the South Pass, and wait in the lower river for the taking of the forts by the Navy. The ship arrived in New Orleans, May 2nd, and the Company was assigned quarters in Odd Fellows' Hall, next day, but horses, baggage, tents, etc., were left at Ship Island, in charge of Quarter-Master Sergeant Read, with a detail of men. They were shipped on May 16th, and arrived on the 23rd, without the loss of a horse. The Company had a hard time on their ship, being in cramped quarters, and very hot. Many were sick, and one died, and was buried at the head of the Passes.

May 31—Formed a camp (Dudley) at Claiborne Street, corner of Canal Street, under a grove of fine trees, the stable being near by, and the captain's quarters were diagonally across Canal Street, in a building known as Stone's Infirmary. The men were detailed as orderlies at the different headquarters in the city. Captain Read was sent by General Butler on sundry expeditions, and I annex an account of one by Sergeant Read, who was present :

"An order was issued by the Commanding General for all citizens to bring to Headquarters their fire-arms. Captain Read, with a small squad of men, myself among the number, went down the river, a few miles out of the city, for the purpose of seizing arms. We started between four and five o'clock in the morning, riding down

through what is called the French portion of the city, through winding streets and over rough pavements, and we were glad when we had left the city in our rear.

"After riding a few miles out of the city, we stopped at a plantation house, and seized all their arms, and, having previous knowledge that they had some slaves in imprisonment, we demanded to be shown their place of confinement. The overseer did not wish to show us, but dare not refuse. He procured some keys, and conducted us to a small building, about 12 by 15 feet, and proportionately high. In each end, well up toward the roof, was a small opening or window, covered on the inside with wire netting, and, on the outside, a door, with a padlock, closing tightly and locked on the outside. In front were double doors, which were unlocked by the overseer, who trembled with fear and guilt. Captain Read entered first, and I followed; but we withdrew immediately, as the stench was too strong for our nostrils. The windows being closed, not a breath of fresh air could reach the prisoners, and there, crouched down in the darkness and filth, we found three female human beings, confined for the crime of trying to make their escape from slavery. Upon the neck of one, whose skin was almost as white as my own, was riveted a heavy iron ring, with three prongs, each a foot in length. The ring had worn large sores upon her neck. I felt at that time as though I would like to have that overseer turned over to my tender mercies for about five minutes. The Captain ordered the overseer to open the windows, and we left them, and passed down the river on our mission.

"When we came back, we took the women out of the prison, and brought them to the city, in our baggage-wagon. General Butler gave them their liberty. They had been shut up thirteen weeks."

FROM CAMP DUDLEY (Aug. 30, 1862) TO HUM-
PHREY'S STATION (Dec., 1862).

Aug. 30, 1862—Camp changed from Camp Dudley to Camp Williams, on the road from the halfway house to Carrollton. The Company was given plenty of room for drill, for themselves and for the whole brigade of infantry, Colonel Dudley commanding, who were actively employed in drills, a sham fight, a review by General Butler, and the capture, in swamps, of a dozen or so of soldiers, bound for the rebel army.

“My army experience began here, Sept. 1, as I reported back to the Company for duty as First Sergeant, having been, almost since my enlistment, on detached service,—the last being at Baton Rouge, which was recently evacuated.

As this camp was close beside a little bayou, our men fell sick, one-half of them being on the sick list, and several died.

In September, J. C. C. Bowen reported as First Lieutenant, Gustave Radetski as Second Lieutenant, and H. D. Pope as senior Second Lieutenant,—all acting appointments. Bowen and Radetzki left in November, to take commissions in the First Texas Cavalry; and in January, 1863, Pope was commissioned Second Lieutenant and Allen as First Lieutenant, Pickman having resigned.

Oct. 19, 1862—A detachment, under Captain Read (with Acting Lieutenant Bowen), left for Bonnet Carré,

at 8.30 P.M., and returned at 10 P.M. on 20th. Marched 38 miles.

Oct. 31—Changed camp to Carrollton, on the edge of the village, under command of General Sherman.

Nov. 4—A detachment of 29 men, under the Captain, went to Bonnet Carré, and, the following day went about 40 miles toward the enemy, taking several prisoners. Returned, night of Nov. 7, having marched about 140 miles.

Nov. 20—Forty men, under Captain Read, with Lieutenant Farnsworth, of the Fourth Wisconsin, Topographical Engineer, passed the night at Bonnet Carré. Acting Lieutenant Pope reported for duty on this trip, (the other two acting lieutenants left the Company about this time.) 21st—A station was formed there by a part of the Twelfth Maine. 24th—Stopped at the Union Plantation, a gunboat being beside the bank. The plantation was quarters for the night. We called on board, and, the mansion being empty, we came back for a supper. Next day we bivouacked opposite Donaldsonville. Capt. Read took a boat down the river, to Carrollton, to see General Sherman, and visit the camp. Captain Read wanted permission to charge into Baton Rouge, but General Sherman said, if he wanted it done, he would let him know.

About this time was Thanksgiving in the Bay State, and the men had a chicken per man for dinner. Where did they get them?

Captain Read was on hand, on the morning of the 27th, when we marched toward Baton Rouge, and, some 25 miles up, the Captain saw with a glass a picket at the edge of the woods. The first platoon went on a charge with the Captain, about 3 miles, on Brown's Plantation, and the picket rushed through the cane-brake, and disappeared, only giving a few shots. Then

we went to the third plantation, higher up, and struck through to New River. Went 10 miles, at a very rapid rate, to cut the party off, without success, then went to Doyals, next to Brown's Plantation for the night, having pickets on three sides and a gunboat in the rear. The enemy were Captain Tryall and 45 men of the Mississippi Rifles.

Next day, Private Sylvanus Murray deserted, probably to the enemy.

Returned to Union Plantation, but Sergeant Lewis went, with his platoon and Lieutenant Pope, to examine Orange Grove Road on the way. He found lots of contraband goods and smugglers in the wood; and brought them to the Captain to report. Next morning, we continued down river, and found the Twelfth Maine had moved up to College Point, the building being surrounded by a brick wall. They posted a strong picket about a mile up the river. The whole village was two miles or more long. Major Hastings, of the Twelfth Maine, gave Captain Read his choice of location; and he chose a large plantation, above the village, called Uncle Sam—a splendid place, where we were finely entertained for about three weeks. The mansion and buildings were the finest on this side of St. James.

General Sherman and staff came up river on a little steamboat, and landed his horses. An escort was made ready, and I was called to command it. The General rode to a point nearly opposite Donaldsonville, asking for information about the roads and the country from the negroes or whites, and from me, sending me 3 or 4 miles at a time, to examine and report. On reporting to him at a house on the river-road, the steamer was in front. The General embarked, and invited the escort to take the trip; he going to the stateroom of the captain, to catch a nap. When we got to Uncle Sam Plantation, the

staff officers said I must not land my men until the General said so, and as they declined the job of rousing him, I had to do it, but I was stranger enough to get the necessary speech from him, and a pleasant farewell, with a promise to be up again soon.

One of his staff at the time was Captain Adam Badeau, who later wrote General U. S. Grant's memoirs.

We soon had an order to go out on New River, about Dec. 13, and Captain Read flew around between the Plantation and camp of the Twelfth Maine. He finally caught his foot in a gate, and was drawn off his horse, with a sprained ankle. He had to give up New River. Next day he had a pair of crutches, and took a steamboat for Carrollton. Dr. Thompson, of the Twelfth Maine, and Lieutenant Farnsworth, Fourth Wisconsin, went with us. We went to Manning Plantation, to go by the Cut-off that General Sherman was interested in. Slept in a mule stable, which was quite a distance from the house, but was of brick, and good to defend. The stable was partly filled with cow-pea hay, and as soon as we got quiet, the rats were racing about and shelling peas. But the longest night has an end, and we turned out early and had breakfast. After passing the bayou, we plunged into the swamp.

When I escorted General Sherman, we fell in with a guide, and we had him with us now; but he excited so much distrust by his actions that Sergeant Downer was given orders to shoot him first, if we were ambuscaded.

The swamp part was 4 or 5 miles, and mud very deep, most of the way—too deep for horses to wade, and too thick to swim—a fine ride. When we reached the New River it was fair going, and we put a guard of about 25 men, with an advance picket on the road, and well up the road to the north, then put a guard at Paul Landry's

house and store, and the rest of the men were taken down the bayou (S. E.) We had captured several citizens, some mounted. Paul Landry had a tall bay horse, which would have escaped with him, only we sent a bullet after him, and he came in. Some weeks later I bought the horse.

We had a small advance-guard; and we saw a man coming toward a house down the bend. He stopped, and my little horse was there before the guard, and a Confederate, home on leave, was a prisoner. Another was taken later. We went as far down as it seemed best, on account of the swamp; but some prisoners returned with us, on mules which we "found" for them.

When our guards were drawn in, one man was missing, and was either captured on picket post, or had deserted. We never heard of him again.

When we got back to the Plantation, after another hard ride, the Doctor declined to pass the night in the mule stable, so he went to the overseer's house; and we all went down river in the morning.

I think Lieutenant Farnsworth put in a report for me, which passed with the General. At any rate I proceeded to post up on the roads and the country; and compiled a map, to aid in reporting our journeys. When we left on the Red River Campaign, my map was left with the defence of New Orleans.

The arrival of General Banks and army made quite a change in our surroundings. The first was during Captain Read's absence, with a sprained ankle. Orders came for moving camp to Humphrey's Station, about 9 miles below College Point, and changing us to reporting to General F. S. Nickerson, at Bonnet Carre; so we left Uncle Sam Plantation. We found two companies of the Fourteenth Maine at Humphrey's, Captain Bolan, commanding. We were quartered in a stable, the men

in the loft on each side, and the horses under them. In warm weather, the end doors were fully open, and the place well aired and comfortable.

We had no tents for a time, but they came up when the rest of the company arrived.

Distances from this station —

Bonnet Carre was 17 miles below,

College Point 9 " above;

White Hall Saw Mill 9 " more, or 35, all told.

Donaldsonville 9 " " " 44, "

Through Cut-off to Doyals, was 40 miles from Humphrey's Station, and the Amite River was 20 miles from Doyals.

FROM HUMPHREY'S STATION TO ST JAMES.

The Company, in full dress, took a trip to Uncle Sam Plantation on January 1st, 1863, as the Emancipation took effect at that date, the Captain having returned to camp, to muster the Company, the day before. All the negroes were quiet, and the white people were very tranquil. On Jan. 19, went to Hampton's Ferry on the the Bayou Manchac. Feb. 8, went to Amite River, and again, Feb. 23.

March 2—Lieutenant, with 14 men, went to opposite Donaldsonville, and back on 4th. Small patrols were going often, also messengers to Bonnet Carré.

Major Bickmore, of the Fourteenth Maine, was sent up to take command at Humphrey's Station, as we had three companies, and wanted a major. One of the infantry companies was changed for one of the 177th New York.

The order came to saddle up just after dark, March 21, 1863, and we started, leaving six men to come on with the baggage train in the morning.

The Company had not been gone a great while, when a battery came along, and the Major commanding the Post ordered Read, the Quarter-Master Sergeant, who was left behind, to let them put their horses in our stables. The Sergeant went to bed at 11 P.M., beginning to think it was something bigger than our usual scouts. In the morning, about 7 o'clock, he started, preceded by three companies of the Fourteenth New York Cavalry. We had heard of them: that they were decked in gold chevrons, marched at a trot, and were far ahead of us.

Sergeant Read, with his baggage wagon followed in the morning. He says they were a green set, and not used to marching, and, all along the road, either men or horses had given out. At College Point (9 miles), the Cavalry had stopped to feed. He joined us at our halting-place. Our orders were to be at the Amite River by daylight.

The New Yorkers had passed us between 4 and 5 o'clock, at a trot, and we fell in behind them at a walk, and passed them at the Governor Manning place then struck into the Cut-off at about dark. Sergeant Read had added to his train a cane cart, three mules abreast.

"We had not marched a great while," he says, "before we had to run the gauntlet of a regiment of 'Dough Boys,' and had plenty to do to keep them off the carts. The first one we came to complained of being sick and lame, and our sympathies got the best of us. We let him ride; but, after we found that he was the tail-end of a regiment, our hearts were hard as a stone."

It was raining hard all the time. The Company escaped a heavy shower by stopping in one of the Dutch stores about 10 o'clock, and moved on to the Amite River, about 12 miles more, about 8 o'clock—the first arrival. The baggage train came through a sea of mud, and got there early in the afternoon.

The expedition was distributed down Bayou Manchac and Amite River. The Twenty-fourth Maine was sent to Hampton's Ferry, to bring down the flat boats, to use on the Amite, as the boats were all gone. A company of the New York Cavalry, with an experienced officer in charge, was placed at McGill's Ferry, and another company put in the open ground near the Amite, and parts of the rest at the other ferries on the Bayou Manchac. Men of our Company were posted in an unoccupied building, near the Amite, and two men detailed as guides to the

New Yorkers: Whittier at McGills, and Hurter at Hampton's Ferry.

There had been some firing during the afternoon at the Amite by the Confederate pickets, and men were posted to reply. All seemed fairly quiet guards were posted, and we started to get some sleep, about 9 or 10 o'clock, when the post at McGills came tumbling in, and more to follow. The Ferry is located about two miles back, and 300 or 400 yards from the road; and coming to us was a blind move on their part. We turned out on foot, at first; but afterward went back for our horses. Captain Read managed things very well.

It seems, when a flat boat was coming past McGills, a party of Confederates came to the Bayou, heard the picket hail the boat, and began firing on the men in it, in the darkness,—wounding several men, and keeping up a brisk fire, which was duly replied to. The boat drifted to the bank, and what men could get out cut and run. When we rode up to the little bit of woods, we saw no sign of the Confederates, nor of our New York friends; nor yet of the boat or boatmen. We had met some of the cavalry and wounded men as we came over.

Captain Read had posted his men and made his plans, when up dashed two mounted men, who proved to be Hurter and Whittier, who were detailed to act as guides for the New Yorkers. Hurter had found Whittier, and they were going after us for reinforcements.

Sergeant Russell was sent to hunt for the men over the bank, but the boat had drifted off, and was down beyond a bend in the bayou. The daylight revealed the boat and one badly wounded man.

It seems that Whittier stood his ground, and replied to the enemy's fire until they stopped, and all the rest had fled. I asked him why he stayed after they left, he said he had "blowed too much to run."

We got the station properly manned, and settled down for rest. The next day, found the wounded man, and saw him safely out. It was a hard journey for him, as he had been two days wounded.

April 29—To Bonnet Carre, and back, with Major Bickmore. Rode about 30 miles. Had orders to march next day. Left on 30th, with 20 men from our company and 25 men of New York Cavalry, under First Lieutenant Merckline. I was but a Second Lieutenant, and was to go in command, as they had no Second Lieutenant in camp. Went to Doyals. Left Doyals in the morning at 5.30, and were at Cox's house, near the Prairie, at 7.30, and found they had been raided and cleaned out of supplies in the night. I divided my command, and, taking 15 men, went to all the ferries on Manchac, but the Rebs had crossed hours ahead, as I expected. We arrived out at the Mississippi at 7 P.M., and reached our camp at 3 P.M. on May 2nd. We were in good trim, after 121 miles in three days.

The last expedition and infantry diversion having stirred the Johnnies for a time, and being permitted to go to New Orleans for a few days, to meet General Sherman and General Nickerson, and do a little shopping, I found a movement was in the air.

Left camp on horseback, 2 A.M., May 4, with Corporal Wright and an orderly. We took breakfast at McCutcheon's Plantation, near the Red Church (a government place, and a general resting-place for the army. Got to the city at noon. I went to General Sherman's headquarters, by appointment, 5th and 6th, and at 4 P.M. on the 6th, started for camp, at Bonnet Carré. The Third Brigade was just embarking, and we started after, at a racing pace, and found the infantry at our camp had got on the same steamboat. We had done 50 miles by midnight. My bay horse had done good service.

I left camp at 8 A.M., and left Corporal Wright at Mannings, to guide Colonel Davis and Texan Cavalry through the Cut-off; while the Twenty-first New York Battery came with me. Joined Captain Read and the the Company, as they started out from Doyals.

When we got to the Amite, next day, found some infantry there, and the artillery began firing; but no Texans came until May 11. Crossed the ferry—a raft, next day at 6 A. M. A vidette post of the enemy was at the edge of the woods, and fell back as we raced after them; but they continued to keep just ahead, and damaged all the bridges, we repaired them, and kept on, delayed about half an hour at the Tickfaw River Bridge. At Springfield, they were still in our front. Springfield was but four houses. We had slowed down, and some were getting a drink of water. The advance guard was in doubt about the road, as there was a turn at the edge of the town to the left, at right angles. A woman crossed the road, under the heads of Captain Read's and Lieutenant Pope's horses never, apparently, noticing them on her way: but said in a low, distinct voice: "Turn to the left—be quick! They're tearing up the bridge."

The change of direction was signalled to the advance, and the company was galloping down to the bridge, when the advance, finding they could only pass on foot, left their horses, and went over on the string-pieces. A horse was found, tied to a tree; the rider escaped to the woods on foot, the rest went away on horseback, only firing a few shots. We repaired the bridge, and all crossed, first, by jumping the opening, and, later, by the mended bridge, just at sunset.

The flight of the Confederates was too soon for them to take any information about the strength of our party. which was three companies of Texans, two companies

New York Cavalry, and Read's Company in advance; Colonel Davis being in command of the whole.

The little squad of Confederates went to Pontchatonla, about six miles away, and we took a blind road through the woods for Hammond Station. The moon was too late to be of much use at first, and we found our way by an open candle in the hands of one of the men. It was half-past 11 o'clock when we reached Hammond Station.

Our men cut the telegraph wires, and burned the railroad bridge. Went toward Pontchatonla and bivouacked in the woods at 2 A.M.; and a tired set we were, men and horses.

We had gone about a mile toward Pontchatonla when our advance began to fire, and my platoon was deployed as skirmishers, parallel to the railroad, and to our line of march. A few men jumped on the railroad and the left dashed down the track, a few bringing back prisoners, and some went on after more, and did not hear the recall.

The men of the Company went to burning Rebel camps—log houses and tents, but recently emptied,—when a volley came, but no one was hit. It was fired by 128th New York Infantry, who had come from New Orleans, via Pass Manchac. There was a brigade, all told.

The round-up of our prisoners, when the rest of my men came back, was 17 Choctaws and 1 lieutenant. Two camps of Mississippi Cavalry and that of the Choctaws were burned.

May 14—Captain was used up. The Company went to the Hammond Station, where a large steam saw and grist mill and tannery were burned, but the Confederate shoe factory was left standing. The leather and shoes were taken out, and the lasts burned. Our men were

quartered at night in the Post Office at Pontchatonla, and the Captain and the Lieutenant with a Mr. Bradley.

May 15—Left Pontchatonla at 5 P.M. via Hammond and Tickfaw stations. Corporal Spear was killed by the enemy in the night. We bivouacked in the woods, rain at 2 A.M.

May 16—Started at 5 A.M., and found the enemy at Independence. There were parts of Five Companies of Miss. and two Companies Louisiana Cavalry,—being about 150 to 200 men in line. We were about 40 men, and Texans, under Lieut. Temple, to reinforce us. We were to skirmish with them, but a Texan company came up, which rendered the Confederates uneasy, and when another Texan company came up, they fled; only a few waited to give a parting shot, and my men went after them. We chased them 25 miles. Loss of enemy 25 prisoners, and 10 or 12 killed, including a captain. Our company had two wounded, and some prisoners were taken by the Texans.

We did all the damage to Camp Moore we could, and as we came down the railroad, burned the stations at Tangiphoa, Amite, Independence, and Tickfaw,—the Texans being very active. Also a saw mill, and car factory, with some artillery carriages were burned. Stopped in the woods near Hammond on 17th, 2 A.M., 23 hours in saddle. 78 miles. Arrive at Pontchatonla at 10 A.M., May 17.

May 18—Proceeded to Springfield, and bivouacked a mile from Tickfaw bridge nearest Amite river.

May 19—Crossed the Amite after dark, and settled near McGill's ferry. Infantry left for Port Hudson.

May 20—Captain Read left for camp and the city.

May 21—Started with the Texans at 12.30 P.M., and left them at Doyals. We fed men and horses at Manning's. Arrived at Humphrey's at midnight, 50 miles.

May 22—Colonel Davis, and Texans, came at 5 P.M., left orders to move to Bonnet Carré immediately. Concluded to wait until morning.

May 23 - Took all the men not needed to guard the camp and the sick to Bonnet Carré. Quartered men and horses at Louque's, and myself with Lieutenant Metcalf A. A. General. Telegraphed to New Orleans for orders, and sent a map by letter, with roads and suggestions for patrols, etc., and location of camp.

May 25—No reply to my report, left men to act as patrol at Bonnet Carré, and the rest went to Humphrey's. After reaching camp, got a reply by telegraph and messenger, to act as I had already done.

June 6—Lieutenant Allen died of wounds.

June 8—Patrol took two Confederates, home on furlough, prisoners. They were sent down by "Iberville." Captain Read went down by the same steamer. Rebels reported on the New River, and the Provost on the West side of the St. James finds that they are too thick for him.

June 12—The "Anglo-American" stopped off camp, last night, and left early this morning. Took Provost to the other side, he went to Vacherie, and had news from Thibodeau, and I went to Grand Point, and back to our Bayou. No trace of Confederates. The steamer brought up two companies of Twenty-eighth Maine, and took Captain Ayers' 20 men to Camp Parapet.

June 14—Capt. O'Brien attended the church, near College Point, and wished me to go with him. It being Corpus Christi day, the whole congregation turned outdoors, and formed a large procession. The Provost and I took the lead of the men, the ladies preceding. Some ex-Confederates and Southern sympathizers were rather mad, but I said nothing, and it made no trouble.

June 15—At 8.30 P.M. went with 10 men to New River,

stopped at 2 A.M. at White Hall, went to Orange Grove Plantation, to cross Bayou Conway. Crossed on a log: we had burned the bridge about six months before. Took two prisoners. Went to the house of Captain Gonzales, of the Confederate Cavalry, but he had left. No Confederates found. Left for camp at 4.30 P.M., and arrived at 10.30, having been on foot 12 miles, and 54 miles on horseback.

June 19—Patrol report steamers "Anglo-American" and "Sioux" were burned at Plaquemine, and Donaldsonville threatened by 3000 Rebs. The bombardment at Port Hudson, which was heavy yesterday, suddenly stopped.

June 25—Special Order 144, making the three independent companies and the Forty-first Infantry to be the Third Massachusetts Cavalry.

Captain Read went to New Orleans, with Dr. Haydell and M. Bourgeois as prisoners, being rebel sympathizers.

June 28—Battle at Donaldsonville from 2 A.M. till daylight; gunboats went up during the day, 100 prisoners taken; 100 Confederates killed.

July 1—Captain Read went to Bonnet Carré, and obtained orders to move camp to that post. Gunboat "Monongahela" anchored just below our camp, for the night. Before she anchored, she sent a shot over the house of Francois Poche. Think Lieutenant Dewey was on board, as executive officer of the gunboat.

July 2—Moved to Bonnet Carre, with all the baggage and a multitude of negroes.

July 4—Crossed at Donaldson in the morning. Steamer "North America" went up. Left at 4 P.M., wire all up. Shot at at White Hall again, no rebs on this side. No. 3 Gunboat was lying off Morson's; at 9 P.M. put up at Welham Plantation. When at the church received orders to reach Bonnet Carré as fast as I could, conveniently.

July 5—Started at 7 in the morning; halted 4 miles from destination. Received orders to return to Humphrey's, arrived at 5 P.M. Captain and rest of the company at 11.30. Gunboats and steamers going down.

July 8—Captain and myself had hardly settled down after the move, and were sleeping, when, at daylight, the sound of cannon woke us. Battery on the other bank had fired on the steamer "St. Mary," bringing news of the surrender of Port Hudson. The steamer escaped without being hit. Our patrol brought our first report of the fall of Vickburg and took up to Donaldson the report of the "St. Mary's" escape. The death of Captain Read, of the "Monongahela" was reported by our patrol. We were now the only means of getting dispatches through.

At 9 P.M. there was heavy firing up the river, which we knew was the gunboats engaging the battery at White Hall, heard the College Point batteries taking their turn. Before the noise was all over the gunboats came in sight, engaging the Vacherie Battery. They anchored off our camp, and Captain Read went on board. The Admiral was there, with the "Tennessee," "Monongahela," "Essex" and No. 3.

July 10, at 2 A.M., the "New London," on the way down, with dispatches from Port Hudson, was disabled by the White Hall battery, and run ashore on our side, about 2 miles below. Many were scalded, but none killed. Some of them came down to our camp. Our patrol ran as couriers etc., and got infantry from Donaldson, to act as guard. General Weitzel, with his men, came down from Port Hudson to Donaldson. Patrol captured two prisoners, yesterday. Mr. Wallace was taken as a hostage, today, from the Mather Plantation.

"Essex" and "Monongahela" went up after the "New London," shooting at the batteries as they went up.

Coming down, the "Essex" and "New London" were lashed together, "Essex" on the exposed side. We saw the fight with the Vacherie—it was pretty lively. One gun was struck in the muzzle, and sent into the road, and more shells sent after the retreating Rebs.

July 11—"Hartford" and others came down, but no shots from the batteries. I went on board the "Monongahela" and "Essex" in the afternoon, and about midnight, Captain Read was sent to come on board the "Essex," because of firing towards La Fourche.

July 13—Lieutenant French came to inspect us. Sent Sergeant Read to the city with prisoners.

July 14—Captain Read turned up at 11 P.M. Paroled prisoners began to come by. On the 16th steamer "Imperial" passed down, said to be from St. Louis.

July 17—Patrol up was ambuscaded about 2 A.M., and two men wounded. The others came down at 8 P.M. all right. Left wounded at Donaldsonville, Corp. Corcoran and private Kunz wounded. McGee's Cavalry, and Badger's and Williamson's Cavalry on our side, near the crossing, reported by our men.

I learned nearly a year after the ambushade by Captain Gonzales, whose house I visited, he did not desire to give the men a chance, so brought 54 men divided into three parties, about a half a mile apart, but behind the fence, beginning near the Orange Grove road. Our men put spurs to their horses, and went at a flying pace, and only two out of five men hit.

July 24—At Captain Read's request I went to visit Third Massachusetts Cavalry. Left with patrol at midnight, and took steamer up from Donaldson. Visited Port Hudson, and Donaldsonville, and arrived at camp at 4 P.M., July 29.

Aug. 1—Private Collins accidentally shot by Captain

Read. August 3, Captain Read and Private Collins went to the city with helpers.

Sept. 22—Received news that Captain Metcalf of New York Cavalry was taken last night by the Rebels opposite Donaldsonville.

Sept 23— Started with 20 men at 12.30 A.M.; at Seals' at 6 A.M. Rebels all gone. New Yorkers were watching the wire, and had two or three men in a place, and small patrols riding down to the College, and the main body, where the Captain was taken. We found they were much scared, and when we came down, they met us and took us for four or five hundred rebels, and went down river, past our camp, and on to Bonnet Carré. I got a report off at 5 P.M., but the telegraph office in the city could not take a dispatch. A steamboat of troops was sent up—Burbridge's Brigade, I think—and they scoured the country for some days about Manning's, and made quite a mix-up. The Adjutant-General at New Orleans said my promptness in starting out was commendable, but he wished we would advise them before starting.

Oct. 8—The Captain ordered to report to General Lee, in command of the Cavalry Depot at New Orleans.

Oct. 9—Went to White Hall, and went out to Manning's to inspect a picket and station there.

Nov. 12—Gunboat "St. Clair," Captain Gregory, arrived to run the larger and best mill, to saw lumber to use on the river gunboats. We moved the men's quarters to the other mill; kept the horses under the other. Plenty of staves, and other firewood.

At this station we had some good friends who dined us often. Our duties were not hard; we had to keep the stations in good order by frequent inspections.

Stations at Manning plantation 7 miles up —

White Hall Quarters of the main body

College Point 9 miles down

Humphrey's 9 miles more below, 18 in all.

And daily and nightly couriers, down and up, and good guard and pickets—all must be examined by the guards on the road, all negroes halted at night, and no property passed in the night, but held for officer's inspection; horses and mules not passed without a written permission of the master. We always tried to keep the negroes on their places, as better for them during the winter. Being a Deputy Provost, I had certain duty to perform, and the men to aid me in it.

IN THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN.

Feb. 27, 1864 -Left, with the Company on steamer "J Warner" at 9 A. M. The order that we would be relieved was received on the 21st, and the company to replace us came on the 26th, before light. We had been in St. James fifteen months, and had become well acquainted with the place and many of the people. Quite a number of citizens came to bid us good-bye at the steamboat. Lieut. Lewis and myself had called on a number of people, to make our adieux. Captain Beatty, whose company was to take our place, seemed a nice fellow, and I gave him all the information I could, but his men were a trifle new and rough.

I had to resign my position of Deputy Provost Marshal, and Captain O'Brien came to say good-bye. There was much traffic done by the boats on the river, and our patrols were very useful in caring for that traffic.

28th—Arrived in New Orleans, and not having definite orders, I tried the Third Massachusetts Cavalry first, then General Lee's headquarters, and was sent to the Cavalry Depot to quarter

Feb. 29—Was inspected and mustered by Major Cowen. The men were delighted to see him, and he was favorably impressed with the men; and the Lieut.-Colonel of the Eighteenth New York Cavalry said, he would like to change his regiment for my company. They did appear well, but were only 40 in number. Major Read, who was in command of the Cavalry Depot, did us many favors. He was the means of our going on the Red River Campaign.

Major Read asked to have three men to serve guard at the entrance gate, and Lieut. Lewis as officer of the guard. The officers were startled out of their boots that night by being sharply challenged. They had gotten into slack ways, and it was a lesson to them.

March 6—Trying all day to get away. Started at 2 P.M. and arrived at Brashear at 8 P.M. In getting horses off the train, there was a number lost.

March 7—Got all the horses except two, which dropped through the freight platform in the darkness, and drifted in with the horses of another command. Col. Chrystal, of the Twenty-second New York, helped me to find the horses, and we got them all.

Crossed the river at noon, and camped two miles up the bay.

March 8—Started for Franklin, and camped at 3 P.M. on the bank of the Teche. Rain. The General arrived in the afternoon, and we began furnishing guards and orderlies. 11—Weather fine. Pitched Headquarters tents in the forenoon, and our tents in the afternoon.

March 13—Inspection and orders to march. The Third Brigade passed about 10 P.M. Started at 7 A.M., next day, the enemy in front of the brigade.

15—First Brigade in advance. Camped at Pont Preaux.

16—Fourth Brigade in advance. Camped in the woods near Opelousas. Entered Opelousas on the 17th, and halted two or three hours. Got beef.

18—Marched beside Bayou Bœuf all day; crossed and quartered in a corn barn. With the advance all day; 30 miles. 19—Marched to Alexandria. Dust four or five inches deep. When the General struck a rapid gait, by the time it came to the rear of the company a man would be entirely out of sight; men dirty, horses used up. This was a dash from the Army of the Gulf to General

Smith's army at Alexandria. General Mower came out a few miles, to meet General Lee, and assist in crossing.

20—Moved to the Bailey Plantation, and camped.

23—Rain for some days, now fine. Camped in town, not far from General Banks. Prisoners came in from Second Louisiana Cavalry, C.S.A.

25—Rode to Third Massachusetts Cavalry. Ordered, with 6 men, at 10 P. M. to examine a burnt bridge, over Bayou Rapides, 7 miles out. It was a fine moonlight night, and there was a camp-fire about 100 yards away; but Guild and I reached and crossed the wrecked bridge. Guild watched, and I took measurements, the other men were in charge of the horses in the wood. We got back, however, and reported at Banks' headquarters, to General Stone, who was very pleasant.

28—Marched to Henderson's Hill; camped. Reached Cane River, 28th, at 8.30 P. M. 30—Started to cross Cane River. 31—Rode to Natchitoches, head of column, skirmishing all the way.

April 2 to 6—To Crump's Hill, and Lieut. Lewis to Grand Ecore, with small party. A small fight, some prisoners. Returned to Natchitoches. Went to Grand Ecore with Wells, Bounwell and Young, all newspaper men. Bounwell took a sketch for Leslie—wounded and dead from yesterday's fight over the river. Camped at Crump's Hill, fine weather.

April 7—Started at 6 A. M. Cloudy and rain in the night. Halted at Pleasant Hill. A battle at Wilson's Farm; again a mile further on at Carroll's Mill. We camped in the woods near the battlefield. Reinforcements of infantry and artillery. Newspaper men lodged in my tent.

April 8—Moved on with the reinforcements, and brushed the enemy before them, and finally formed line of battle on the field which was a slope with woods at the back,

parallel with the road. I had been instructed to halt my company two miles or more back, and then, as matters appeared to get quiet, we would move up a bit, and finally were in a low field at the foot of the hill. A little after noon there came a lull, and after a lunch, we mounted, and went past a farmhouse into an open field, where General Banks, and some of his staff were halted. One of his staff suggested General Banks' using my company to form a line. The General consented, and we covered what little we could with the twenty or twenty-five remaining men, the rest being with General Lee as couriers.

General Banks remained some minutes with his staff circling around him, until finally they moved more rapidly, and broke to the rear from the right. As no stragglers appeared, or too far away for us to stop them, I order the men to break to the rear also. We formed on the next bit of wood, just over the fence. I gave half the men to Lieutenant Lewis, and we went each to a side of the road where our two teams were the nearest to the front, and the first to go to the enemy.

The road was filled with wagons and artillery for a long distance, and so we gave up the chance of moving ours, especially as a solid shot was lodged in one of them.

We were moving to rear in single file, when there was a noise behind me,—a bullet crashing through Bugler Hartner's hat. Our next move was into a ploughed field, fenced in rails, jumped by the first horses, and broken, down a rail or two, by the later ones. This sloped down to a dry run, and then up to a farmhouse. The road was filled with teams, and mounted men. Amongst them was John Bates, and another headquarter's clerk, who came under my wing, with a New York Cavalry officer who fell in with us.

Lieutenant Lewis was, with his party, cut off from us

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by the road. At this point was an officer using a pistol on one of his men, some strong language and then a shot! We preferred to go.

We found, on the right side of the road, some men who had gathered about a fire. Then we went on to where they were trying to form the men into regiments — quite like carriage drivers at a station, shouting for customers. We drew out and waited.

We came down on the left of the road, just as the Nineteenth Corps was wheeling into line, and found a gap to pass through. The rest was a march in the darkness: artillery and teams in the road, and trees and stumps on the side, and a hard ride it was. At 3.30 A.M. arrived at Pleasant Hill, and took possession of the piazza of a house, and was getting some sleep. When I waked, Lieutenant Lewis was beside me, the piazza being full of fugitives. Wagons, men, and horses, were everywhere, in confusion.

At 9 A.M., of the 9th, General Smith arrived, and things were cleared for action. The Nineteenth Corps formed a line of battle a mile or so beyond the house we put up at. Left Pleasant Hill at 2 P.M., and halted within fifteen miles of Natchitoches. Battle going on after dark. Fifth Brigade was with us.

April 11—At 11 A.M., move to Grand Ecore, and we settle down in shanty we made of boards for Captain Howell and Lieutenant Lewis, who, with their company of Thirty-First Massachusetts Infantry, Mounted, had the headquarters baggage train to look after, and Lieutenants Pope and Lewis of our Company. We were all comfortably situated, and we rested from our fatigues. Patten and Hartman turned up.

April 12—We were short of commissary supplies and forage. I told the men they must shift for themselves for bread, and explained the situation fully. One day

two men who went down to the river to water their horses, found some boxes of hard tack on the wagons of a pontoon train, camped on the batture. As they came back, each took a box on his horse, and galloped up the bank. This meant two days' supply for the company.

April 13—Were mounted to go the front, but a foraging party was going instead. On the 14th there was news of fighting up the river, and alarm here today. General Lee and staff rode around the works. We went also.

April 17—General Lee and Governor Hall reviewed the Sixth Missouri Cavalry. Was present.

April 18—General Lee ordered to be relieved, and a good-bye party—General Emery, General Franklin, and Colonel Dudley present. The next day General Lee left for New Orleans, and General Richard Arnold took command.

April 22—Started at 2 A.M. Halted till daylight, line of battle about noon, and waited for the wagon train to pass; then marched, and late went into camp. I was with Leslie's artist in a building in the rear. Sergeant Read was located under a little corn-house, and looked very nicely fixed.

April 23—Up early, marched five miles, had an artillery fight; The infantry drove the artillery from the hill, over the river, and part of the army crossed Cane River.

April 25—Went to Alexandria, and camped near Bayou Rapides. On the 28th, quite a scare on our flank between us and the Bayou, and some troops camped there. Finally settled the headquarters camp in town at the Market Yard. There was not a real fight after all, but Major Cowen of the Staff, and his orderly, Guild rode into the Confederate lines, and were captured.

April 30—Moved camp to S. E. corner of the city, mustered company.

May 1—Lieutenant Lewis started for New Orleans. Went North on sixty days' leave. Met the officers of the "St. Clair," who ran the White Hall Saw-mill, when we were there. 2nd—Guild returned, escaped from the enemy

6—Firing below yesterday and today. Transports came back, and some steamers fell into the hands of the enemy; river is blockaded; mounted at 2 o'clock in the morning, went to the Department Headquarters, and to the Fourth Brigade. On the 8th dined with General Nickerson, and his Adjutant-General Metcalf, to whom we reported in St. James.

12—Saw some gunboats come over the dam. Orders to be ready to march at midnight. 13th, Rode up to the dam to report when the last were through, which must have been about 7 o'clock. At 8 a fire broke out, and the best our party could do was to save the house where our General had his headquarters. The poor people who had moved their goods three or more times, lost them after all. Made a camp on the batture, outside the levee, and see and hear the infantry talking it over.

14—Marched about 7 in the morning. We passed where the Rebels blockaded the river. We had skirmishes more or less during the day, and camped on the banks of the Red River about dark.

15—Marched to Marksville; skirmishing in sight in all directions—39 miles from Alexandria.

16—Battle began at 6 A.M. for us. We went to the front, and at 8, General Arnold took command of the rear-guard. The army was a fine display, being all in sight at once; the Prairie was about 8 miles wide, without trees; the flags and bands enlivened the scene. The advance and the main body of the infantry passed; the trains followed in. The plain was almost empty, when a wagon came galloping from the trees about a farmhouse.

The driver was fast reducing the 4 miles to the centre, when a column of horsemen came from the right front toward the farm, but we could not distinguish the guidons. By direction of the General, I sent to advise the right rear guard, skirmishing in front, and later informed them of their identity.

17—Started at daylight, after crossing the bayou; had a running fight till dark. Called to assist on General Arnold's staff. At our last position we were in a bit of dead wood. As the troops were getting into position, I went back under the dead trees, to see if they were passable, and riding to the right, to find the General, there came a scattering fire at the General and his escort, disabling Arnold's horse. A couple of mountain guns quieted matters. General Mower told General Arnold to drop the cavalry through, and he would arrange for the night, and began with two batteries using shells, with terrible effect.

On a rumor of Banks' relief, and of a battle expected, on 18th and 19th, May 20 crossed at 6 in the morning on the bridge of steamboats, and was on duty with my men at the bridge, by orders of General Canby, who succeeded General Banks. Army finished crossing at 4.30 P.M.

21—Rode back to Morganza. Company tranquil.

26—At Bayou Saver; 27, at Baton Rouge; 28, Bayou Plaquemine, 29, at Old Hickory Plantation 30, rode to Donaldsonville; left on "Pole Star" for New Orleans.

31—Arrived at New Orleans.

July 20—Took most of the Company to Algiers, and left them to go on steamer in charge of Lieut. Lewis. I went after detached men.

Aug. 4—Left on "Empire City," with Sergeant Read and five others.

10—Arrived at Fortress Monroe.

IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

Aug. 11—Landed at Washington, D. C., at 11 P. M. Spent the night on the wharf.

12—Marched to camp at Tennally Town, and found some fragments of Third Massachusetts Cavalry, and some we brought, and other Nineteenth Corps men, in camp.

13—Under marching orders.

14—Started at 4 A. M.; crossed Chain Bridge, camped on Difficult Creek at 2 P. M. 15 miles.

15—Camped on Broad Run, 12 miles.

16—Went through Leesburg, and camped just outside.

17—Camped three miles from Snicker's Gap.

[We had, I think, about 3,000 men, fragments of different regiments of the Nineteenth Corps, under command of General Grover, bound for the Shenandoah Valley to join General Sheridan. To this point we had come by easy marches, taken in the early part of the day, and halt being made on a stream each day where an opportunity was given for a refreshing bath. We had done our marching for the day, and had our dinner and bath, when word came that we must march again, going through the Gap to "meet up with" the Valley Army on the other side, and it was suggested the army might pass the Gap on the Valley side, if we did not move with celerity.]

The march through the Gap, and the Shenandoah forded, and five miles beyond, at 12.30 A. M. Tired and wet.

Aug. 18—Marched at 5 A. M., and halted near the regiment about noon.



SERGEANT, C. F. READ.



G. W. BURKE.

21 —Heavy firing, and orders to move at 2 P.M.

22—Arrived at heights near Halltown. Regiment on fatigue duty building earthworks.

26—A shower threatens at night and a battle is imminent.

27—Was detailed as acting Assistant Inspector, on staff of Colonel Edward L. Molineaux, Second Brigade, Second Division, Nineteenth A. C.

Second Lieutenant Samuel W. Lewis takes command. The Company scattered in the Regiment, and took part in the Shenandoah Campaign. The men who were mustered in November 15, 1861, went to Boston with Lieutenant Pope and Lieutenant Lewis, and were mustered out November 26, 1864. The rest of the men of later date were transferred to the Regiment.

REMINISCENCES.

LIEUTENANT DANE

AND THE

SIGNAL CORPS.

IT may not be generally known, even by the members of the Third Cavalry, that the regiment was represented on the SIGNAL SERVICE of the Nineteenth Army Corps. This was a most important branch of the service, and the men selected from the regiment reflected credit upon the organization. Four men were on this mission.

LIEUT. HARRY C. DANE was an officer in the Forty-first Mass. Infantry. Before the war, he developed a taste for study, and, by dint of hard work, obtained a liberal education. He studied in Cambridge, Mass., and in England. He was also fond of travel, and when the Civil War broke out, was journeying up the Rhine and over the Alps. Lieutenant Dane was a most intelligent man, and had made some progress in scientific study.

When he volunteered to aid the government in putting down rebellion, he was about thirty years of age, and lived in Cambridge, Mass. Leaving his books, and abandoning attractive studies, he was eager to enter the army and give himself up to the service of his country.

He was commissioned by Governor Andrew as Lieutenant of Infantry, and assigned to Company F, Forty-first Regiment, commanded by Captain Henfield. He was a good soldier and officer, and while with the Forty-first, won the confidence of officers and men. "Duty" was his watchword; and from it he never shrank.

While the Forty-first Regiment was encamped at the Union Race-course, on Long Island, an order came for a detail of one Lieutenant and three men for special service. The detail was made out, the men left camp, and we saw them in the regimental ranks no more. They were to serve on the Signal Corps in the coming "Expedition."

They proceeded at once to New York, thence to New Orleans, and began to fit themselves for the duties of their important station.

During the occupation of Baton Rouge by Grover, the Signal Corps was very active, communicating with Farragut's fleet and Banks' headquarters. During the siege of Port Hudson, Lieutenant Dane established his station near the lines, and rendered important service to Banks' army in the entire campaign. After the surrender of the Fort, Dane and his men repaired to New Orleans, and prepared to go with the ill-starred expedition, then fitting out for the capture of Sabine Pass. They left New Orleans on the "Sachem," a small gunboat, commanded by Lieutenant Amos Johnson. The expedition started September 4th, and on the 8th, arrived at Sabine Pass.

Banks had a strong desire to plant the Stars and Stripes over the forts at Sabine Pass. He had great hopes in regard to this expedition.

While the Third Cavalry was garrisoning Port Hudson, the news came of Franklin's disaster at Sabine Pass: "The 'Clifton' had been captured!" "The

'Sachem' had been blown up! and Lieutenant Dane had been made a prisoner." Afterward it was learned that two of his three men had been killed, and the other taken.

The men were indignant. This disaster seemed to them a miserable blunder. Franklin had orders to use caution. He was told by Banks to land his troops ten or twelve miles below the forts. In his "American Conflict," Greely says that, "decently managed, this movement could not have miscarried." Franklin, however, seems to have been over sanguine. Instead of surprising the enemy, the enemy surprised him. The Union General gave his enemy ample warning of his coming and intention. Instead of using "caution," he was rash. Instead of landing troops below the forts, he tried to land within a few rods of the fort. Franklin and Crocker, who commanded the fleet, decided to imitate Farragut, and "run" the batteries; a dangerous thing to do, without Farragut's ships and nerve.

The "Clifton" started first, followed by the "Charles Thomas," a transport loaded with troops! Then came three gunboats, the "Arizona," the "Sachem" and the "Granite City." The troops were ordered to land about a thousand yards below the fort!

Hardly had the "Sachem" come within range of the enemy's batteries, when a shot struck her steampipe and disabled her. On board of her were Dane, Borden, Cobb, and Ridley, all belonging to the regiment, detailed at Long Island by Col. Chickering at Banks' request.

Borden came from Company A, Captain Vinal; Ridley from Company B, Captain Noyes; and Cobb from Company C, Captain Swift. They were all good men, and had, by meritorious conduct, commended themselves to their superior officers.

When the "Sachem" was struck by the shot from the

enemy's battery, she hauled down her colors and surrendered. After continuing the fight for about twenty minutes, the "Clifton" followed suit. When the shot struck the "Sachem," Borden and Cobb were killed by the scalding steam.

When the gunboat surrendered, Lieutenant Dane and private Ridley were, of course, made prisoners. Abraham F Borden was a good soldier, and a brave man. His home was in New Bedford. He was married, and left a wife and two children to mourn his sad end. Andrew P Cobb enlisted in Roxbury. His home was on the Cape, in the village of Hyannis. A widowed mother mourned his death for many years. His name is on the soldier's monument in the town of Barnstable.

Writing of this unfortunate affair, Ridley says: "I learned after the "Johnnies" got us into Texas, that Borden and Cobb were taken on shore, and buried on Texas soil. That is all I could ever learn of them."

Concerning his experiences as a prisoner of war, Flagman Ridley writes "At the time I was taken prisoner with Lieutenant Dane, on September 8th, 1863, we were carried up the river to Sabine City. From this we were taken to Beaumont. At Beaumont we were put on board some platform cars, and carried to Houston, Texas. Spent Sunday at latter place (we were captured on Thursday); from Houston we went to the town of Hampstead, and were put into a camp where there were some sheds. Here we were kept awhile, and then "paroled" for the road. An exchange was soon to take place at Shreveport, La.

It was now December, and I was barefooted. The ground was frozen, and we were started out for a trip of more than two hundred miles to Shreveport. We made about 260 miles in about 26 days, marching barefooted over the frozen earth. When we got within ten miles of

Shreveport, we were turned into the woods loose. As we were on our individual parole, it was supposed that no one would try to escape. However they did, all the same, as it was learned that we would probably not be exchanged after all. The enemy had learned that Banks had commenced to come up the Red River.

We were then moved across the road, and a guard was put around us. We were thus kept in this locality a short time, and then marched back again, over the same road, about 140 miles, to "Camp Ford," Tyler, in Texas. Here we stayed until July, when we were once more started for an exchange. About August 1st, at the mouth of the Red River, we were finally exchanged, reaching New Orleans on August 2nd, just as the bells were ringing for church. We were ragged, dirty and covered with vermin. We had been eleven months in



PRIVATE RIDLEY.

the enemy's hands. We had travelled about 650 miles; and when we reached New Orleans, we had on the same shirt and pants we wore when we were captured at Sabine Pass. My living was a quart of corn-meal a day. The meal was coarse, ground cobs and all. Most of the time I slept in holes in the ground, very much like ground hogs."

At this writing, Comrade Ridley is living in Methuen, Mass.; and the sufferings and hardships of his army life are only a memory now. Being a commissioned officer, Lieutenant Dane did not fare quite so hard as Ridley. As his lips are sealed in death, no account comes to us of his experiences while "held by the enemy." Like many more, however, could he speak, he would "a tale unfold" that would be an interesting contribution to the pages of this work. Certain facts, however, have been obtained concerning his eventful career.

After Lieutenant Dane had obtained his liberty, he resigned from the Signal Corps and Army at Vicksburg, and returned to civil life. He now took up the practice of law in New Orleans. Later, he came North, and was united in marriage to Miss Stevens, of Cambridge, in which city he remained a short time. From Cambridge he went to Washington, to become a Claim Agent for his late comrades in arms.

And now a great sorrow came to him in the death of his wife. Leaving Washington, he entered the Lecture field; and, in connection with the Redpath Bureau, became quite famous throughout New England as a platform orator.

Lieutenant Dane was quite an extensive traveller. He visited Europe, and spent forty-two months in Australia, studying the country, and collecting material for his future lectures. While in Australia, he was married the second time.

As a public speaker, he was ready, fluent and impressive. Speaking without notes, and filled with his theme, he carried his audience along with him, and kept their attention to the close. Some of his themes were: "The Iron Horse and its Rider," "Modern Priests and Ancient Parsons;" "The Hard Engagements of the Rebellion," "Rebel Prison Pens;" "Up the Rhine;" "Over the Alps;" "George Peabody," Etc.

On his way home from Australia, Lieutenant Dane (now known as Major Dane) died during the voyage, and was buried at sea. Thus closed the earthly career of one of the most interesting and valuable men in the regiment.

THE
FORLORN HOPE
AND THE
THIRD CAVALRY

DURING the siege of Port Hudson, General Banks made two attempts to carry the enemy's works by storm. The first assault was made on the 27th of May, 1863, when the Nineteenth Corps made a most heroic charge on the Confederate works. In this assault, the Union army lost 1995 men. It was a fearful price to pay for an unsuccessful attempt. The men fought well, as the reports show, but the odds were against them. When the reports came in, it was found that 15 officers had been killed, 90 had been wounded, and two were missing. Of the enlisted men, 278 were killed, 1455 wounded, and 155 were missing. Of the missing, the most of them were dead. It was a dreadful disappointment to the army, making serious work for the surgeons, and weakening the confidence of the army in its Commander. It is a most significant fact that Banks' Assistant Adjutant-General admits that "the confidence that had but a few hours before run so high, was rudely shaken, and it is but the plain truth to say that their reliance on the Department commander never quite returned."

Among the many men killed on that fatal day were Lieut.-Col. W. L. Rodman, of the 38th, and Lieut.-Col. James O'Brien, of the 48th Mass. regiments. Lieut.-Col. O. W. Lull, of the 8th N. H., fell at the head of his regiment. Among the wounded were such names as



MAJOR H. C. DANE.
SIGNAL CORPS. 1863.

Brig.-Gen. T W Sherman; Gen. Neal Dow, of Maine; Col. W F Bartlett, of the 49th Mass., and others.

Nothing daunted, Banks now decided to make a second attempt to storm the citadel of the enemy.

On the 14th of June, at 11.30 P. M., orders were issued from Headquarters for the forward movement of the army. This was the plan. At 2.30 A. M., Auger was to open fire on the enemy's position with all of his artillery. Dwight was to force an entrance on the extreme left, down by the river-bank. The main assault, however, was to be made made by Grover on the right centre of the line. The skirmishers were to begin at 3.30 A. M.

Punctually at the appointed time, the big guns began to roar. Then came the rattle of musketry; then the intrepid charge. It was one of the most fierce contests of the war. The advancing troops of Grover were met with a galling fire from the Confederates, who, protected behind their long line of earthworks, rose up quickly, delivered their fire, and then fell back behind their hiding places. Some of the enemy's missiles were fired at point-blank range. At the head of the storming column was the gallant Paine, who fell at the first volley, pierced by a rifle-ball. Some of the men of the Eighth New Hampshire and Thirty-eighth Massachusetts actually gained the ditch in front of the enemy's position; and it seemed for a moment as if the day had been won! All who charged that far, however, fell into the enemy's hands, as the rest of the division fell back to the cover of the hill. Some ground was gained by Dwight. A rough hill was taken and held; and on its side some guns were mounted, that were a constant terror to the men behind the Confederate works opposite.

Banks had again been baffled! This second attempt was even more humiliating than the first. Some military writers have been pleased to call it a "disaster."

Many of the bravest and best men in the Army were either dead or wounded. It has been said that "no darker day ever came to the Nineteenth Corps." "Darkness never shut in upon a gloomier field." The first assault cost Banks 1,995 men, the second, 1,805.

In May, 15 officers were killed; in June, 21. In May, 90 were wounded, in June, 72. In May, 278 men were killed, in June, 182. In May 1,455 were wounded; in June 1,245.

Under cover of the night the wounded of the Nineteenth Corps crawled back within the Union lines. The dead were left where they fell, well up toward the Confederate earthworks. Many a wounded comrade died from heat and thirst before kind hands brought him aid and comfort.

On the 16th, there was a suspension of hostilities, and the dead were laid in a soldier grave—the trench!

Although Banks had made two attempts to enter Port Hudson, and had failed, he was not deterred from forming a plan for a third assault. On June 15th, he issued his famous order, calling for 1000 volunteers to "storm the enemy's works." In this order, Banks congratulates the army upon its steady advance toward the Confederate position; at the same time expressing great confidence as to the final outcome of the siege. He appealed to the men of his command in the following never-to-be-forgotten words:—

GENERAL ORDERS No. 49.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS,

BEFORE PORT HUDSON, June 15, 1863.

The commanding general congratulates the troops before Port Hudson upon the steady advance made upon the enemy's works, and is confident of an immediate and triumphant issue of the contest. We

are at all points upon the threshold of his fortifications. One more advance, and they are ours.

For the last duty that victory imposes, the commanding general summons the bold men of the Corps to the organization of a storming column of a thousand men, to vindicate the flag of the Union and the memory of its defenders who have fallen. Let them come forward.

Officers who lead the column of victory in this last assault may be assured of the just recognition of their services by promotion, and every officer and soldier who shares its perils and glory shall receive a medal fit to commemorate the first grand success of the campaign of 1863 for the freedom of the Mississippi. His name will be placed in General Orders upon the roll of honor

Division commanders will at once report the names of the officers and men who may volunteer for this service, in order that the organization of the column may be completed without delay.

By command.

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

RICHARD B. IRWIN,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

In the Nineteenth Corps was a brave officer from Connecticut. He had come to the army at the head of the Thirteenth Regiment Connecticut volunteers. At Irish Bend, he had distinguished himself by his gallantry in action. While at Port Hudson, he had been among the bravest of the brave. Colonel Henry W. Birge now came forward, and offered to lead the "Forlorn Hope," as it was called. There were some in the army who looked with disfavor upon this movement; but so great was the respect in which Birge was held that it was not long before a full thousand had volunteered to follow Birge to victory or death.

It is unfortunate that the original roll of this storming party was captured by the Confederates and lost. A second roll turned in by the Assistant Adjutant-General

has never been found among the archives of the War Department.

As nearly as can be reckoned, 1,036 men volunteered to go into this Forlorn Hope. Of these 80 were officers and 956 were enlisted men. Birge's old regiment seemed to have caught the spirit of their colonel, for the Thirteenth Connecticut furnished 243 officers and men for this hazardous undertaking. As soon as Banks' order was made known to the Third Cavalry, 36 officers and enlisted men stepped forward and marched to Birge's camp of the "Stormers."

Here in a secluded spot, on the right of the line, just behind the Naval Battery, these heroes prepared themselves for the desperate work assigned them. It was a serious time. Some made their wills, some confided to comrades some last message to their families and friends. They prepared to die.

For the benefit of all who may chance to read the pages of this book, and in justice to the brave men, who, at that critical time in the nation's history, were willing to lay down their lives, the writer gives the names and rank of those who went thus at duty's call from the Third Massachusetts Cavalry.

OFFICERS: Col. Thomas E. Chickering.

Captains—John L. Swift (C), Francis E. Boyd (H).

Lieutenants William T. Hodges (C); Henry S. Adams (Adjutant); David P. Muzzey (G), Charles W. C. Rhodes (H.)

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS Sergeant-Major William S. Stevens, 1st Sergeant—Nathan G. Smith (C); Horace P. Flint (C).

Corporal —George D. Cox (C).

Sergeants —Jason Smith (G); Patrick S. Curry (G);

William Wildman (H); John Kelly (H); George E. Long (H).

Corporals—William S. Caldwell (H); Randall F. Hunnewell (H); William P. Pethic (H); Charles Miller (H); William R. Davis (H).

PRIVATES: Ferdinand Rolle (A); Joseph Elliott (C); Edward Johnson (C); Simon Daly (G); Peter Donahoe (G); James Gallagher (G); John Granville (G); James McLaughlin (G); Solomon Hall (G); Edward T. Ehrlicher (H); Gros Granadino (H); Eli Hawkins (H); Patrick J. Monks (H); John Veliscross (H); George Wilson (H).

It will be seen from the above list that the regiment furnished 7 officers and 29 enlisted men. Among the officers was the Colonel, Adjutant, 2 Captains, and 4 Lieutenants. Among the enlisted men were 8 Sergeants, 6 Corporals, and 15 Privates. Making a total of 36 volunteers.

It will also be observed that most of the volunteers came from three companies, viz., C, G and H. Company A furnished 1, Company C, 7, including 2 officers; Company G, 10, including 1 officer, while Company H sent 16, including 2 officers. It ought to be said, however, that some of the companies were away on detached service, and so did not have an opportunity to volunteer. "Deeds like these," says General Chamberlain, "can never perish from the earth. They live in memory, and speak to after peoples and after ages—noble monuments of what man will do for man."

The location of the camp was a secret to many; nevertheless frequent visits of officers were made to this retreat of the volunteers. Says one of those who was of the party—

"Generals Banks, Weitzel, Grover, Emory, Auger, staff

officers, colonels, and officers of the several regiments visited the camp of the Forlorn Hope on the 3d of July, and took messages for the dear ones at home, and bade their old comrades a final and sorrowful farewell. For who was there among them who expected to see a member of that little band alive after the assault? The command was drawn up into line and General Banks addressed them, ending with the suggestion that after they were dismissed they should go to their tents and write messages and letters to their loved ones at home.

"This is done and the chaplain takes the mail, and with orders to turn out at the sound of the muffled long roll, the men of the Forlorn Hope go to their tents to try and rest."

It was a solemn hour in those comrades' history. A writer in a soldier's organ says of that impressive scene "The boys bade us good-bye as though they never expected to see us again."

It was the intention to charge the enemy at day-break of the Fourth of July, and to eat breakfast inside the rebel works; so when the long roll sounded at half-past two in the morning, each man with courage undaunted and a look of determination, silently took his place in line. Soon General Banks and staff appear in the front, and the smile upon his face is seen. At that time, sitting soldierly and proud upon his horse, with hat in hand, he rides along the line and back, halts, and salutes the troops. He then reads a dispatch from General Grant stating that Vicksburg was about to surrender, and that he would send him reinforcements.

Consequently the contemplated attack at this time was delayed, and when the rebel General, Gardner, commanding the forces at Port Hudson, heard of the fall of Vicksburg, he, on July 8th, 1863, sent out a flag of truce, and surrendered his entire command to General Banks.

It was fortunate for these heroic men that Vicksburg surrendered when it did. Grant's victory saved many a Northern home from a great sorrow, and many a brave soldier from a dreadful death. The men of the Third Cavalry well remember the night when the notes of a bugle was heard at Plains Store, which was the signal to "Cease Firing." Not long after, there came from within the fort an officer with a lantern and a white handkerchief, which served as a "flag of truce." A dispatch was brought by them to Banks. Gardner was anxious to learn the news: "Had Vicksburg actually surrendered, or was it all a hoax?" Banks sent back to Gardner a copy of Grant's dispatch, which opened up the way for Gardner to surrender. Gardner now sent the following letter to Banks

"Having defended this position as long as I deem my duty requires, I am willing to surrender to you, and will appoint a commission of three officers to meet a similar commission appointed by yourself, at 9 o'clock this morning, for the purpose of agreeing upon and drawing up the terms of surrender, and for that purpose I ask for a cessation of hostilities. Will you please designate a point, outside of my breastworks, where a meeting shall be held for this purpose?"

To this Banks replied "I have designated Brigadier-General Charles T. Stone, Colonel Henry W. Birge, and Lieutenant-Colonel Richard B. Irwin, as the officers to meet the commission appointed by you. They will meet your officers at the hour designated, at a point near where the flag of truce was received this morning. I will direct that all active hostilities shall cease, on my part, until further notice, for the purpose stated." Meanwhile every gun was silent, and every soldier rested. It was a great day!

General Dwight was afterwards substituted for Colonel

Irwin, and at nine o'clock, July 8, 1863, they proceeded to attend to their duties. They were soon met by Colonel Miles, Colonel Steadman and Lieut.-Colonel Smith, of the Confederate army. They were to surrender "unconditionally." Gardner approved the terms; and at 2.30 P. M. General Banks put his signature to the important document. At Plains Store, a wagon train of "rations" for the hungry garrison had been waiting, and now rolled along and into the fort. This timely succor was received with hearty cheers by the Confederates, as the wagons passed along unmolested. The wagons went through the sally-port on their errand of mercy to the half-starved garrison within.

General Andrews, of Banks' staff, was master of ceremonies on the day of occupation, July 9. At seven o'clock in the morning, the column began to move. At its head was Andrews and staff. Next came the men of the Forlorn Hope. To Birge and his bold volunteers was given this post of honor. Who shall say they had not earned it?

The ceremonies of capitulation were exceedingly simple and short. Gardner and his officers were in place. Every able-bodied man was in line. 6,340 men were prisoners of war. Of these, 405 were officers, and 5,935 enlisted men. At the command "Ground arms!" from Gardner, every musket went down upon the ground while every soldier bowed his head in token of submission to the military authority of the United States. The "Stars and bars" came down from the flag-staff, and the stars and stripes went up, and took their place.

The Confederates had made a most heroic defence. They had fought like brave men, long and well. Now the end of the struggle had come; they filed off as prisoners of war, to be paroled, and the formal ceremonies were ended.



FRANCIS T. HOLDER.

LIEUTENANT MUZZEY

AND THE

FEMALE SPY

IN his interesting and truthful work entitled, "The Cavalier," George W. Cable tells of the operations of female spies during the war, in the vicinity of Baton Rouge. Cable was sometimes located at Hazellhurst and Jackson and Clinton; and as he served in the Confederate Cavalry must sometimes have smelt powder from the carbines of Grierson's men, and perhaps of the Third Cavalry, too.

During the stay of the regiment at Baton Rouge, some of its officers performed important service under orders from the Provost Marshal. Captain Seamans and Lieutenant Muzzey experienced many things of interest in this particular line of duty.

Among other things, it was their duty to inspect all passes, and men and women who came with them from New Orleans. It had been rumored that spies were coming from New Orleans, and were passing through our lines to the enemy. Cotton speculators, also, were on hand, to make money as opportunity offered, but, contrary to martial law.

On one occasion, a well-dressed individual arrived, with a pass from General Banks, to go through the Union lines, into the regions beyond. Muzzey thought he looked suspicious, so he was "inspected." On thorough examination, \$500 were found in his boots. He

had come up the river to buy cotton secretly, and had hidden his money in his boots. He was prevented from carrying out his original intention, and was sent back to New Orleans, minus his \$500, but with a good opinion of the vigilance of Muzzey and his men.

On another occasion, a well-dressed lady arrived on the river-boat from below. She, too, bore a pass from Banks, and she, too, looked suspicious. She proudly and defiantly resented any expressions of suspicion on the part of the Union officers, but the more she resented, the stronger their suspicions became. She was finally turned over to the old negro woman who was accustomed to assist the officers in their inspection of female arrivals. On examination of the Southern lady's clothing, important letters and dispatches were found, cunningly concealed beneath her inner garments. She was a spy, without doubt, and was endeavoring to get through the lines at Baton Rouge to the camp of the Confederates. Much business of this kind was done during the war. Female spies were numerous. They were often aided in their efforts by men high in official positions, who, either through ignorance or from other motives, secured them passes from Union generals to go through our lines.

Sometimes the officers of the Third Cavalry were so faithful in the discharge of their duties, that they found themselves in trouble. The speculators and spies went back to New Orleans, and reported all sorts of stories to the commanding generals, and the young and zealous officers of the Provost Guard were summoned to account for their conduct.

On one occasion a lieutenant of the regiment went down to New Orleans, to report to General Banks, concerning some alleged misconduct reported by someone who had been examined and sent back. The first to greet him was General Dwight.

"Young man," said Dwight, "Do you know that you came near losing your commission?"

"I did not, sir," said the young officer.

"Do you remember that lady you sent back, who had a pass from Headquarters?"

"I do."

"Why did you send her back?"

"I simply did my duty, General, as I understood it. I should do the same thing again, under the same circumstances."

"We will go in and see General Banks about this matter," said Dwight.

Now, Banks was a friend of the Lieutenant's family, and of the Lieutenant, himself. An interview with Banks was most desirable.

The Commander of the Nineteenth Corps greeted him cordially, shook him by the hand, spoke kindly to him, and in short time the incident was closed. The young Lieutenant went back to his post of duty with the consciousness of having done his duty without incurring the displeasure of the commanding General.

DEATH
OF
CAPTAIN SOLON A. PERKINS.

AMONG the gallant soldiers who gave their lives for their country during the siege of Port Hudson, Captain Solon A. Perkins deserves more than a passing notice. Early in the war, Perkins volunteered his services, and went out to New Orleans with Butler, as a Lieutenant in one of the unattached companies of cavalry. He made a good record before the company became identified with the regiment, serving with distinction in many of the minor engagements in Louisiana. During the siege of Port Hudson, the cavalry was placed under the command of Grierson, and to them was given the duty of guarding the roads, scouting through the enemy's country around Port Hudson, and protecting the Union lines from incursions of the enemy.

It had been learned that 1,500 cavalymen, under the Confederate leader, Logan, were hovering between our lines and Clinton. Sometimes they annoyed Banks by dashing into our picket line, and capturing whatever they could lay their hands upon. Banks, wishing to find out how many men Logan actually had, sent Grierson to ascertain.

On the morning of the 3d of June, 1863, Grierson moved toward Clinton. He took with him the Sixth and Seventh Illinois Cavalry, one squadron of the First Louisiana Cavalry, two companies of the Fourth Wiscon-

sin (mounted), and one section of Nim's Battery. Perkins accompanied Grierson to Clinton in command of one company of the Third Cavalry. When within three miles of Jackson, Grierson ordered Godfrey to take 200 men and ride through the town, while Grierson was to move toward Clinton. Godfrey obeyed orders. Dashing through Jackson, capturing and paroling quite a number of Confederates, later he rejoined Grierson.

When near Clinton, Grierson heard that Logan had gone toward Port Hudson. Soon, however, he encountered the enemy near the Amite River. A brisk fight ensued, in which Logan's advance was driven back on the main body, which was strongly posted near Pretty Creek. The battle raged three hours, when Grierson, having learned something of the strength of the enemy, retired toward Port Hudson.

During the fight, Grierson lost eight men killed, 28 wounded, and 15 missing. In the midst of the battle, a bullet struck Perkins, and he fell, to rise no more.

Colonel Richard B. Irwin, referring to this sad affair, says: "Among the killed, unfortunately, was the young cavalry officer, Lieutenant Solon A. Perkins, of the Third Massachusetts, whose skill and daring had commended itself to the notice of Weitzel during the early operations in La Fourche, and whose long service without proper rank had drawn out the remark 'This Perkins is a splendid officer, and he deserves promotion as much as any officer I ever saw.'" Indeed, although ranking only as Lieutenant, he was Acting Captain, and he was generally accorded that title by the men.

THE WOUNDING
OF
LIEUT. BRADLEY DEAN.

WHILE the regiment was for the most part at Port Hudson, a battalion was sent to Baton Rouge, under the command of Major, then Captain Bunker. Here they remained until Port Hudson surrendered. In this detachment were Companies F, I, and K. A regiment of negro troops did garrison duty in the city. Millions worth of property were guarded by Bunker and his men, who were reinforced by two companies of the First Louisiana Cavalry. Major Bunker refers thus to some of the exciting scenes in connection with this service at Baton Rouge: "As senior Captain, I assumed command of all the cavalry, and ordered the Louisiana Company on picket duty exclusively. My own battalion, by special orders from General Banks, was kept scouting every day in all directions.

"We made very desperate forays into the enemy's country, and several times narrowly escaped capture. At times we were foolhardy, but our excuse was that it was necessary to keep up a show of force in the city.

"A noteworthy incident occurred while here. Lieutenant Dean with five men were out for forage on the Amite Road some six miles. Sergt. John S. Ayers, in advance, ran into a rebel ambushade, and was captured.

Dean came along next, when they ordered him to "Dis-mount, and come in." He pulled out his revolver, half turned in his saddle as if to fire, and said to his men, "Come on, boys!" Just then the rebels fired, and Dean was shot with a ball through the upper part of his right arm. His horse received 14 buckshot in his neck, and fell dead. In falling, Dean's head struck the ground, and he was stunned. He laid so still that his men supposed him dead, and they all left uncere-moniously, and in great haste for camp, where they all arrived in good time, with one exception. Private L. D. Bates, who enlisted from Braintree, ran with the rest about a half-mile, when, as he expressed it, he "thought himself a fool!" and, reining in his horse, went back until he met Dean on his way in, having recovered from his shock. Bates gave him his horse, and together they returned safely to the camp, from whence Dean went to the hospital. For this signal act of courage, Bates was immediately made a Sergeant in his company.

CAPTURE
OF
MAJOR COWEN
AND HIS ORDERLY,
GUILD.

AND ESCAPE OF THE LATTER, AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

Near Alexandria, La., April, 1864.

THE Headquarters of the Chief of Cavalry, to which our company was attached as escort, was located some two miles to the north of the town of Alexandria, La.

On the morning of **the** day on which we were captured, Major Cowen, Inspector-General of Cavalry, with myself as mounted orderly, rode from headquarters into town. After some five or six hours' stay, we started to return to camp.

As we approached the North side, we were met by crowds pouring into town, and, in the direction of camp we could see clouds of smoke rolling up, as of buildings on fire. Upon inquiry, the Major was informed that the enemy was advancing in force. Hearing that, we pushed on at a gallop by the buildings, now in flames, where our camp had been.

A short distance beyond, we came to our outer skirmish line, where a vidette told the Major that if he went much further, he would run into the Rebs; but he was not satisfied that the rebels were really advancing, so we

loped along the road between thick hedges of osage orange, and Cherokee rose, ten or twelve feet high, preventing a glimpse of anything on either side beyond the line of hedge. As we rode down that verdant lane of roses, I confess I did not appreciate it as I might have done under other circumstances, for I expected any minute that we would receive a volley through the hedge that would tumble us off our horses, but as long as the Major didn't mind, it was none of my business to fret.

After riding half a mile or so, we came to where the road turned sharply to the left. As we rounded the bend at a lope, we were confronted by a great cloud of dust, through which we could dimly see the figures of horsemen in columns of fours.

"Rebels!" I called to the Major, partly turning my horse."

"No," he responded, "they are our men." and, riding on, in another minute, we were the prisoners of McNeilly's Scouts. They took possession of our arms, and started us to the rear on our horses, under guard of four or five scouts.

As we passed along, the rebel infantry was marching past like a mob, without order or formation. One "reb" with long red hair, and shaggy red beard, yelled out as we went by "Hi!" you D—d barn-burners, we'll string you up." Thoughtless of my position, I sung out "Dry up, you red-headed Mick! we are no barn-burners." He brought up his gun to shoot, but the scouts levelled their revolvers at him, shouting, "Drop that! He's our prisoner." So Red-head concluded to go on.

We brought up at General Major's quarters where the Scouts delivered us over, and, taking our horses, departed. The Major was conducted into the rebel General's tent and questioned about our forces. When he

came out, he cautioned me in a low voice to refuse to give information, if questioned.

I was then led in, and questioned by an officer whom, I suppose, was General Major, about our army at Alexandria. I declined to answer questions of that nature.

He took my answer quite pleasantly, and I was then conducted outside, and presently we were driven in an ambulance to McNutt's Hill, seven miles away, where we were turned over to the charge of the Lieutenant of the Provost Guard.

We took supper and breakfast with the Lieutenant, and were then placed in a log-house, apparently in the centre of the camp, where were twenty-two other prisoners. They were a motley crowd, most of them prisoners by choice, as several of them said "Better be prisoners than stopping bullets at the front!" Possibly their minds were changed ere they again reached the Union lines.

Rations were issued to us raw; but we were permitted to go out under guard, and borrow kettles, pans, etc., from the rebel soldiers, who lent readily.

I was much impressed with the quiet of the camp, the absence of loud talk and profanity. Indeed, during the time I was captive, I heard not one profane or indecent word, and was always treated courteously, with the one exception -- of the red-head, afore mentioned.

They would gather in front of the door, and discuss matters relating to the war, in a good-humored way, till the authorities issued an order, forbidding anyone to come within twenty feet of the door. Then they would go round to the back side of the house, and we would argue through the window. The Major told me, I would get my head blown off, if I talked as I did to them; but I believe they treated me all the better.

In the forenoon of the second day, I went out with a guard for a bucket of water from a spring, about half a mile away. On the way, I learned that he was an Illinois man, who had been conscripted into the Rebel service, and would be glad to be out of it, but was afraid, if he deserted, that he would be conscripted on the Union side.

I thought that, perhaps, with his aid, the Major and I might escape, so I told him that if we could get away together over the Union lines, the Major would see to it that he would be allowed to go to his home, and remain unmolested. He agreed to unfasten the rear shutter that night, and we three were to make our way to the river.

The Major and I lay right in front of the window, and I kept awake nearly all night; but he did not come. Either he lacked courage or opportunity, as his command marched away during the night; for that plan slumped, and I saw no more of him until after I ceased to be a prisoner.

On the morning of the fourth day, we were notified to be ready to march by noon, and, accordingly, we started for Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, under guard of eight cavalrymen, in charge of a sergeant.

We passed down a woods road from the hill, and soon struck the highway, along which we moved like a drove of cattle, with two guards in front, and the rest in the rear. They did not seem disposed to hurry us, but let us march at our own pace, stopping occasionally for us to rest, and get water to drink.

At one place where we stopped, an old gentleman came down from the house, and stood leaning over the fence, while one of his darkeys brought us water. I was talking with him, and happened to speak of our men as "Yanks."

"Why do you call yourselves Yanks?" he asked. "We consider it a term of derision."

"Well," said I, "we don't, we rather like it, and have adopted it, as our New England forefathers did the name of "Yankee," when it was applied to them in derision by the British. The British got over that feeling of derision at the name of Yankee before they got through with them, and it will be the same with your people, in regard to the name of Yank, before we get through with you."

The old gentleman laughed. "Well," said he, "I don't know but we will, but we ain't feeling very much that way yet. However, it's better to be chipper than glum, and I hope you will come out all right. That is," he added, "you, individually, I mean."

As we moved along, I kept hoping for a chance to slip into the woods, bordering the road, but no chance offered, without the almost certainty of being plugged; for the guards were vigilant, and kept us well together. I determined to get away that night, if possible; for every mile we advanced made escape more difficult. I picked out seven men among the prisoners, whom I thought most dependable, and discussed a plan for overcoming the guards, that night, by a sudden rush, if the situation favored, and, after binding and gagging them, making for the river, and across the swamps. All agreed to make the attempt, if there seemed any chance of success, when we camped for the night.

We arrived at Cotile Landing, thirty miles above Alexandria, soon after sunset, and were assigned a corn barn for the night. It was about 20 x 30, and was placed on posts, so that the floor was about three feet from the ground. The sides were boarded with four-inch scantling with inch spaces between each piece.

The floor was covered with husks and cobs. The eight of us who had planned to escape, selected our sleeping places together at the rear, and discussed the situation while waiting for some cakes, which the Ser-

geant said he was having baked for us on a boat in the river. The guards were placed, one on each side of the barn, one in the rear, and one by the fire, which was built about fifteen feet in front of the barn door. We saw at once that there was not a ghost of a chance to put our plan into execution.

Among the eight was a lieutenant of the First Maryland Cavalry, and a Sergeant of the Fourteenth New York Infantry. These two had their sleeping-places next to the Major on his left, and I next on his right.

After eating supper, which consisted of a wheat-flour cake about the size of a small breakfast plate, and an inch thick, most of the boys went to sleep, and soon nothing but snores in the barn, and the footfall of the guard outside, as they marched back and forth, broke the stillness of the night.

But our four kept awake, and with their heads together, discussed in whispers, our chances of escape. We concluded that the rear guard would be taken off at midnight, or soon after, as they had but three men to relieve the four now on guard. In that case, if we could get through the floor, we would stand a good chance of getting away to the rear. So we began searching under the husks for a loose board that could be pulled up. In a few minutes we found a short one loose at one end, but a loud creak warned us of the danger of attracting the attention of the guard. So, telling the boys to wait a minute, I grabbed up a lot of cobs, and let them drive in all directions at the sleepers. Instantly there was a hubbub of cursing and scrambling, as the cobs lit and roused up the sleepers; in the noise that ensued, the board came up, and none but us the wiser.

Then all we had to do was to wait until the guard was taken off. I lay beside the Major waiting and watching, and soon fell asleep. When I awoke, light was reddening

the east. The narrow crescent of the old moon gave a little light, and I could see that there was no guard in the rear. Laying my hand on the Major, I found that he was awake.

"Where are the rest?" I asked, in a whisper.

"They got out an hour or two after midnight, after the guard was taken off."

"Why didn't you wake me up?"

"Well," said the Major, "I thought we would stand a better chance to wait for an exchange. They will be caught, and so will you if you try it."

"Well, I am going to try it anyway!" saying which I prepared to get through the hole.

The guard in front was sitting on the other side of the fire, smoking, and gazing dreamily at the open door of the barn. As I glanced at him, it occurred to me that perhaps he would see my legs when I put them through the floor, so it seemed best to reconnoitre first, and, picking my way among the sleepers, I stepped out to the fire, and lighting my pipe with a coal, satisfied myself by a glance under the barn that nothing could be seen when I got through.

After talking a few minutes, I remarked that it was so near morning that it hardly seemed worth while to go to sleep again. "Better get all the sleep you can, for we have got to make Natchitoches today, and that is forty miles."

"All right!" said I, and, entering the barn, after a few words with the Major, I stepped down through the hole, and crawling to the edge of the barn, looked out.

At the rear, some fifteen feet from, and parallel to the barn, was a board fence five feet high, extending from an old barn, some twenty feet to the right of the corn barn, off to the left as far as I could see. It was evident that I could not get over the fence there without rousing the

guard, but by following it along, I might come to a break. So, waiting till the guard on the left had turned to the front, I slipped out to the fence, and feeling my way along it some thirty or forty rods, I found a low place, and over it, went. Striking off at right angles to the fence, and gradually bearing to the left, I soon found myself on the brink of the Red River. It was eight to ten feet from the top of the bank down to the water, which was covered by a thick fog.

I located the water by feeling with my hands, and, doffing my duds, made them into a bundle, and prepared to strike out from shore. Just then, I heard a man come down the bank, a few rods below, and dip up a pail of water (judging by the sound — it was too dark to see). After waiting a minute or two, I struck out, paddling with one hand, and holding my bundle out of the water with the other.

I had swam what seemed a half-a-mile, when I struck shore, and, scrambling up the bank, I found myself on the edge of a flat, barren-looking plain, which extended to the eastward about a mile, to the woods. Not a house or building of any sort was in sight, and, although it was now quite light, I could not see the opposite bank of the river, on account of the heavy fog, which arose from above its banks.

My clothes, which I had been compelled to let float during the last part of my swim, were saturated. Squeezing out the bulk of the water, I scooted across that plain in the costume of Adam, and never let up till the shelter of the woods was gained. Then, wringing out the water from my clothes, I put them on, and kept on till I had put some two or three miles between me and the river. Then I took a rest, and considered the course I must take.

I knew by the map that the course of the river from

Cotile, down, was south-east, so that, by going in that direction, I would keep a parallel course to the river, and could intersect it, when I chose, by bearing to the right. What worried me somewhat was the fear that the army might have resumed its march, so that, when I got to Alexandria, I might find it in possession of the Rebs, but I thought, if I found by observation, when I arrived opposite the town, that our army had left, I would strike out due east for the Mississippi.

But what was that sound? I listened. Far back in the direction from which I had come, I heard the cry of hounds on the trail. I jumped up, and plunged on through the brush in a desperate endeavor to put all possible distance between me and that sound. Of course, I did not know that the hounds were on my trail, but, fearing that it might be so, I plunged on through the thicket of brush and brambles, over fallen trees, and stumps for nearly an hour till I brought up on the edge of a bayou.

Stripping again, I entered the water, and wading and swimming, made my way along for nearly a mile, in an easterly direction.

I had ceased to hear the hounds; but if they were really on my track, when they came to where I had entered the bayou, they would course along the bank to pick up the trail again. Determined to make their work as hard as possible, I climbed up a large tree which grew on the brink, and crawling out on a long branch, dropped to the ground.

On I went for some distance, till, finding progress through bushes and briars too uncomfortable without clothes, I stopped and put them on. Being now, as I estimated, some six or eight miles east of the river, I continued in a southerly direction, calculating that it would bring me to the river, a little above Alexandria.



SERGEANT RALPH F. WATTS,
Co. L.



SERGEANT WM. E. PECK, Co. F.



ALBERT S. NASOS, Co. K.



CORP. WM. GALLAGHER.

Till Mid-day I kept on through the woods, depending almost entirely on my senses for direction. Finally I struck a path which led me to the edge of an open field, where I saw almost directly in front of me, a horseman, clothed in the Rebel uniform, a gun slung to his saddle, and a revolver to his belt. I was in plain view if he had only turned his head, but I preferred not to wait, and dropped back into the bushes, without disturbing him, and made off in the direction that would put the most distance between him and me in the shortest time.

I distrusted paths now, and, forcing my way through underbrush, I made the best time I could, till about two o'clock, when I brought up on the edge of another plantation. In the distance I could see negro cabins, and, farther on, a mansion-house, but no uniforms of any kind; so I decided to wait there till night, and then make my way through to the river-road, which I felt sure passed along the front.

Beside, I had gone about as far as one wheat-flour flap-jack would carry me, and I hoped that luck or a darky might bring something my way. So, finding a good covert of bushes, I settled down to wait for night.

About four o'clock, a company of cavalry came out of the woods, not far from where I was, and rode down to the house. After a short stop, they passed down, out of sight, in a cloud of dust.

Not till after sunset did the longed-for darky appear. As he passed my hiding-place, I slipped up behind, and laid my hand on his shoulder. Lightning could not have been more effective. He dropped in a heap, and, rolling up his eyes, gasped out, "Golly, mar's; how you scart me! S'pect 'twas the debbil, shuah."

"O get up," said I, "its grub I want, and quick, too. I'm a Yankee soldier, escaped from the Rebs, and I want to get to Alexandria as soon as I can,"

"Yes, mar's; but I'se got to drike in de cattle fust, den I'll get somethin' to eat, and bring it out yhere."

I told him to bring it to a tree that stood some distance from the woods. While he drove in the oxen, I edged along through the bushes, away from my hiding-place, but nearer the quarters. After half an hour's waiting, I saw the old man quite alone, approaching the tree. I joined him in a hurry, and found he had brought a two-quart pail full of boiled cabbage, bacon and corn-dodger.

While I was eating he told me that I was fifteen miles from Alexandria, and that there was a big lot of rebs encamped in the woods, between, but how far down he did not know, and there had been a fight two days before.

After I had surrounded the provender, he led me out past the quarters, nearly to the road. Shaking hands, in another minute I was in the highway for Alexandria.

It was quite dark, but I could find my way easily, and jogged along quite comfortably for an hour or more, when I saw the gleam of a fire away ahead. Judging that it was the camp-fire of a rebel picketing the road, I turned into the woods. The camp probably extended to the river on the right, and would be difficult to pass; so I turned to the left, thinking, if I went far enough, I could get around it.

Groping my way through the bushes, by the sense of feeling (it was too dark to see), I forced my way along till I dropped down exhausted, and, leaning my back against a tree, I fell asleep—for how long I do not know, but I awoke with a distinct impression that if I did not get through this night, I never would. So I jumped up, and, thinking I had gone in from the road far enough to get around the rebel camp, I turned to the right and pushed on.

It was very dark, and I could hardly make my way

through the thicket of vines, bushes and trees. Overhead, the sky was without a cloud, and where the trees were less dense, the light of the stars filtered through, enabling me to get some idea in moving, but none as to direction.

Depending on a general idea of the river, I determined to keep parallel with it till I struck the river-road again. I soon found a woods road, and was just congratulating myself on my luck, when I suddenly found myself on the edge of a partial clearing, where the bushes and most of the small trees had been removed.

Directly ahead, only a few rods away, I saw a smouldering camp-fire. Two or three men were standing around it, and others were lying near, apparently sleeping; and, on either side, stretching away through the dim woods as far as the eye could reach, were similar fires. I dropped down to crawl away, when a small dog, that had been lying by the fire, started up, and trotted out directly toward me. In a moment, to my intense relief, he turned off at a tangent. I determined, if he should come my way, to lie perfectly still trusting to luck to look and smell like his own men. But soon he came back, and laid down.

As soon as I dared, I crept silently back, keeping one eye peeled on that dog, meantime. When I got back a quarter of a mile or so, I turned again to the left, away from the river, and for an hour or more struggled on through bushes and brambles, till, feeling sure I was well beyond the camp, I turned again to the right, and cautiously made my way—eyes and ears alert, to avoid the danger I had so recently escaped. Although I saw the gleam of a fire off to the right, at one time, in front all was clear, and soon I was in open ground.

To the left, I could see in the distance a fire far in advance of the woods I had just left; but I decided to keep

straight on, keeping a sharp look out for rebel pickets—feeling sure they would be posted on this side of the camp, as any attack from our men would be made here. Keeping as close to the ground as I could, and still make progress, I crept along perhaps a quarter of a mile, when in the gloom ahead I made out the form of a man.

I stopped, and looked back to the woods I had just left, but could not make out which way they lay, even if the pickets were posted parallel to the edge of the woods.

Down on my hands and knees, I crawled diagonally away to the right; but, turning more and more to the left, I was just ready to rise to my feet, when I dimly discerned another dark form, standing by a dark mass, like a horse. I dropped flat, and crawled on my hands and knees to the left, till I lost sight of the picket.

I felt quite chipper now, for I was sure I had passed the pickets at last. Jumping up, I put spurs to shank's mare, and scooted over the ground at a rapid rate. I must have gone over a mile, at a run, when I brought up suddenly against some rails, piled up by a fence.

Down I went, all exhausted; down went the rails, and out went an old hog with a "whoosh!" that so startled me that I shot into the air about fifteen feet. When I lit, I was as fresh as a daisy—the scare had actually rested me!

I followed the fence till I met another, at right angles to it. Over I went, and found myself in the highway again. I trudged along, quite happy, for a mile or more, when I came to a fork in the road, choosing the right hand one to keep as near as possible to the river. I had gone but a little way when I came to three houses. As I passed, a big dog rushed out, barking furiously.

By that time I had come to a fence which seemed to terminate the road. Thinking the other side of the fence

the safest, over I went, across a cow-yard, then over another fence, and found myself in thick woods again. I floundered through them for two hours or more, with no idea of direction, and just before sunrise, I came to the river at last.

Clambering down to the little beach, I could see, through the fog, a Union gunboat lying at anchor, and nearer a small boat with an officer and sailor in it. Hailing the boat, I asked where I was. The officer answered "About a mile above Alexandria," and then asked me who I was, and what I was doing there. I told him, and he then informed me that I could get across the river by a pontoon bridge a mile further down. I pegged along, but soon was brought up by a bayou some two or three rods wide.

Doffing what was left of my clothes, I prepared to swim across, and, thinking to save carrying my boots, threw them over. One did not arrive, but sank in the water. Swimming across, I deposited my bundle, and started back for the boot. Reaching down my foot to sound for it, I struck a rough, rounded surface so uncomfortably like an alligator that I decided to leave the boot. I did not stop to find out whether he was simply torpid or asleep. Either way, I was delicate about disturbing his meditations. Throwing the spare boot after the other, I started off, and, in a few minutes, was in sight of Alexandria, and the work of damming the river, which was just beginning for the day.

Passing down, I crossed the pontoon bridge, and inquired for the camp of my company. In a short time I entered, just as the boys were getting their grub from the cook-tent. As grub had considerable attraction for me at that time, I made for it, and getting a tin plate full of beans, retired to one side, and began to shovel them in.

I must have been a sweet-looking specimen — barefooted, my clothing in tatters, my face and hands scratched and scarred by my passage through the briars! The boys did not know me for minute or two, but when they saw who I was, they crowded round, asking questions — but beans was my theme. Before I had finished them, orders came for me to go to General Banks' headquarters, where I was questioned. Later, I was called to General Arnold's quarters, and put through another series of questions.

About noon, the Sergeant of the Fourteenth New York, who preceded me in getting out of the corn barn, came into camp.

He and the Lieutenant, after getting out, made for the river, crawled in under the bank, and lay hid all day. During the night a negro happened along in a boat, and they induced him to carry them down the river. They reached the gunboat just before I reached the river-bank. In all probability, if I had not escaped, they would have been trailed to their hiding-place by the dogs; but they followed my trail which was fresher by several hours.

When the Army reached Morganza Bend, on the downward march, as I was passing a lot of Rebel prisoners, one of them called out to me, "Hullo! How did you get away?" It was the Illinois man, who was my guard at McNutt's Hill.

Carrying Dispatches

FOR

BANKS

AT

ALEXANDRIA.

IMPORTANT service was rendered by officers and men of the Regiment, during the Red River Campaign, in scouting for the Army, and in carrying dispatches for the commanding General. Sometimes these scouting parties experienced rather exciting times. Frequently couriers were sent through the enemy's country on important errands, affecting the welfare of the Army. The following, from the pen of Major David T Bunker, illustrates the character of the service rendered by the Regiment on such occasions. He says:

On the 9th of May, 1864, I was sent for, to report in person forthwith to General Banks, at Headquarters. On my arrival, I reported to General Dwight, Chief of Staff, who took me to Bank's tent. The General greeted me cordially, and stated, in confidence, that in attempting to get dispatches to Washington, Porter had lost two gunboats, and he desired me to attempt to get to Fort de Russy, a distance of fifty miles, by land, where our troops and fleet were.

He had ordered a detail of four hundred men, to go with me, and asked if I thought those were enough. I replied to his question by asking if he wanted my opinion. He said: "Most certainly." "Then," said I,

"General, give me a dozen men and their horses, to be selected from my regiment, and I will guarantee that the dispatches go through. If I take four hundred men I will have to fight there, but when I carry dispatches, I go to run, and not to fight." He laughed heartily, and said, "I think you will succeed; but you had better take twenty men and four scouts."

The General wrote an order for the men from our regiment, and I returned with it to our camp. The Adjutant caused the regiment to fall in, and I made a short speech but did not reveal my destination, and called for volunteers. All but three men in that splendid regiment stepped to the front at the request, but I could not take them all; so I went down the line, and took a non-commissioned officer from each company, and the balance were selected mostly from the Braintree company.

We took three days' rations in haversacks, and, mounted on horses which each man had been allowed to select, we marched to Banks' headquarters, and reported, "Ready." The dispatches were placed in the collar of my coat, under the lining.

A three o'clock we crossed the pontoon, and took our way silently, into the "Piney Woods." At eight o'clock that night, we were halted by the rebel picket. "Joe," the chief guide, and myself, led the scout. My answer to their hail was that we were some of Colonel Harrison's men (rebels). The vidette ordered, "Dismount; one advance, and be recognized."

I said, "Joe take the one on the left, and I will take the one on the right," and ordered "Fire!" Both of them fell from their saddles, and, at the command "Gallop," we put spurs to our horses, and rode over them and through the reserve, who were snugly stowed away in a house on the roadside on our right. As soon as we fired they began pouring out of the door. I fired four



WILLIAM E. CORTHELL.



SERGT. GEO. W. STACY, Co. F.

shots at it as we galloped past, and they slammed that door to as quick as one can think, and we saw no more of them.

At eleven o'clock, P.M. we were halted again. I was quite drowsy, and one of the men struck me a heavy blow in the stomach as an alarm. I awoke in a hurry, and saw a man, sheltered partly behind a tree in the road. I raised my revolver and fired, as did others of the men. The next day a dead man was found in that place. His comrades rapidly retreated, and took shelter in the neighboring woods. We put after them, yelling like mad, calling them Yankee epithets, to induce them to think we were friends, but they evidently did not care to see more of us.

Just before twelve that night, we reached Fort de Russy without our guide, Joe. The night was pitchy dark; we ran into a force on the road, and were halted. To them we made answer, as before, that we were Colonel Harrison's men. Their outpost fired at us without damage, and we could plainly hear the officers rallying their men.

There seemed to be quite a force (fifty men, I learned afterward). We commenced firing, when the officers told them to lie down. This I was glad of, for our safety depended on the enemy keeping close. We fired rapidly, and pushed on through the felled trees in the road, guided by the instinct of our good horses, entirely past the post. When, suddenly, the heavens were illuminated. A gunboat in the river opened fire on us, and threw a shell over our heads which fell into the Red River. This boat was the "Choctaw," Commander Ramsey. Then I knew the picket we had just passed was United States troops, and, turning in the saddle, I shouted, "In God's name, who are you?" And back came the welcome response, "We are the Twenty-second

Iowa. Said I, "We are the Third Massachusetts Cavalry -Go and stop that gunboat!"

The Iowa boys cheered us heartily, and stopped the gunboat just as the gunner had stepped aside to discharge a broadside of grape and canister at us. Captain Ramsay was so affected at our danger that he nearly fainted. He said to me, the next morning, that his broadside would have killed every man of us. Said I, "Saving your presence, Captain, you would have done no such thing." He asked me what I meant. His guns were sighted before sunset to rake that point, because a "reliable citizen" had been in, and reported that they were to be attacked by 1,500 cavalry that night. "Well," said I, "Captain, when you fired the first shot. I dismounted the men, and we all laid on our backs, holding the bridle, and you might have fired away all night, and not hit a man of us."

When I reported to FitzHenry Warren, who was in command, he looked me all over, after I had handed him the dispatches, and said: "Are you the little devil who has been firing at my men?" Said I, "General, I am that devil, sure!" He put his arms about my neck, and hugged me like a child, and said, "You are the first cavalryman I ever saw, that would fight."

The General ordered a supper for my men in the cabin, and ordered a detail to care for our horses. At supper the men were waited on by members of the General's staff. That night I slept in the state-room with General Warren, and the next night in Captain Ramsay's berth, which he gave up to me.

The next day I dined in state with Captain Ramsay, and in the evening took supper with the other officers of the gunboat. At the table, I met General Porter's dispatch-bearer, who had been at Fort de Russy several weeks, seeking an opportunity to get up to Alexandria.

I informed him that I should return to General Banks, the next day. Thereupon he asked me to take his dispatches, and deliver them to Admiral Porter.

I took the dispatches, and very soon after, in discussing the merits of the army and navy, they claimed to be more efficient, etc. In reply, I said

"Gentlemen, they may be so; but when there is any hazardous duty to be performed, you are too willing the army should do it. You have just made me the custodian of dispatches to your Admiral, and I intend he shall have them before tomorrow night."

At that, the dispatch-bearer (whose name I do not remember) flushed up, and said, with some spirit:

"If I had a horse, I would go with you."

Shortly after, I excused myself from the table, and, going on deck, called to one of my sergeants, and asked him to take a detail, and go outside of the lines and get a good horse. Then I returned to the ward-room, and waited to hear from them. In about half an hour, the officer of the deck called to me that I was wanted, and, going out, I was hailed by the sergeant, who held by the halter a fine roan horse. Of course, I was delighted at his success. I went below, and called the dispatch-bearer out quickly. Just as he reached the door, I stepped aside for him to precede me; turning, I motioned in fun for all the others to follow. When we got on deck, I took the officer's arm, and, facing him toward the bank of the river, pointed with my hand, "There is your horse!"

He seemed surprised, but immediately exclaimed, "I'll go!"

Well, he did go, and I left him, the next afternoon, at the gangplank of Porter's flagship, opposite the famous hotel, the "Ice House," Alexandria. Porter was greatly surprised to see his officer, and complimented him in the highest manner for his gallantry, and immediately

promoted him two grades, and put him in command of a gunboat. But the officer was as modest as he was brave, and disclaimed any special credit for his action, saying that "all the honor was due to Captain Bunker, for making him come."

After I left the dispatch-bearer, I proceeded directly to General Banks' headquarters. The General came hurriedly out of his tent, and exclaimed, "I never expected to see you back alive!" Then his first question was,

"Man, did you succeed?"

I said, "I did, General; and here are my credentials,"—handing him a letter written by Mrs. Banks, at New Orleans, a few days before, which I took from one of his staff at Fort de Russy, that he might be convinced of the truthfulness of my report.

[General Geo. B. Drake, of Banks' staff, has since said that he considered that scout one of the very best things of the war.]

A CONCERT

AT

BATON ROUGE.

REPORTED BY CAPTAIN HERVEY.

THE Forty-first boys got up a concert one evening. Wishing the use of a piano, half a dozen of us, one rainy day, called at a house in the city, and asked permission of the lady of the house to use the piano. She said she had strong objections. The boys said I must be spokesman, so I asked her what they were.

"Well," she said, spitefully, "you Yankees won't allow my daughter to sing our national songs, and I am not willing that you should sing yours in my house."

Said I: "The sentiments of the songs we sing are such as you are in duty bound to respect."

In reply, she said "Our songs are as dear to us as yours are to you."

I said: "You have no right to have any national songs."

"My heart," says she is with the Confederacy. I love it. I am all bound up in it, and why should I not be? for my brother fell at Murfreesboro, and my husband is still in the field."

I told her I pitied her, and that she was an unfortunate woman to be so bound up in such an unrighteous Confederacy; but that we did not come there to discuss those matters. We assured her we were gentlemen; that we intended her, or her property, no harm.

"Well," says she, "if you will come in, I can't help it, for I am a defenceless, unarmed woman." And, turning abruptly, she left us.

The Provost Guard at the house attempted to interfere. We told him we needed no words from him. I was determined not to be bluffed, so, sending to the Provost Office, I obtained a permit to use the piano. Oh, how mad that family was, when, without ceremony, we walked into their parlor and made free use of the instrument! It was a very good one.

The general arrangement of the room showed refined taste and elegance. There were some very fine steel engravings upon the walls. On the mantel-piece were photographs of the husband and brother. We were told, on leaving the house that they should carry the piano into the country, where Yankees could not touch it.

A few days previous, some person had called at the house, and asked her daughter, a pretty young lady, to sing "The Bonnie Blue Flag" (their national song). While it was being sung, Captain Magee, of the Cavalry, rode by, and, on hearing it, dismounted, and, going into the house, stopped the music, and told them, if he heard that song again, he would tear the house down. The lady of the house went to General Grover for satisfaction. He told her about the same as did Captain Magee. After that, Chace, our principal musician, went to the house, and made inquiries about the use of the piano. Getting but little satisfaction, he inquired about the song, entitled "The Bonnie Blue Flag." He said he had heard of it, but should like to hear it. The old lady hesitated, but, finally, shutting the doors and windows, told her daughter to sing it softly. That being over, she said to Chace, "Don't you play the piano?"

"Oh, I play a little," said he. And, sitting down, he struck up "Yankee Doodle."

Had a cannon-ball struck the house, it could hardly have surprised them more. They were so shocked that they rushed at him, and shook their fists in his face, and, after a good laugh, he left.

THE ROBBING

OF

SAMUEL CORNING.

AFTER the surrender of Port Hudson, July 9th, 1863, orders were given to keep up the telegraphic communication between Baton Rouge and Port Hudson. The guerillas would cut the wire, and a detail from the Third Massachusetts Cavalry would be sent out to do the repairs. The guerillas would lie in ambush, and watch the detail going to Baton Rouge, and attack them on their return to Port Hudson.

Word came one morning, that the wire had been cut, and a detail of about thirty men, under Capt. E. L. Noyes, was sent to make the repairs. I was on detached service at the time, and was given permission to go with them. We found the wire cut about 10 miles from Port Hudson, repaired the wire, and proceeded to Baton Rouge, returning the next day.

Captain Noyes was short of non-commissioned officers, and asked me to take command of the advance guard. He detailed four men to go with me. I objected to two of them, as they were "tender-foots," or cook-house recruits; but he insisted on my taking them. I put those two out as flankers, and everything passed off pleasantly until within about eight miles of Port Hudson, when the flankers were compelled to come into the road, on account of thick wood and heavy underbrush, for 500 or 600 feet. There was a lane leading up to a house,

about 400 feet from the wood, and the two flankers asked permission to go up to the house, and get a drink of water. On their return, they said that the lady told them there was a squad of guerillas lying in ambush for us, but we did not take any stock in what they said, for they were known to be troubled with "bullet and shell fever," but, as it turned out, the guerillas were concealed in the thick wood and underbrush, listening to our conversation.

I ordered the flankers to pass the underbrush, and then proceed on the outside of the road as before. The guerillas let them pass by, but we were not so fortunate. When about midway of the woods, they rose up from behind the brush, and poured a volley into us. It shot through my bridle-rein, and one bullet went through the cape of my overcoat. Private Adams, who was riding beside me, was shot through the bowels. He lived about one hour. Private Walker rode up to the brush, to shoot over, and they grabbed the stock of his carbine, and pulled him off his horse, over the other side of the brush with them.

My horse, old Lazarus, had a bad habit, if there was any shooting going on, of standing up on his hind legs, like a dancing bear, and while he was doing this act of his, four of the guerillas crawled through a hole in the brush, as soon as they had fired the volley, and dismounted me in no easy or polite manner.

While Old Lazarus was going through his war-dance, they grabbed me by the foot, and gave me a toss onto the ground. The Captain called out, "Hurry up, and bring the Yank in here; they are coming" (meaning the main body). It did not take them very long to go through me. One caught me by the throat, and held my head back. All I could think of was, they are going cut my throat. They were more for plunder. They

pulled my boots off (a new pair I had just bought in Baton Rouge), took my overcoat, pistol, sabre, watch and chain, rings off my finger, and about eight dollars in money.

The Captain called out again: "Get in here, quick! They're onto you." The men started for the hole in the brush, pulling me along with them, but they were in such a hurry to get through and save themselves, as the main body under Captain Noyes, was coming around the bend in the road, that they dropped me, and crawled through as quickly as possible, and ran for their horses. I gave the last one going through, a parting shot with a piece of fence-rail which I picked up—it came pretty near laying him out. We chased them about two miles through the woods, and in their haste to get away, they dropped Private Walker.

We returned to the road where Private Adams lay, pressed a native outfit into service, and carried his body along with us. The two flankers, as soon as the firing commenced, lit out and never stopped until they reached Port Hudson, and reported we had been ambushed, and were cut up. We met the Regiment with two ambulances coming to assist us. The guerilla who held my head back, was a young man we had been supplying with rations for himself, mother and sister. Those rations were cut off in a hurry, and he disappeared.

CONFISCATING COTTON

AT

PORT HUDSON.

BY WILLIAM H. JACQUISH, Co. A.

I had spent some time in the hospital at Baton Rouge. I left the hospital, very much in opposition to the wishes of good old Doctor Allen in charge, to rejoin the regiment, before Port Hudson. Doctor A. told me I wouldn't stand it for two weeks. By that time I would be sent back to him, and then he would be unable to do anything for me. I was heartily tired of the hospital. I had seen a dozen coffins brought out of the dead-house each morning, and taken out to the cemetery for burial, and I was convinced it was only a question of time when my turn would come, if I remained. If I must die, I preferred to die out in the open, with Heaven's blue vault above me, and Heaven's free air and sunshine around me.

I insisted on taking the chances, and after trying all he could to discourage me, the good old doctor let me go. I went out, crawled into a wagon which, it was said, would start for the camp about 12 o'clock that night, but it was several hours later, before we got started.

The camp was said to be 25 miles distant. About 10 A.M. a halt was made for few minutes, and I saw some men who had been riding in the wagons, exchanging places with the mounted escort; and as I was half dead

from the rough jolting I had among the Quartermaster's boxes and barrels so long, I was anxious to make an exchange, and proposed to Nate Maxfield of Company A that I should ride his horse, and he take my place in the wagon. He was very willing to make the exchange, but feared I might not be able to ride a horse, and be loaded down with his arms and equipments. I persuaded him that I was fully able, and we traded places.

My first duty as a Cavalryman began by taking my place in the escort, and helping guard the Quartermaster's train. From that point on the road from Baton Rouge, till we arrived at the camp before Port Hudson, I rode that horse. I crawled down out of the saddle, very much used up, and thought then, I wouldn't want any more Cavalry duty for a good while. I reported to Captain Hervey, and was welcomed to the company by him.

I found the boys encamped under the blue dome of Heaven, which was all the roof they had over them, except some slight shelter, constructed of brush and bushes by a few who were a little particular. I found them living on half rations of pork, hard tack and coffee, and which was good enough as far as it went. The trouble was to make it go far enough. Dr. Allen had told me just how it was at the camp. I was very glad to be with the boys again.

The next day, I think it was, Sergeant Rolle of Company A was detailed to go with an escort after forage. He was quite unwell, but had not reported at sick-call, so I asked to take his place in the detail. I took his horse and equipments, and rode after the wagons. We went several miles toward Springfield Landing, and then off to the left to the plantation of a Madame Shalmire. She had a large amount of the last year's crop of corn.

I had a long conversation with her while the wagons were being loaded, on the War, Secession, and Slavery.

She was an original secessionist, and claimed that Louisiana and the other states had a perfect right to secede, and the people of the North were very much mistaken, to think to prevent them so doing. She told me we would never succeed in taking Port Hudson, and the sooner we abandoned our undertaking, the better it would be for us. She was personally acquainted with the principal officers defending the place; that they would never surrender, and that we well knew what it meant to attempt to carry the place by an assault. Grant was making the same mistake at Vicksburg, and would have the same result.

I replied that I believed Secession altogether wrong, and that I was sure we would defeat it at last. I told her I was sure Slavery was wrong, and from what I had seen of the result of Slavery, I thought it about as bad for the master as it was for the slave, that as the direct result of Slavery, Louisiana was many years behind the North in everything that went to indicate comfort and prosperity, while, with all her advantages of soil and climate, she ought to be in advance.

She admitted the truth of this, but claimed they had inherited Slavery, and there was no way to be rid of it, if they would. She claimed that one sturdy Irishman was worth more than two slaves; but they had the one, but could not get the other.

After the wagons were loaded, and started on the road, I bade her good day, not knowing that I should see her again. When we reached camp, I thought myself pretty well tired out, and entitled to a good rest. But some of the escort, in ranging around over Madame Shalmire's place, had discovered her cotton-gin in the middle of several hundred acres of tall Southern corn, and in the

gin-shed were some twenty odd bales of cotton. The "find" was reported, and we were directed to take other wagons, return to the plantation at once, and bring in the cotton.

It was nearly dark before we got to camp with the corn, and now to go back and get the cotton, was, to say the least, discouraging. We had had nothing to eat since morning; and not half enough then; and now to go back, and not return till midnight, on the strength of our half-ration breakfast, was fast taking the romance out of our soldier life.

Back we went. The Madame met us at the gate. She well knew our errand. She said: "You first took my corn, and now you have come for my cotton!" She sat on a bench under a Pride of China tree, with a little negro child cuddled up in her lap. I told her it was one of the unpleasant incidents of the war, her people had so unwisely engaged in.

"Well," she said, "this child's father ran away to you. You are keeping him from me, you have taken away my corn, you are now taking my cotton, and now you may take this child, or leave it to starve, as I shall be unable to provide for it, or the others who are dependent upon me!" I told her that was one of the evils of slavery. She said: "And now you are determined to add to those evils!"

We parted. The cotton was carried into camp. The siege continued, and on July 8th, Port Hudson fell. I was right, and she was wrong.

CORPORAL HARLOW

AND

TYLER, TEXAS.

CORPORAL THOMAS HARLOW, Company C, was taken prisoner at Pineyville, La., May 1st, 1864. In this engagement, the writer was wounded, and Sergeants Elliott and Johnson were killed. Corporal Harlow writes thus, concerning his experiences as a prisoner of war, at Tyler, Texas:—

When Lieutenant Hilton, who was in command of Company C, gave the order to charge, the morning I was taken prisoner (May 1st, 1864), some mistake must have been made, for only part of the squadron got through the gap in the fence. In my set of fours, I was the only one not killed. Elliott and Johnson, and another noble fellow, whose name I do not recall, were in my set of fours. Elliott had been an English soldier, and took much pride in his service. Johnson was not a soldierly appearing man, but a man who had read a great deal and was a true American patriot. Captain Hall, of General Banks' staff, was taken about the same time.

After the second or third day, about dark, one of the line officers came to me, and asked me if I believed in arming the negroes. I told him I did. I was given to understand that any Yankee who believed in arming the niggers would, or ought to, be shot.

I was reported to the Major, who questioned me closely, and I was also questioned by the Colonel. I told him I was his prisoner, taken in the open field ; that I differed

with him, or I would not be there; and demanded to see Captain Hall. In fact, I believed I would be taken out in the night, and shot.

After daylight I began to breathe easier, but it was not until we were turned over to another regiment that I wanted anything to eat. What my opinions were regarding arming the negro, after this incident, were never expressed.

On the march to Tyler, Texas, our rations were: meal (no salt; nothing to cook it in). We made a paste, put it on a board, and held it up to the fire until done.

On the march to Tyler, the guard would rob the prisoners at night. Many had their shoes and other clothing taken from them, to say nothing of money and other valuables. I carried a small locket picture of my wife in my fob pocket. One morning, the guard noticed it, and demanded that I give it up. I showed it to them. When they saw it was not a watch, they returned it to me.

My watch was hidden in the lining of my cap. This watch, for which I paid \$35, before the war, I carried with me into the stockade at Tyler; and was afterward offered \$400 in Confederate money for it. But I was a "Greenbacker," and sold the watch to a Union sailor for \$50. He had been there two years. The money he gave looked as if it came out of the United States Treasury the same day. When I arrived at the prison, I met Comrade Rumrill, Co. C, who had been captured at Sabine Cross Roads.

Life in that prison was much better than in some of the other Southern prisons. We had a beautiful, never-failing spring of water. Three or four thousand men were supplied daily from this spring!

No shelter of any kind was furnished us. We lived out in the open. The climate was much in our favor. The sun at mid-day was very hot. Meat laid upon the

surface, or ground, would become fly-blown in a very short time. Placed on a pole, fifteen feet in the air, it would cure. This was done by some of the prisoners who cured enough to carry with them, when they planned to escape.

After a few attempts, in which some got away, the Confederates stopped curing any meat. Our rations were corn-meal (and it looked as though they had ground cob and all). Fresh meat was served, but no salt. This was a hardship. Nothing was given to cook with.

This camp had been used for a long time. Some of our sailors had been there two years, and how much longer I do not know. I speak of this because this ground appeared to be covered with lice. Every morning what clothing we had was examined, and the vermin killed. The following morning, a new invoice was on hand.

The older prisoners had very little clothing. A great many had hardly enough to cover their loins. When exchanged, their bodies were as black as Indians.

Tyler, Texas, is 120 miles from the mouth of Red River. There we were exchanged, and if the flag of this country was ever dear to me, it was on that day!

After being reviewed by General Canby, at New Orleans, he gave us thirty days' furlough. When it expired, I was ordered to report to Harper's Ferry, Va., at Remount Camp then under command of Major Blackmar, now General Blackmar, late Commander of the Massachusetts Grand Army.

Here I was detailed to act as Commissary for this camp, and did so until the Third Massachusetts Cavalry came to Harper's Ferry, when, I was ordered to join my regiment.

PORTER COLBY

AS A

PRISONER OF WAR

AT Cedar Creek three of our Company (B) were taken prisoners. About sunrise, Frank Lovell of Clinton, Mass., and a recruit, and myself were captured. We arrived at Richmond on the 23rd. We then went to Salisbury, N. C., arriving at noon, the 27th. Two tents were furnished to each 100 men—a Sibley, and a small wall tent. By crowding they got in about 60 men. That was all the shelter they ever furnished our squad.

We had no blankets, but we had to lie out on the ground. We had no shelter whatever, except half of a shelter-tent that I was allowed to pick up on the battlefield, after a Rebel had run his bayonet through it a few times. It was full of holes.

We found two men of the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts. One had an old quilt, the other, half of a tent. So we four had a tent, and we lived in that shelter until February 22nd, 1865,—about four months. Every time it rained, the water ran through those holes in the tent and kept us just soaked. For a week at a time, we were in that soaked condition. Some called it “parboiled.”

We were cold and hungry. We helped eat two dogs, and wished for more. One day we had a few slivers of wood. We built a fire. Ezekiel Kempton, of the Thirty-fourth, came along with a rat. He gave a dollar for it.

It was dressed ready to cook, and he wanted us to cook it for him. We finally did. It looked so good and savory that we tasted it. I could not relish it. That was the only thing that I could not eat.

About the 1st of February, Frank was quite sick. He did not get any better, and the 18th or 19th, we carried him to what they called a hospital, and laid him on the straw. He died soon after. I was outside of the pen the next morning when the dead-cart went out, and I was sure it was Frank with others. They would not let me go near enough to make sure.

We left that day some 300 sick on the cars. My feet had been chilled, as I had no shoe and McDaniels, of the Thirty-fourth, had no shoes; so we could not walk. Therefore they let us go with the sick. At Greensboro we left the cars, and lay on the ground. We were in a field, in a very chilly wind and rain. The next morning we were put into cattle cars that had just been unloaded. All the manure and filth were left for us to stand in, and as the roof of the car was gone, and it had been raining all night, this filth was almost unendurable, as the cars started and stopped. It rained all the time until we arrived at Richmond, a little before noon, Sunday, the 26th of February.

We were put into Libby Prison—all in one of the upper rooms. We had no stoves or fires. The floor was soaked as the water dripped from us. We were all sick men, unable to walk. Saturday, March 11th, we were taken into another room, and given shoes, clothing, and food, which the Sanitary Commission had sent to us. March 1, McDaniels of the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts, died.

We left Libby Prison the 13th of March. I was just alive when we arrived at Annapolis, the 14th. I was too

weak to ride in an ambulance, so was carried on a stretcher to the hospital.

Our regiment was at Pleasant Valley, Maryland, at that time, but I was not able to join it. After a while, I was sent home on furlough, to report at State House, Boston, when the thirty days were up. The Surgeon would not permit them to send me back to Baltimore, so I was sent to United States General Hospital at Readville, Mass. Here, on June 10th, 1865, I was discharged by reason of a telegram from the War Department, dated May 30, 1865, in regard to enlisted men who had endured the hardships of prisoners of war in Rebel prisons.

LETTER

OF

CAPTAIN JAMES W HERVEY

THE following letter, written by Captain Hervey, will be read with much interest by many comrades of the regiment. It throws much light on the kind of service the regiment was called upon to render during the fall of 1862 and '63:—

CAMP AT PORT HUDSON, LA.,
Dec. 1st, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE—This first day of December, and more particularly the 30th ult., will always be remembered as among the saddest of our experience as soldiers. Again had the wires been cut, and a force of thirty men, under command of Lieutenant Twitchell, had been sent to repair the difficulty. On the day of their return, the Colonel, fearing they might meet with trouble, ordered a detail of fifty men, under command of Captain Muzzey and Lieutenants W. A. Gove and Geo. W. Howland, to proceed toward Baton Rouge, to meet them. About two miles from the fortifications, an ambuscade had been carefully planned for the Baton Rouge squad, but as luck would have it, the relieving force fell into it.

Now, see how nicely they had planned it. They had cut the wires, a few miles below, knowing that the force from Baton Rouge would be delayed till nearly dark in repairing it. The force sent out at 1 o'clock, P.M., had

divided into three squads. Lieutenant Gove had the advance; Captain Muzzey the main force, and Lieutenant Howland the rear guard. The latter was sent around by the right—following a Cut-off. The others proceeded along the Baton Rouge road, and, when about half a mile below Plains Store, the advance guard received a volley from a force of 150 rebels in ambush. The volley was accompanied by unearthly yells, which frightened the horses, rendering them quite unmanageable. This occurred in a bend of the road, and the advance at the time was concealed from the rest of the force. Hearing the volley, the main body galloped forward, but saw neither the advance (who had scattered to the woods), nor the rebels; and the first intimation they had of a concealed force was another volley. Captain Muzzey tried to rally his men; but as the rebs now rushed out of the woods in overwhelming numbers, and endeavored to surround them (who numbered scarcely thirty men), they took to the woods, when the corps fell in with Lieutenant Howland, who was coming to its assistance with all haste. He had but seven men. We lost two killed, and three mortally wounded, (and these latter have since died,) one Lieutenant wounded and taken prisoner, together with four privates. Several were wounded, but not seriously. I lost two from my company—Private Charles R. Booth and Charles B. Douglass. Company C also lost two killed, one of whom was a New Bedford boy—Franklyn Nye—enlisted by J. F. Vinal.

I am pained to inform you of the death of Chas. A. Lucas, formerly a Sergeant in Company A. I had forwarded his discharge papers, but he died before they could avail him. It is a sad day for me; but such is War. God grant a speedy termination of the strife! Poor Gove, a prisoner! He was shot, and his horse,

stumbling, threw him and stunned him, and he was easily captured.

It is now Monday, the 7th of December. As I write, a flag of truce has been to Jackson The party found Lieutenant Gove comfortable. Every attention was shown him, and, upon his word of honor that he would not attempt to escape, he was allowed the freedom of the town.

LETTERS
OF
CAPTAIN JOHN L. SWIFT,

WRITTEN AT BATON ROUGE AND PORT HUDSON IN 1863.

[Their publication in this work will revive pleasant memories of the Civil War.]

BATON ROUGE, March 4th, 1863.

I send you with this the programme of a concert given by the Glee Club of our Regiment. It was a success in every way, and I was affected strangely by some of the music.

Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Far away in my Northern home, sailing on the blue sea; riding over green hills; by loved friends, I had heard the same music float in the air from friendly and familiar voices. The "Anvil Chorus" was played admirably; and whether the "Boston Circle" admires it or not, I maintain that it is grand and inspiring.

But if I was pleased with the concert, I was still more gratified at the conduct of the men, during the performance and afterwards. There could not have been less than five hundred men present, and yet nothing could be more decorous than their behavior. Their enthusiasm, though genuine and hearty, was not boisterous, and they all went to camp as quietly as though they were leaving a sabbath service. It is a matter of frequent remark—the order of this Department, and the Provost

Marshal and myself receive untold compliments for our share in enforcing discipline. It belongs, however, much more to Captain Seamans than to me. He is very energetic, and has a natural fitness for command, which is as uncommon as it is remarkable. One old lady (and a Methodist) told us that while the Confederate forces were here, she could not sleep nights on account of the noise, but that since we occupied here, she had lost all sense of disquiet, slept soundly, and had never heard the slightest demonstration of rowdyism. Yet we have about twenty thousand men in this vicinity. It costs Southern people something to say that, and I sometimes think it galls them to feel compelled to praise us . . .

But, for the most exemplary conduct, the dear Forty-first stands at the head of the list. There has not been one man arrested for pillaging, for drunkenness, or for being out of the lines without a pass. You know how many hard cases I had; yet, when they were paid off, there was not a single case of intoxication. I am proud of them; and when we get into the field, I shall feel sure of them.

IN PORT HUDSON, July 10, 1863.

This long, weary, dreary, lingering and lonely business is over, and Port Hudson is ours! I feel very much as though I should like to be a rooster for a few hours, and charm the world with the most clarion kind of crowing. My impressions of warfare had always been from an attentive study, in my younger days, of Peter Parley, that every battle must be attended with a surrender of one of the parties engaged. But in this war we have altered all that, and neither side ever gets



CORP. J. CUSHING THOMAS, Co. C.



CORP. THOMAS HARLOW, Co. C.



CHARLES A. LITTLEFIELD, 1864
At Nineteen years of age.



IRVING W. CAMPBELL, Co. E.

whipped, but simply "change their base," or "retire for prudential reasons." At last we have obtained an old-fashioned victory. We have had a bona fide surrender, after the admirable style of the fathers--à la Cornwallis and such.

I do not think you girls can ever know the peculiar and indescribable sensation of boys when they produce their first cannon, and announce to mankind that the Fourth day of July has arrived. Long before the dawn of that glorious day, the ardent youth bids farewell to sleep, and yearns for the approach of light.

It was, I confess, with feelings very like these that I awaited the hour for the commencement of ceremonies for the delivery of Port Hudson. The storming column, consisting of one thousand men and officers, who had volunteered to assault the works, and go over them at all hazards, had the post of honor, and led the column into the garrison. The entering party was rather select, but I was fortunate enough to be one of the stormers, so I was down for the sight.

We were to be at the entrance very early, and I was on my horse at daybreak. At the sallyport we met two Confederate officers, handsome looking fellows, and very polite, who were to escort us. In conversation, one of them said to me, "Captain, I think if your army had been inside with our numbers, and we had your forces outside, we should not have been as long getting in as you have been."

I asked him how many they had inside. He replied "About four thousand effective men now; when you came, we had about six thousand." I asked him if it was not always considered that one man inside of fortifications was equal to six outside."

"Yes," said he. "Well then, according to that, we should have had about thirty thousand men." "You did

have that amount didn't you?" I told him, when he found out the force with which we had attacked them he would never again make the remark he had just uttered. We never had over fourteen thousand usable men, and the odds were fearfully against us. We have lost in killed and wounded about thirty-five hundred; but we have won, which is the main thing.

Our talk was interrupted by the arrival of the staff officer, who was to receive the property. Then the march commenced; the band struck up "Yankee Doodle," the bayonets gleamed in the sunlight, and the "old flag" came out with great strength that morning; it never seemed as elegant before. When we arrived at the head of the Confederate lines, General Gardner passed over his sword, with a few dignified words. His sword was, however, returned, with a compliment to the heroic manner with which the place had been defended. Then we all marched down the line. The officers were, generally, fine-looking men, but appeared dejected and crushed. Finally, the order was given for the Rebs to "ground arms," and they all laid down their guns. "Hail Columbia" was played, the flag was run up the staff, a Federal salute was fired, and the opening of the Mississippi was completed.

In going around the works I was both amused and saddened. Fresh graves could everywhere be seen, and desolation marked every foot of earth. The church and many of the houses were riddled with balls, and the appearance of things about the breastworks reminded me of Daisy's basket of playthings, that never had a whole thing in it. You may remember it, with its legless horses, hornless cows, and wheelless carts. So, wagons, caissons and limbers were strewn all around, shattered and broken by our artillery. Most of their cannon had been hit—they were knocked all sorts of

ways, and some of them, as they lay stretched on the ground, beside their damaged carriages, looked exceedingly mortified and humiliated. I wondered, as I saw both the formidable character of the ground (which is naturally immensely strong for defence) and the elaborate works, which had been a year in preparation, that we had ever been able to get inside. They allege starvation as the cause of surrender, but we should have taken it the next attempt, as we had works close upon them, and the assaulting party would have gone in.



REGIMENTAL MONUMENT AT WINCHESTER, VA.

The Regimental Memorial

IN THE

SHENANDOAH VALLEY

FIFTEEN years after the close of the war, a movement was set on foot looking toward the erection of a suitable memorial of the Third Cavalry in the Shenandoah Valley. A committee was chosen, consisting of the following well-known comrades: Capt. Wm. H. Cunningham, Boston; Col. David P. Muzzey, Cambridgeport; Hon. Henry B. Lovering, Lynn, Capt. James W. Hervey, New Bedford, Capt. P. S. Curry, Lynn, Hon. James A. Small, Provincetown; Charles A. Littlefield, Esq., East Boston. Capt. J. Cushing Thomas, Boston; Charles T. Emery, Esq., Boston; Lieut. Neal S. Dickey, treasurer, Boston; Capt. Russell C. Elliott, secretary, Boston.

In due time the money was raised—a generous gift having been received from the State—and the time arrived when the monument was to be dedicated. In the fall of 1888 (September) a goodly company of comrades went to Virginia, saw the monument, properly erected on the battle-field of Winchester, and enjoyed a most interesting day during the dedicatory exercises.

The monument is cut of the best Westerly granite, and is a handsome piece of art. The base is 6 feet long, by 3 feet 10 inches wide, and stands upon its foundation

11 feet 7 inches high. On the Eastern face is chiseled the following lines

3rd Mass. Cavalry.
Sheridan's Valley Campaign, 1864.
Casualties : Killed and Wounded, 207

On the reverse side is the following, beneath which is the Nineteenth Army Corps badge, and the words :

3rd Mass. Cavalry.
19th Corps.

The Northern Veterans were received most cordially by the Southern ex-Confederates, and citizens generally. Repairing to the battle-ground, September 19th — Just 24 years after Sheridan's victory at Opequon, the soldiers of the North joined and greeted those of the South.

The following dedication ceremonies then took place : Dirge by Union Cornet band, a fervent prayer by Chaplain P Shattuck, of Washington, D. C. ; presentation of the Monument to the Committee, by Captain W H, Cunningham, of Boston, in an impressive address; reception address, which was couched in chaste and beautiful language, by Capt. Russell C. Elliott, of Boston. The following original poem was read by Capt. Charles E. Grover :

We come from distant Northern homes,
To place above our comrade's graves
This chiseled monument of stone,
And consecrate with prayer and praise.

Emblem of faith, the patriot's dream
Of faith in God, in man, in right;
The evidence of things not seen;
A guidon here, a guerdon bright.

In peace they sleep as seasons fly ;
A soldier's grave their funeral rite,
The Opequon their lullaby
Their sentinel the Loudoun height.

Virginia—old time chief of state,
Who gave a father to our land,
Your rampart ridges indicate
The compact sealed by patriot hands.

A pebble 'neath yon mountain height
Decides the course the waters go ;
The James doth thro' your valley glide.
The Kanawha seeks the Ohio's flow.

Thence down the Mississippi's flood
Where Northern voyageurs live in song,
Mingling with old Castilian blood,
In battle with a foreign throng.

What matter where our lives are passed,
If South or North or East or West ?
Our aegis o'er the wide earth cast
Proclaims our heritage the best.

No sovereign here of church or state.
Ruled for and by the people's hand,
Behold our Union strong and great,
Home for the oppressed of every land.

It was for this they fought and died,
For this their names are sculptured here ;
In this loved vale, Virginia's pride,
This sacred soil, forever dear.

A hundred years ago and more
Our fathers here together fought,
And freedom planted on this shore—
A heritage thus dearly bought.

And it is ours to hand it down
To those who'll live when we are gone,
This starry flag—our Nation's crown—
Fairest and best the sun shines on.

Then followed an eloquent oration by Col. David P Muzzey of Cambridgeport, Mass; recitation by Mrs. Mary E. Knowles, Junior Vice President of the Woman's Relief Corps, Department of Massachusetts; address,

in his usual happy style, by Capt. Joseph A. Nulton Stonewall Brigade, C. S. A.; a well matured address listened to with much pleasure, by George S. Evans Past Commander Department of Massachusetts. Little Carrie Houston, six years of age, daughter of E. M. Houston, Commander of Mulligan Post, then crowned the monument with a wreath of evergreens, and crossed sabres of white flowers. The circle was also wreathed in handsome flowers by the little Misses Houston.

At night some two hundred invited guests sat down to long tables in the Court House Hall. The hall and stage were handsomely decorated with large United States flags. The Union Cornet Band occupied the stage, and discoursed some of their sweetest strains during the entertainment. Toasts and responses followed.

"The day we celebrate," was appropriately responded to by Col. David P. Muzzey. "The American Soldier," was responded to in a happy manner by Mayor Wm. M. Atkinson. "Our Country," was responded to by Capt. Grover, of Boston. Commander Houston responded to the toast, "Mulligan Post." Capt. P. S. Curry of the "Vets." and Chaplain Barney of Mulligan Post. Col. L. T. Moore, and Capt. J. A. Nulton, ex-Confederates, all responded to toasts in speeches that were in good taste, and were enjoyed by the company assembled.

Every year since the monument was dedicated, it has been decorated on Memorial Day, by Miss Carrie Houston, of Winchester, Va.



James A. Small
Sergt. Major



Samuel Corning
QM. Sergt.



Joseph H. Kingsley
QMaster



John A. Bates
Commissary Sergt.



Henry K. Landon
Wagon Master



~ SERGT. ~
BERT M. ST. CLAIR



~ CORPL. ~
AMBROSE L. VANNAH

Co.

E



WM H. WILEY

~ CORPL. ~
JOHN MCNAUGHT

~ BUGLER ~
GEO. H. RYMILL



BIOGRAPHICAL.

GENERALS.

GENERAL CUVIER GROVER.

General Cuvier Grover was born at Bethel, Maine, July 24, 1829. He went to West Point, graduated in 1850, and served on the frontier until 1853. At the beginning of the civil war, he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and commanded a brigade in the Army of the Potomac.

After the battle of Williamsburg, May 5th, 1862, General Grover was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel; and after the battle of Fair Oaks, May 31st, 1862, he was breveted Colonel for gallant and meritorious services, August 29, 1862. June 18, 1862, Grover made a reconnoissance toward Richmond, and this was followed by an advance of Hooker and Kearney to within four miles of Richmond, the nearest approach during its investment by McClellan.

From December, 1862, to July, 1864, General Grover commanded a division in the Department of the Gulf. He landed, with the Forty-first, at Baton Rouge, Dec. 17, 1862. This was successfully accomplished without much opposition. April 14, 1863, he fought the battle of Irish Bend, Louisiana. He took part in the stubborn advance against Port Hudson, and his command fought bravely, and suffered heavy losses. In the Red River campaign,

General Grover commanded two brigades of the Nineteenth Corps, and was stationed at Alexandria.

In 1864, Grover was with Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. At Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, General Emory says "Our first line (Grover) rose up, en masse, and delivered their fire, and the enemy disappeared." March 13, 1865, for meritorious services during the Rebellion, General Grover was breveted Brigadier-General and Major-General in the Regular Army. He was promoted to be Colonel of the First Cavalry in 1875, and held that command till his death at Atlantic City, New Jersey, June 6, 1885.

GENERAL NATHAN A. M. DUDLEY

General Nathan Augustus Monroe Dudley was born in Lexington, Mass., August 20, 1825. He was appointed First Lieutenant of the Tenth Infantry, in the Regular Army, March 3, 1855, and Captain, May 7, 1861. On the organization of the Thirtieth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, he was appointed as its Colonel, March 1, 1862.

Colonel Dudley commanded a brigade during the bombardment of Forts Jackson and Philip, and in the occupation of New Orleans. He was the military commander of New Orleans in May and June, 1862. He commanded a brigade in the expedition toward Vicksburg. At the battle of Baton Rouge, La., August 5, 1862, Colonel Dudley commanded the Second Brigade, and after the death of General Williams in this battle,

the entire command devolved upon Col. Dudley. For his services in this battle, he was breveted Major, August 5, 1862.

In the siege of Port Hudson, Dudley commanded a brigade of infantry, with two regiments of cavalry, and was engaged in the battle of Plain Store, and the assault of June 14th. For gallant and meritorious services in the Port Hudson campaign, he was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel, June 14, 1863. On July 12th and 13th he participated in the battle of Cox's Plantation. In the Red River Expedition, he commanded a brigade of Cavalry, including the Third Massachusetts, and three batteries. At the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, Dudley's Brigade was in the advance, and was the last to leave the field.

He was also engaged in Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah. He commanded the Third Brigade, Second Division, Nineteenth Corps. He was in command at Natchez in 1868; Galveston, 1869, Huntsville, 1870; Fort McDowell, 1871.

In 1876 he was in New Mexico; 1878 he was at Fort Stanton. Later General Dudley fought against the Apache Indians. In 1883 and '84 he commanded Forts Hayes and Lyon in the Department of the Platte. In 1885 he saw service in Oklahoma. With the First Cavalry, he was stationed at Fort Custer, and was personally in command at the battle of Little Big Horn River, Nov. 7, 1888. He was retired Aug. 20, 1889. He now lives at Dudley Street, Roxbury, Mass.

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD L.
MOLINEUX.

General E. L. Molineux, the Brigade Commander of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, was one of the bravest and best-beloved generals in the Union army. Long before the outbreak of the Civil War, he was prominently identified with the National Guard of the State of New York. In 1854, he was an honored member of the Brooklyn City Guard.

When the Civil War broke out, he offered his services to the State, in defence of the Union. He joined the Second Company of the Seventh Regiment, later, he was elected Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Regiment. In August, 1862, he raised the 159th Regiment of New York Volunteers, and was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and afterwards, Colonel. This regiment joined the Banks Expedition, and, with the Forty-first Massachusetts, was the first to land at Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Colonel Molineux distinguished himself at the Battle of Irish Bend. While leading a charge, he was severely wounded. Just as he was giving the rallying cry, "Forward New York!" a rifle-ball entered his mouth, taking off a piece of his upper jaw. He was prominent during the Red River Campaign, serving as Assistant Inspector-General on Franklin's staff. While the dam was building at Alexandria, he had command of the troops north of the Red River. In the Shenandoah Valley, he participated in the battles of Opequon, Fisher's Hill and

Cedar Creek, and was promoted Brigadier-General by brevet, for gallantry in these three engagements.

General Molineux was placed in charge of the works at Savannah, and, later, of Forts Pulaski and Tybee. In June, 1865, he was made military commander of northern Georgia. With the return of peace, General Molineux retired to civil life, with the rank of Major-General, by brevet, for gallant and meritorious service in the war.

SKETCHES

OF

REGIMENTAL OFFICERS AND MEN

BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS E. CHICKERING.

General Thomas E. Chickering, the first Colonel of the Forty-first Massachusetts Regiment, and Third Cavalry, was a Bostonian. He was born in Boston, October 22nd, 1824, educated in the same city, and was engaged in business in the same city for many years. When quite young, he entered the manufactory of his father, head of the firm of Chickering Piano Manufacturing Company, with a determination to master the business. He commenced at the foundation, and in a few months there were few who were more proficient.

When he reached his majority, he became a member of the firm, in which he continued for twenty years, till the time of his death. When his father died in 1853, he became its head, and upon him devolved a large share of the responsibility of a large and increasing business.

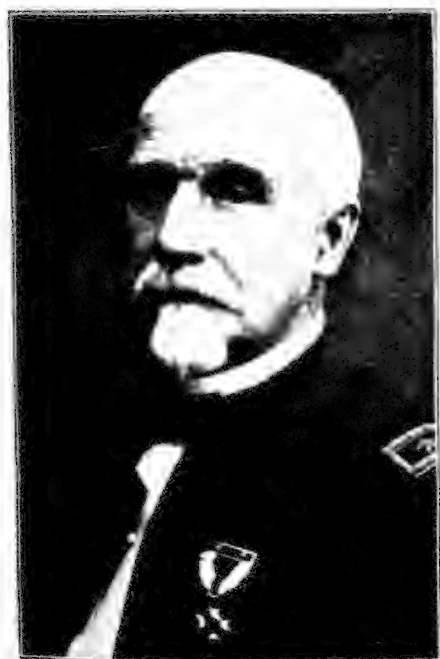
The military career of Colonel Chickering commenced in 1857, when he became an active member of the Boston Light Infantry. He subsequently commanded the New England Guards, and was for several years commander of the First Regiment of the Massachusetts Militia.



GEN. JOHN L. SWIFT.



BREV.-BRIG. GEN. S. TYLER READ.



GEN. ED. L. MOLINKUN.



GEN. BENJ. H. GUIERISON.

When the war broke out, nothing but great business interests kept him from immediately offering his services, but, at length, he made known his purpose to serve his country in this capacity. Governor Andrew very gladly availed himself of the offer, and commissioned him as Colonel of the Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry. He was commissioned September 15th, 1862, and on the 4th of November, he led his troops through the city of Boston, on their way to the front.

He commanded the camp at Long Island in November, 1862, and sailed with Banks on December 4th, from New York to New Orleans, and went with his regiment at once to Baton Rouge, La. He was present at the battle of Irish Bend, and, at the head of his regiment, took possession of Opelousas, where he was made military governor. He commanded all the forces at Barre's Landing, and was ordered by General Banks to bring a large wagon train with the troops under his command to Brashear City. He performed this duty so well as to receive the commendation of the Commanding General. But the camping in the Teche country, naturally, affected his health; and, soon after, he was compelled to relinquish his command, return North, and seek rest. He was made Brevet Brigadier-General in 1864, when his connection with the regiment terminated.

While General Chickering had retired from active service as a soldier, he never lost his interest in military affairs, nor in the cause of the Union. He was a gentleman of kindest instincts, and took great interest in the welfare of his fellow-men. Colonel Chickering did not forget his comrades in arms. He was at the first reunions of his old regiment, and was the first President of the Regimental Association. He was always considerate of his men, no unkind acts, or uncouth words, could any of them lay at his door,

General Chickering's death was sudden and sad. Because of injury to his own home on Beacon Street, he was stopping, temporarily, at the Tremont House. On Monday he was in the enjoyment of his usual health, and dined with his family. In the evening he engaged in his usual business correspondence. A few minutes after ten o'clock in the evening he retired to his rooms, complaining of feeling sleepy, and threw himself upon the couch. His daughter noticed that he fell asleep at once, and placed a pillow beneath his head. A half an hour later he showed symptoms of apoplexy, and soon expired.

The funeral services were held in Trinity Church, and among the many organizations in attendance were one hundred of the Third Cavalry—his old Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Ansel D. Wass, commanding; a large detachment from the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of which Colonel Chickering was once a commander; and two hundred and fifty members of the Handel and Haydn Society, of which the deceased was a member. The service was conducted by Rev. Phillips Brooks and Bishop Eastburn. He was buried at Mount Auburn. General Chickering died Feb. 14th, 1870.

GENERAL ANSEL D. WASS.

General Ansel D. Wass was born in 1833. When the Civil War began, he was engaged in business in Boston. At the first call of the President for volunteers, in April, 1861, he left his business, and marched through Baltimore with the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, as

First Lieutenant of the Washington Light Guard of Boston.

Upon the return of the Sixth, he was promoted to a captaincy in the Nineteenth Massachusetts, served through the Peninsular Campaign, and was severely wounded at the battle of Glendale. After recovering from his wound, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-first Massachusetts, and, subsequently, Colonel of the Nineteenth.

Toward the close of the war he enlisted the entire Sixtieth Massachusetts Regiment, to serve for one hundred days, and, with this regiment, he was engaged in guarding Confederate prisoners in Indiana, where he was kept in service by the War Department, after the regiment was withdrawn. March 13, 1865, Colonel Wass was breveted Brigadier-General of Volunteers for gallant and meritorious services during the war.

After the war was over, General Wass filled a position in the Boston Custom House. He died in Boston, January 24, 1889.

COLONEL LORENZO D. SARGENT

Colonel Lorenzo Dow Sargent, the second Colonel of the Third Cavalry, was born in Windham, New Hampshire, December 24th, 1862. Very early in life, he commenced to work in the cotton mills of Lowell. He removed to Lawrence, securing the position of overseer in the weaving department of the Atlantic Mills.

About that time the "gold fever" induced him to

leave Lawrence, and he joined a company of adventurers and went to California in the fall of 1849. After spending several months in the gold region, he returned to Massachusetts, to become overseer in the weaving department of the Atlantic Mills. He joined the military company — the Sixth Regiment — and, serving through the different grades in the company, he was, successively, elected Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant, and Captain.

He was afterward elected Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment, and, in 1858, resigned his commission. His military training and experience soon brought him to the attention of His Excellency, John A. Andrew. He immediately recruited Company B of this Regiment, and was commissioned Captain of the company. When the company, joining with others, formed a Battalion in this regiment, Captain Sargent was promoted to Major of this battalion.

He participated with the regiment in the following engagements: Irish Bend, Siege of Port Hudson (1863), Henderson Hill, Cane River, Sabine Cross Roads, Muddy Bayou, Piney Woods, Snag Point, Yellow Bayou, Opequon, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, and all the skirmishes and affairs of the regiment. He was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel on February 1st, 1863, and Colonel on September 2nd, 1864.

Returning to Lawrence, he concluded to go into business, and, having had long experience in manufacturing, he started business in Shirley, Mass., and commenced manufacturing cotton cloth for the Boston market. He soon after commenced a new business, manufacturing boxes for the corporations.

Early in the fall he went to California for the benefit of his health, and remained there during the winter. Returning to Lawrence to take part in the exercises of

Memorial Day, he remained until August, when he went back to California, where he died on the 19th of September, 1882, on the very day his old regiment, the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, was holding its annual reunion. His remains were sent home for burial, and his memory was honored by the greatest public demonstration, given to a departed comrade in Lawrence, since the day when all Lawrence had mourned the loss of its first son to die in the Civil War, the lamented Sumner Needham.

COLONEL BURR PORTER.

Colonel Burr Porter, who succeeded Colonel Sargent in command of the Third Cavalry, was a gentleman of liberal culture, and a soldier of varied experience. He served in three wars, and obtained military distinction on two continents. Burr Porter was born in New Hartford, Conn., Oct. 26, 1831. After graduating at Rutgers' College, New Brunswick, N. J., with high honors, and, having an ardent love of freedom and liberty, he went to Europe, and offered his sword to the Turkish Government at the beginning of the Crimean War. He served on the staff of Omar Pasha, was in the siege before Sevastopol, and earned distinction and fame, being presented with a sword by the Foreign Legion, composed of the English and French officers who also served in that war.

He came back to New York, and was practising law when the Civil War broke out. He was among the first to offer his services, and at the outset of the struggle

served on the staff of General John C. Fremont. Governor Andrew sent for him, and offered him a commission in some Massachusetts regiment. Colonel Porter chose the Fortieth, and for some time was its Commander. Near the close of the war, he was made Colonel of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry.

He was married in 1868, and an only child, Katherine, was born in 1869. When the Franco-Prussian War broke out, his love for the French impelled him to aid France in her hour of need, and he went over to organize cavalry. The Army of the Loire being in great distress, he offered his sword to the French. He took a staff position with General Clancy. He was killed in action December 10th, 1870, and was buried with military honors. His body was, later, brought to America, and his last resting place is in Forest Hills Cemetery, Mass.

COLONEL FRED. G. POPE.

Colonel Fred. G. Pope was born in Kennebunkport, Maine, October 6th, 1824, and came to Boston when about seventeen years of age. He engaged in the mason's business with his brothers, George W. and James L. Pope, and remained in that business until the breaking out of the Civil War. He volunteered to raise a company in Ward 11, and was made Captain. This company was called the Ward 11 Guard, but was known officially as Co. D, Forty-first Regt. Infantry, and Third Massachusetts Cavalry. He succeeded to the rank of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, and, after reaching home,

he received from Governor John A. Andrew a commission as Colonel for his efficient services.

After his return from the war, he was appointed Assistant Sealer of Weights and Measures. He also held an office in the Boston Custom House under Russell, Simmons, Beard and Worthington., being in the Appraiser's Department at the time of his death. He was identified with the Grand Army, being an active member of Post 32. He also belonged to the Third Massachusetts Cavalry Association, the Royal Arcanum, the Knights of Honor, and many other organizations. In 1869 he was elected president of the Regimental Association. Colonel Pope passed to the higher life, February 16th, 1884, leaving a widow, two daughters, and a son.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN F VINAL.

Colonel John F Vinal entered the Volunteer Army as Captain of Company A, Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry, August 21, 1862. He was 42 years of age when he enlisted, and was engaged in business at New Bedford, Mass. His term of service covered the entire period from the formation of the Regiment to August 15, 1865.

February 1st, 1863, Captain Vinal was promoted to be Major. When Colonel Chickering was appointed military governor of the Louisiana District, Lieutenant-Colonel Sargent became Provost Marshal. The Regiment was then put under the command of Major Vinal,

and assigned to Provost duty, September 2, 1864, Vinal was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel, and during much of the year, the Regiment was under his command. It was mainly due to his efforts that the Regiment was remounted after the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. Vinal was honorably discharged August 15, 1865.

For years after the war, Lieutenant-Colonel Vinal was engaged in business in Washington, D. C., as a pension-claim agent. He was made president of the Regimental Association in 1897. He died in Washington, in the latter part of 1901. He suddenly dropped dead while walking in the street.

LIEUT.-COLONEL DAVID P MUZZEY

Colonel David Patterson Muzzey was born November 8, 1838, in Cambridgeport, son of Rev. Artemus B. Muzzey, and Hepzibeth Patterson Muzzey. Further back, some of his ancestors served on the patriot side in the War of the Revolution; and one of them, John Muzzey, fell in the Battle of Lexington, and is buried under the monument on Lexington Common.

The subject of this sketch was educated in the Cambridge public schools attending the old Harvard School, and at Hopkins Classical School. He removed to Concord, N. H., March, 1854, and lived there until September, 1857, when he, with his parents, took up his residence in Newburyport. He then began the study of law in the office of his brother, Henry W Muzzey, in Boston. In



EDWARD W. PIERCE.



JAMES W. HERVEY, ESQ., (1903.)

1860, Colonel Muzzey was admitted to the Suffolk bar in Boston, and began, at once, to practise in Cambridge, Mass.

He enlisted as a private soldier in Company A, First Massachusetts Infantry on May 23, 1861, and went to camp with the regiment at Fresh Pond ; the only available quarters being the ice-houses there, which proved, as may be imagined, very damp and uncomfortable. On the 15th of June, 1861, Colonel Cowdin was ordered to proceed with his regiment to Washington. From Washington the men went to Camp Banks, Georgetown.

Here they remained till they went to Bull Run, Va. where Colonel Muzzey got his first taste of active service. After the famous retreat, the regiment returned to Washington and Bladensburg, where he left it on account of promotion to the Second Lieutenancy of Company I, Twenty-third Massachusetts Infantry, and was engaged with that Regiment in the battles of Roanoke and Newbern, N. C., under General Burnside. At the latter city, he was on Provost duty several months with his regiment.

He resigned his commission on July 17, 1862, and returned to Massachusetts. He was commissioned as Second Lieutenant in Company G, Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry, September 16, 1862, and promoted to First Lieutenant on November 1 of that year. Colonel Muzzey went with the regiment to Baton Rouge, where he was detailed with his company as Provost Guard of the city.

In the Teche campaign, he took charge of the Rebel prisoners captured by General Grover. He was also subsequently detailed to act as Deputy Provost Marshal, at New Iberia, under Captain Long, of the Thirty-first Massachusetts Regiment. From there he returned to Baton Rouge, and took part in the siege of Port Hudson,

where he was promoted to Captain of Company G, Third Massachusetts Cavalry, on June 17th, 1863.

Under the printed general order 49, headquarters Department of the Gulf, calling for volunteers, to storm the seven miles of rebel earthworks at Port Hudson. Colonel Muzzey and thirty of his regiment volunteered. He was also engaged in the battles of the Red River campaign, and then returned to New Orleans, whence he was ordered with his regiment to the Shenandoah Valley, Va., where he participated in the battles under General Sheridan, and served subsequently upon his staff several months.

In the spring of 1865, the Regiment was ordered to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to join the expedition of General Connor against the Indians of Powder River, Montana. Here Colonel Muzzey received his promotion to Major on August 15, 1865. After advancing five hundred miles to Julesburg, Colorado, an order was received from the War Department, directing the return of the regiment to Fort Leavenworth, as its term of service would expire on November 1, 1865. On arrival at this post, the muster-out rolls were made, and Colonel Muzzey left for Massachusetts with his command, the first regiment during the war to pass through Canada, arriving at Galloupe's Island, Boston Harbor. While at this post he received the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. On October 8, the command was paid off, and discharged from the service.

After the war, Col. Muzzey practised law for a year at Leavenworth, Kansas. He then returned to Cambridge, and fitted for the Unitarian ministry at the Harvard Divinity School, graduated in 1869, and was settled over the Unitarian churches of Littleton and Stow, Mass. He was appointed visitor of the Overseers of the Poor of Cambridge, in February, 1877, and as secretary

of the Board, in May of the same year, which office he holds at the present time. Colonel Muzzey was President of the Regimental Association in 1885.

SURGEON A. H. BLANCHARD.

Albert H. Blanchard was born at the old North End of Boston, June 25, 1828, when that was a residential quarter. He was the son of John W and Sarah A. Blanchard. His parents soon removed to South Boston, and he attended the Hawes School, graduating there in 1841. He then attended the English High School, and afterwards lived in Portsmouth N. H. for three years, with a relative, who was an apothecary. He learned the business, and, during the last year, commenced the study of medicine with Dr. J H. Boardman. Returning to Boston, he joined the Tremont Medical School, and entered the Harvard Medical College. He was ready to graduate in 1850, but, being appointed one of the house physicians of the Massachusetts General Hospital, postponed graduation for one year, as graduates were not then received in that institution. After receiving his diploma in 1851, he was invited, later in the season, to settle in Sherborn, Mass, in succession to Dr. Oliver Everett, deceased. He took up his residence there December 18, 1851, and has lived and practised there, and in adjoining towns to this day, excepting during his absence in the Civil War.

May 18th, 1852, he was married to Eunice Alden Hooper, of Dorchester, Mass., a direct descendant of

John and Priscilla Alden. In May, 1902, they celebrated their golden wedding.

In August 1862, he was appointed Surgeon by Surgeon-General Dale, and was assigned to the Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry.

On September 3d, he was mustered into the United States service at Boxford, Mass. Later, they proceeded to New York city, and from there, sailed on the Banks Expedition, for the South, and in the same vessel with General Banks and staff, Its destination was not generally known until its arrival at New Orleans, where General Banks superseded General Butler.

Surgeon Blanchard served in several small engagements not far from New Orleans, and through the whole siege of Port Hudson, and the small battle of Plains Store, near by. In June, 1863, the Forty-first had been converted into Cavalry, and is generally known as the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, the number of companies being increased to twelve by the addition of some independent companies of cavalry.

Before the regiment marched for the Red River campaign, Dr. Blanchard was obliged to resign, the exposure incident to a military life, in a warm, damp, climate, having affected his health. He was discharged February 29th, 1864. During his service, which was arduous, he acted five times as Post Surgeon, which gave him the oversight of all the regiments at each post.

In May, 1864, he was sent by the Surgeon-General as an extra surgeon to Fredericksburg, Va., after the great battle there, to assist in the care of the wounded. He then retired to private life and practice.

MAJOR DAVID T BUNKER.

David Thayer Bunker was born in Charlestown, Me., December 12, 1836. He was educated in the country schools, and afterwards entered Harvard Medical. Before his course was finished, a protracted illness from typhoid fever made it impossible for him to continue his studies. For several years before the war, he was in the Custom House, Boston, and when he enlisted, his associates presented him with a large flag and sword.

In 1862, he was commissioned Captain of Company K, of the Thirty-third. Later he was transferred with his company to the Forty-first, and joined the latter regiment at Baton Rouge in December, 1862; serving honorably as captain in the Teche country, and at Port Hudson. He was often on detached duty, and went with the regiment on the Red River campaign. He was promoted Major in the fall of '64.

At the close of the war, he again entered the Custom House, where he remained until a change of administration. He was afterward employed in a bank in Boston, and was finally appointed consul for Demerara, South America. He died of yellow fever, February 5, 1888, aged 52 years. He attended the reunions of the regiment when he could, and was made president of the Regimental Association in 1874.

MAJOR JOHN A. COMMERFORD.

Major John A. Commerford was born in Lowell, Mass., November 2, 1838, and was educated in the grammar and high schools of that city. He was engaged in business

with his father before the War of the Rebellion, and until August 27th, 1862, when he was commissioned Second Lieutenant of Company G, Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry, subsequently changed to the Third Massachusetts Cavalry. On the arrival of the regiment at New Orleans, it was ordered to proceed to Baton Rouge, La. Captain W. H. Seamans commanded Company G, and was detached from the regiment, and appointed Provost Marshal with First Lieutenant D. P. Muzzey as his assistant. Lieut. Commerford was placed in command of the provost guard, and was quartered at Baton Rouge.

He was Assistant Provost Marshal, Second Division Nineteenth Army Corps, commanded by Major-General C. Grover, during the Red River expedition, and, when the army returned to New Orleans, he was detailed to collect and send stragglers of General Banks' army to their respective commands.

Prior to this, Lieut. Commerford was detailed to assume charge of enlisted men of the Nineteenth Corps who were transferred to the Navy, with headquarters at New Orleans. He then joined his company and regiment in the Shenandoah Valley, participated in the Battles of Winchester, Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill, being slightly wounded and permanently injured at Cedar Creek. He took part in nearly all the battles and skirmishes in which his regiment was engaged.

Major Commerford had been in command of Companies H and B, on different occasions, and was with the regiment from muster in, in 1862, to muster out, in 1865. He has been Superintendent of National Cemeteries since 1880, and is now in charge of Marietta, Ga., National Cemetery.

MAJOR WILLIAM M. GIFFORD.

Major W. M. Gifford was well-known as one of the most faithful officers in the regiment. When the war broke out, he was living in Boston. He was patriotic, and so could not remain at home. He joined Company E, Captain Pope, and went with the company to Lynnfield, being made First Lieutenant, September 2, 1862. One year later, we find him Captain. In 1865, he was made Major.

While with the regiment, he commanded Companies A, C, D, E and F, and he was with the regiment in the Teche campaign, Port Hudson, Red River, and Shenandoah Valley. He was detailed to report to Camp Stoneman, to take command of three hundred cavalry to guard the Third Cavalry wagon train to Harper's Ferry and do picket duty. He reported in Washington to General N. A. M. Dudley, July 31st, 1864.

On September 6, 1864, he was sent to the hospital, in Annapolis, Md. October 8, 1864, he received orders from the War Department, and was detailed to report to Provost Marshal General's office at Augusta, Maine.

On May 7th, 1865, he was ordered by the War Department to join his regiment at Fall's Church, Va. He went through all the Western campaign, arriving in Boston, and being mustered out with his regiment. Major Gifford, at the close of the war, was engaged in business for many years in Providence, R. I.

MAJOR EDWARD L. NOYES.

Major Edward L. Noyes was born in Newburyport, Mass., August 10, 1831, had a common school education in his native town, and joined (Cushing Guard) Company A, Eighth Regiment, M.V. M., 1849, as marker. He was mustered into the United States Volunteers, April 15th, 1861, as Sergeant, commissioned Fourth Lieutenant, April 16, 1861; was appointed Regimental Commissary, April 25, 1861, and was mustered out of the United States Volunteers, August 21st, 1861.

He was appointed Adjutant of the Eighth Regiment, M.V. M., in September, 1861. In August, 1862, he was mustered into United States Volunteers as First Lieutenant of Company B, Forty-first Massachusetts Volunteers; was commissioned Captain of Company B, September 4, 1862, and was mustered out as Major, Third Massachusetts Cavalry, July 21, 1865, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Major Noyes was a most brave and efficient officer. He was with the regiment during its entire period of service, until the date of his discharge. He was engaged at Irish Bend, and during the Port Hudson campaign, and after, he was often selected for important service. During the Red River expedition, and in the Shenandoah Valley campaign, he was always at his post. He has ever been active in the Regimental Association, and no reunion has been complete without his presence and voice. He has been president one year, and toast-master, and has always served with efficiency.

GENERAL JOHN L. SWIFT

General John L. Swift was born of good stock. He had patriotic blood, and lived many years in Boston. He was appointed United States Storekeeper at Boston Custom House in 1861, but resigned in 1862, to enter the army.

His military career began early during the civil war. Of a patriotic temperament, he volunteered as a private, in 1862, in Captain King's company, Thirty-fifth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers. Six weeks later, he was made a Sergeant. The regiment was ordered to Antietam, and, just as the train was leaving the station, Sergeant Swift was ordered by Governor Andrew to return to Roxbury, and raise a company of volunteers. This he did in ten days. He was now commissioned as Captain of this Roxbury company, which became Company C, the color company of the Forty-first Massachusetts Volunteers. The sergeant, who took Swift's place was killed at Antietam, five minutes after the battle opened.

Swift drilled his company at Lynnfield, and Boxford, having as his First Lieutenant, W T Hodges, of Roxbury, and Otis, of same city, as Second Lieutenant. He went South with his regiment to New Orleans, and, at Baton Rouge, was made Provost Judge. He was present at the Battle of Irish Bend, on General Grover's staff, and during the siege of Port Hudson, he was one of the "Forlorn Hope" who volunteered to storm the works of the enemy in response to the call of General Banks. He remained on the staff of General Grover as Captain

and Judge Advocate until 1864. He also served on the staff of the first Governor of Louisiana, Michael Hahn, after the reconstruction of the State.

General Swift was honorably discharged from the army, in order to accept a position as Adjutant-General of Louisiana, which position he held until 1865, when he resigned.

Returning North, he re-entered the service of the United States Government at the Boston Custom House, where he was an efficient official for many years. He was in great demand as a lecturer and orator, and stumped the State during many political campaigns. He was an ardent Republican, a true patriot, a friend of education, reform and religion, and died respected by all who knew him.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE B. LOUD.

General George B. Loud was born in Pittston, Me., in 1845. Lived in Massachusetts, principally at Salem, from 1849 to 1862, when he enlisted in Company F, Forty-first Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry (Third Massachusetts Cavalry), Nineteenth Army Corps. He participated in the Red River and Teche campaigns of Louisiana, wounded in right ankle by piece of shell, at Springfield Landing, Port Hudson, in 1863, while on detached service in Commissary Department, enrolled in United States Colored Troops in 1864, commissioned Second Lieutenant Seventy-fifth United States Colored

Infantry, and subsequently in Tenth United States Colored Heavy Artillery. He was finally mustered out, February 22, 1867, breveted First Lieutenant and Captain.

He married Miss Millie Beraud, of Plaquemine, La., in 1867, and located subsequently in that State, participated in the organization of the State Militia, serving as Captain, Lieutenant-Colonel, and, for several years, as Brigadier-General, Louisiana State National Guard, and was one of the first to promote popular education in Louisiana after the war, being Third Division Superintendent of fourteen parishes, (counties) for three years and acting State Superintendent of Education in 1876.

He was the nominee of the Republican party in 1872, for Secretary of State. As U. S. Supervisor in the election of 1876, he discovered a serious mistake in the omission of the electors in the printed ballots of a faction, and to correct this, he started, on horseback, at daybreak, on election day, 60 miles, through Iberville, and West Baton Rouge, killing two horses, and ruining a third, but saving, as certified by the Returning Board and the chairman of the State Committee, the electoral vote of Louisiana, without which meant the defeat of President Hayes.

In 1881 he removed to Florida, was Special Deputy Collector of Customs, President of City Council, Acting Mayor, and United States Shipping Commissioner; was correspondent there of every daily in Louisiana, Alabama, and Florida, and in 1885, removed to Chicago on the editorial staff of the "Railway Age," subsequently of the "Railway Review."

Coming to New York in 1887, he was editor of the "Grand Army Review," subsequently, of the "Home and Country Magazine." He has been one of the corps of lecturers of the Board of Education of New York city

for several years. At present, he is in the Bureau of Commissioners of Jurors, New York. He has a national reputation as an orator, in constant demand as speaker for patriotic occasions. and by churches and lyceums. He has delivered Memorial Day addresses for fifteen years, four times in Massachusetts, at Gloucester, Lynn, Salem, and Chelsea.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH B. BRAMAN.

Joseph Balch Braman, born February 15, 1845, at Brighton (now a part of the city of Boston), Mass. He enlisted at Boston, December 7, 1861, in Captain James M. Magee's Cavalry Company; was discharged at New Orleans, La., June 21, 1862, being disabled; enlisted again at Boston, May 16, 1864, in the Twelfth Unattached Company, Massachusetts Volunteers serving at Provincetown, Mass, and Long Point Batteries. On August 4, 1864, was discharged by order of Major-General Dix, having been commissioned July 21, 1864, Captain of Company D, Forty-seventh Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers.

Captain Braman entered Harvard College in 1863, in the class of 1867, leaving at the end of the freshman year. Then he went West, and with St. Louis, Mo., for his headquarters, was, for a time, Military Storekeeper U S. Army. He entered the Harvard College Law School in 1866, and was graduated from it in 1868, receiving the degree of LL.B. Was admitted to the Bar in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, at Boston, June 5, 1869, and subsequently was admitted to the

United States Circuit and District Courts, at Boston; practised law at Brighton, Mass., until January, 1871, and, subsequently, at Boston.

In December, 1872, his health being impaired, he went with his family to Los Angeles, California, where he was admitted to the Bar, and practised law until May, 1874. While there, he made Commissioner of Deeds for Massachusetts and Georgia. In May, 1874, he returned to Boston, and practiced law until 1883. While in Boston, he was Notary Public, Justice of the Peace, Commissioner of the United States Court of Claims, Commissioner of Deeds for all the States, Territories, British Provinces, and for many foreign countries, United States Passport Agent, Naturalization and Consular Agent. Moving from Boston to New York city, in the spring of 1883, he was admitted to the State, and to the United States Courts, and held, and now holds, the same public offices as in Boston. January 11, 1876, he was admitted to the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington, D. C. While resident in Boston, he was elected a member of the American Public Health Association.

Captain Braman is a 32nd degree Mason, being a member of Bethhoron Lodge, of Brookline, Mass.; Union Royal Arch Chapter, York Commandery of Knights Templars, Lodge of Perfection, Council of Princes, Chapter of Rose Croix, New York Consistory and Mecca Shrine, all of New York city, Also, a member (and the organist) of La Fayette Post No. 140, Army and Navy Club of New York, and also a member of the New England Society of New York.

On September 10, 1866, he was married at Brighton, Mass., to Ella Frances Collins, daughter of Abram W. and Sophronia Swift Collins. Their children were: Joseph Milton, born at Brighton, Mass., July 13, 1869, and died

there November 14, 1869, Susan Caroline, born at Brighton, October 6, 1870; Joseph Chandler, born at Brighton, August 5, 1872, Ella Angela, born at Los Angeles, California, April 5, 1874, and Joseph Herbert, born at Brighton, November 15, 1875.

CAPTAIN BRADLEY DEAN.

Captain Dean was born in Keene, N. H., October 11, 1840. When fifteen years of age, he came to Boston, and engaged in mercantile pursuits. In May, 1862, he offered himself for the war. He was first mustered as a private in the Fourth Battalion, Massachusetts Infantry. On July 31, he received from Governor Andrew a commission as First Lieutenant of Company K, Thirty-third Massachusetts Volunteers.

August 14th, his regiment left Massachusetts for Washington.

August 24, he was stationed at Alexandria, Va. Later, the regiment was a part of the Eleventh Army Corps, In November, 1862, his company was transferred to the Forty-first Regiment.

Lieutenant Dean left New York for New Orleans in December, 1862, on the "L. L. Sturgis." He arrived at Baton Rouge, and was thereafter an officer in the Forty-first, then at that place. He was with his regiment in the Teche campaign and at Port Hudson. On June 17, he was made Captain. Sept. 28, he was mustered as Captain at New Orleans, and assigned to Company L. During the Port Hudson campaign, Capt. Dean was

wounded near Comite River. He went with the Third Cavalry on the Red River campaign, and was also with them under Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. He was in the Battle of Opequon, at Fisher's Hill. At Cedar Creek he was again wounded. On December 27th, 1864, he returned with his company to Boston, and was mustered out.

Returning to private life, Capt. Dean took up his residence in Boston. In 1865, he returned to Chicago, and engaged in the blank book and printing business. He is a prominent member of the G.A.R., and was President of the Western Society of the Army of the Potomac in 1900. He is also a member of the Loyal Legion.

CAPTAIN FRANK E. FROTHINGHAM.

Captain Frothingham was born in Boston, Mass., January 22, 1838. His parents moved to Charlestown, Mass., within the year.

His father was born under the shadow of Bunker Hill and his mother near Plymouth Rock. It was under their teachings, surrounded by the influences of those other "record days," in our country's early history, that in his mind was established that firm love of country that strict obedience to her every law, that respect and honor for the old flag, that readiness to action in her defence, which characterized him.

Prior to the Civil War, he was a member of the Charlestown City Guards, and Company H, Fifth Mass. State Militia, and in answer to President Lincoln's first call for troops, he answered "Yes," April 17, 1861.

The regiment was in at the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Early in 1862, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant of Company A, Thirty-third Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and mustered into the United States service, before leaving the State.

He was assigned to the Forty-first regiment, Company I. December 4, 1862, he was commissioned First Lieutenant of the Forty-first regiment. August 13, 1863, he was commissioned a Captain in the regiment, and was ever present for duty, and ever ready for service. The regimental record is his record.

CAPTAIN LYMAN W GOULD.

Captain Gould was born in Newfane, Vermont, April 19, 1829. In 1854 he came to Boston. Before the war, he was employed on the police force of Boston, from 1856 to 1862. When the war broke out, he enlisted, and was detailed by Governor Andrew to recruit for the Massachusetts regiments at that time going out of the State to the front. Subsequently he was commissioned Second Lieutenant, and afterward Captain, in the Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry. His commission was issued September 15th, 1862. He commanded Company E, and when the regiment left Boston, he also went to New York; thence to Louisiana, was with the regiment at Baton Rouge, serving for some time on the Board of Court Martial, and as Assistant Provost Marshal.

He was at Irish Bend, Opelousas, and Port Hudson. At Opelousas, he was ordered by Banks to command a

force of men who captured a considerable quantity of cotton from the enemy. During this service, he was wounded in his left side, from which he suffered for some time.

At Port Hudson he performed gallant service with the Cavalry on the picket-line, and in other directions. After the surrender of Port Hudson, he resigned, and returned to Boston. Here he soon became an officer on the police force of the city, with the rank of Sergeant and Lieutenant, many years. Captain Gould was also keeper of the City Prison, for some time, with rank of Captain of Police. He was an officer of large physique and commanding presence. His home was in East Boston, where he died, November 20th, 1886, leaving a widow and two daughters. He was buried in Townsend, Mass.

CAPTAIN WESLEY A. GOVE.

Captain Gove was born in Boston, September 9, 1834, and attended the public schools of Boston, and Wilbraham Academy; was first employed by Aaron R. Gay, stationer; then entered the employ of his uncle, John Gove, in the clothing business. In 1858 he was admitted in the firm by his father under the name of Austin Gove and Son, wood and coal dealers, Central Square, East Boston.

In 1862 he enlisted as private in Company E, Forty-first Massachusetts. Soon after, in 1862, he was promoted to Lieutenant, and went to Baton Rouge, and participated in the Teche campaign and the siege of Port

Hudson. Lieutenant Goye was wounded, and taken prisoner in the fall of 1863, and was confined many months in Southern prison-pens. He was liberated at or near the close of the war, and joined the regiment, then encamped at Falls Church, Va.

Returning at the close of the war, he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, serving from 1869 to 1871; was elected State senator for 1885-6, and to the Board of Alderman for the city of Boston, in 1890; was treasurer of the Rising Sun Street Lighting Company, that had the contract to light and furnish all the gas and naphtha lamps for the city of Boston, at the time of his death, March 13, 1901.

CAPTAIN CHARLES E. GROVER.

Charles Ellis Grover was born August 24, 1820, in Gloucester, Mass. On April 19, 1861, he was appointed by Governor Andrew to raise a company of infantry, and was commissioned Captain of this company, April 25th, 1861. Declining the invitation of Colonel George H. Gordon to join the second regiment, he accepted that of his friend, Colonel Fletcher Webster, and his company became Company A of the Twelfth or Webster Regiment. Captain Grover was again successful in enlisting recruits, and his company later became part of the Thirtieth Regiment.

In September, 1862, he enlisted as private in Company F, Forty-first Infantry (Third Cavalry). From that date he served throughout the war as private, sergeant

sergeant-major, first and second lieutenant, captain. He was wounded at Port Hudson ; seriously wounded on the Red River campaign, at the battle of Yellow Bayou (where his horse was killed under him), and dangerously at the battle of Opequon, or Winchester. He returned home on a twenty days' leave of absence, but he rejoined his regiment in March, 1865. He took part in the Grand Review at Washington, marched with the regiment over the Plains, and returned in charge of the muster rolls from Fort Leavenworth to Boston, to be finally mustered out in November, 1865. Captain Grover's promotions came unsought. He was frequently commended, and, after the battle of Winchester, was especially mentioned "for coolness and conspicuous gallantry."

Since his return to civil life Captain Grover has served his fellow-townsmen in many positions of trust, his last public office being that of Postmaster of his native city. He was president of the Regimental Association, in 1883.

CAPTAIN JAMES W HERVEY

Captain J W Hervey was born in New Bedford, Mass., February 2, 1838. He was educated in the schools of his native city. Passing through the grammar and high school, he fitted for college at the Friends' Academy, and in 1856 entered Yale, where he remained until 1860. Before he went to the war, he was employed in the Mechanics Bank, and was a member of the Home Guard during the first year of the war.

Enlisting as a private in Company A of the Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers, August 23, 1862, he was mustered as First Lieutenant, August 31, 1862; commissioned Captain, February 8, 1863, and was honorably discharged March 5, 1864, on surgeon's certificate of disability. Captain Hervey was seriously injured while on picket in Louisiana.

After the war, he held a position in the Mechanics National Bank, for many years. He is now agent for the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, Wis.

CAPTAIN GEORGE H. HOWLAND.

Captain Howland came from New Bedford to camp at Lynnfield as First Sergeant of Company A. When Captain Vinal was promoted, Howland became Second Lieutenant, and served well as a commissioned officer. He was afterward made First Lieutenant. At Port Hudson he was injured badly by a falling building. September 2nd, 1864, he was made Captain. He was in the battle of the Opequon, and was shot through the thigh. He left the regiment, returned home, and died from the wound a few months later.

CAPTAIN CHAS. WM. CLAPP RHOADES.

Captain Rhoades was born at Boston, Mass., March 31, 1839. He was mustered into the United States service, as a private in Company D, First Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, for three years, May 24, 1861; was on detached service in United States Signal Corps, Army of the Potomac, from 1861 to October, 1862; promoted Second Lieutenant, Forty-First Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and commissioned Sept 16th, 1862; promoted First Lieutenant of the same regiment, commissioned October 7, 1862.

On account of continuous service he was promoted Captain, Third Mass. Volunteer Cavalry, commissioned March 6th, 1864; was on staff of General Cuvier Grover commanding Second Division Nineteenth Army Corps, as Acting Engineer and Provost Marshal, from August, 1863, to December, 1864, and was mustered out at Boston, December 6, 1864, on account of expiration of term of service of Third Company Unattached (Company M), Third Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry, of which he was Captain. He was afterward commissioned as Second Lieutenant First Massachusetts Battalion Frontier Cavalry, December 27, 1864; was commissioned as Captain First Massachusetts Battalion Frontier Cavalry, December 30, 1864. Captain Rhoades was mustered out of United States service at the close of the war at Readville, Mass., June 30, 1865.

He participated in the following engagements:—

He was in the Army of the Potomac; at Blackburn's Ford, Va., July 18, 1861; First Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861.

In the Peninsular campaign, he was at the Siege of Yorktown, Va., April and May, 1862, at Williamsburg, Va., May 5th, 1862; Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862, Malvern Hill, Va., August 5, 1862; South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862.

While with the 19th Army Corps, Department of the Gulf, he was at Irish Bend, La., April 14th, 1863; Siege of Port Hudson, La., May to December, 1863.

Captain Rhoades volunteered on the Forlorn Hope, Port Hudson, La.

During the Valley Campaign, he was at Opequon, Va., September 19, 1864; Fisher's Hill, Va., September 22, 1864; Winchester, Va., October 19, 1864.

Captain Rhoades left Boston for Ogdensburg, N. Y., February 8, 1865, in command of Company B, First Battalion, Frontier Cavalry, for guard duty on the frontier, and was in command of the Post at Ogdensburg, from March 18th to June 24, 1865, having under his command Companies B, C and D, First Battalion Frontier Cavalry 26th Regiment, New York Volunteer Cavalry.

Captain Rhoades returned to Boston at the close of the war, and has for many years been identified with the Boston Custom House. In 1884 he was elected president of the regimental Association.

CAPTAIN CHARLES B. STODDARD.

Captain Stoddard was the first Quartermaster of the regiment. He was born in Plymouth, Mass., January 4, 1842, educated in the public schools of his native town, afterward at Concord, Mass, then became a student

in Exeter Academy, where he fitted for college. Graduating in the class of 1862, from Harvard, he had as class-mate and room-mate, Dr. G. G. Tarbell, who afterward became one of the regimental surgeons.

Captain Stoddard offered his services to his country early in the war, and served for a time in the Quartermaster's department, at Lynnfield, Mass.

When the Forty-first regiment was organized, he was commissioned First Lieutenant and Quartermaster; was made Captain, August 18, 1863, soon after the surrender of Port Hudson, and assigned to Company A; served on the staff of General Molineux in Virginia, as Acting Assistant Quartermaster of Second Brigade, Second Division, Nineteenth Corps, and, later, was commissioned as Captain and Assistant Quartermaster of Volunteers, May 20, 1865.

After the war, Captain Stoddard returned to Plymouth, where he engaged in manufacture, and he was treasurer of the company. Since 1891, he has been identified with the Plymouth National Bank, both as cashier and as president, which latter office he holds at the present time.

CAPTAIN NATHAN G. SMITH.

Captain Nathan G. Smith was born at Roxbury, Mass., March 30, 1840. He was educated in the public and Roxbury Latin schools. Before the war, he was engaged in the ice business.

When the Roxbury company was raised, in the summer of 1862, he became a member, in the twenty-second

year of his age, and Captain Swift selected him as First Sergeant of the company. He served as such in the Teche Campaign and during the siege of Port Hudson. When General Banks called for volunteers to storm the earthworks, Sergeant Smith was one of the first to volunteer to join the Forlorn Hope.

After the siege of Port Hudson, he was discharged from the regiment, for promotion, because of gallant and meritorious conduct. On December 29th he was commissioned Captain in the Seventy-fifth Regiment United States Colored Troops. He served during the Red River campaign.

After Red River, Captain Smith was quite actively employed first as Provost Marshal at Milliken's Bend, above Vicksburg. From there was sent to relieve an Illinois regiment at Bayou Bœuf on the railroad between New Orleans and Berwick Bay. He served for some time on Court Martial at Thibodeau. From there he was sent to Little Washington with an expedition to receive the surrender of Kirby Smith's army, acting as Post Quartermaster and Commissary to furnish rations to the troops stationed there, and also to ration and transport home the Confederates after their parole. In the fall of that year he was relieved, and ordered back to the regiment to muster out his company. He was mustered out, November 25th, 1865. After the war, he was in business in Boston until 1894, when he retired on account of ill-health. He was for a few years longer on the board of directors of the Boston Ice Co. and on the executive committee, resigning about two years ago.

ADJUTANT HENRY S. ADAMS.

Lieutenant H. S. Adams was, prior to the war, engaged in business in western Massachusetts. When he was appointed Adjutant of the Forty-first Regiment he hailed from Chicopee, Mass. He was characterized by great firmness of character and was liked generally by the officers and men. He followed the regiment to the seat of war; was in the Teche campaign, and at Port Hudson, until after the surrender, when he resigned and returned home. For several years after the war he was in business in Holyoke, where he was connected with the Holyoke Water Power Company. Afterward he managed his own paper mill at Holyoke for some years. Then he removed to New York, where he was connected with a wholesale paper house. He went South in 1883, for rest and recuperation. He passed away at Asheville, N. C., in 1883. While South, he made many warm friends among Confederate soldiers, with whom he talked over the scenes and experiences of the Civil War.

Lieutenant Adams was greatly beloved by those who knew him in civil life. He was an inspiration to many. His sick room was a place people loved to visit. If they came with burdens, he lightened them. He was always reaching out to help someone else. He left a widow, one son and a daughter.

LIEUTENANT P. S. CURRY

Lieutenant Curry was born in Ireland in 1832. His parents arrived in Massachusetts in 1833. He is a product of the public schools of Lowell, Mass. Enlisting in 1862, he served loyally three years in the war of the Rebellion, and was promoted for meritorious conduct. He came to Lynn in 1869. He has been a member of Post 5, G.A.R., since 1870.

He was Orderly Sergeant of Company G, Third Massachusetts Cavalry, and commanded Companies G and C, of that regiment. He took part in all the campaigns in the Gulf under General Banks, and in the Shenandoah Valley under General Sheridan. At Baton Rouge, he served on the Provost Guard of that city, and was a member of the Forlorn Hope, at Port Hudson.

Returning to private life, he represented the tenth district in the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1884 and 1885. The Weekly Payment Bill, the Ten Hour Bill, the Free Text Book Bill, and many other measures that came before the House, in 1884-85, he introduced or supported. In 1885, he was the House chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs.

He was the first of Lynn's citizens to give his time and labor to the movement to open Lynn Harbor after it had closed for fourteen years. He superintended the erection of the Lynn Post-office, her first public building. He has been the secretary of the Master Builders' Association, for the last eight years of its existence. After the great fire in Lynn in 1879, the firm of Blethen, Curry, and Co. assisted in the erection of eighteen factories in the

next two years, and are now the largest granite and freestone contractors outside of Boston. For years they have furnished the granite for the electric light buildings at Lynn, Chelsea, East Boston, and throughout that vicinity. He has been twice nominated for the Senate of Massachusetts, in the first Essex district. He was president of the Regimental Association one year

LIEUTENANT REED B. GRANGER.

Lieutenant Granger enlisted early in the Civil War. He became a member of the Ninth Massachusetts in 1861. After nearly a year's service as hospital steward in that organization, was discharged on February 18, 1862. In June of that year he entered the service of the Sanitary Commission.

On November 1, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company G, Forty-first Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. On the day following his enlistment, November 2, he was promoted to the grade of Fourth Sergeant, and on the arrival of the regiment at Union Race Course, Long Island, was made Brigade Orderly. On the arrival of the regiment at Baton Rouge, he was appointed Chief Clerk to the Provost Marshal. During the Teche campaign he was detailed at New Iberia, La., as Clerk to the Provost Marshal, April 16, 1863, and was relieved on May 28, 1863, and ordered to rejoin the regiment at Port Hudson.

He was commissioned Second Lieutenant in 1863, and assigned as such to Company G. In August, he was

ordered on recruiting service in Massachusetts. Arriving at New Orleans early in December, he was assigned to the command of a squadron of cavalry in the School of Instruction, at the Cavalry Depot, Department of the Gulf, located in New Orleans. Rejoining the regiment, then quartered with the Fourth Cavalry Brigade under the command of General Dudley, he was appointed, on January 23rd, Brigade Ordnance Officer; in which capacity he served during the Red River campaign. In the several battles that the brigade took part in during that campaign, he acted as an A.D.C. to the Brigade Commander.

On March 6, 1864, he was commissioned as First Lieutenant, and assigned to Company H. Shortly after his promotion he was appointed Assistant Provost Marshal of the Defences of New Orleans. He was appointed as personal A.D.C. on the Staff of Major General Gordon Granger, then engaged in the campaign before Mobile. On March 22nd he was appointed Assistant Provost Marshal General of the Middle Military Division, on the staff of Major-General W. S. Hancock, and in the following month was transferred to the staff of Major-General A. T. Torbert, when that officer succeeded General Hancock in the command of that Department. After the surrender of Lee, Lieutenant Granger was engaged paroling portions of the Confederate army. Among the commands so paroled were Mosby's and White's guerillas; that is, those of the guerillas who came within our lines and surrendered.

He resigned May 27, 1865, and returned to Boston to resume his medical studies which had been so long interrupted, and graduated as an M.D. from Harvard Medical School in July, 1866.

Lieutenant Granger was made president of the Third Cavalry Veteran Association in 1890.



LIEUT. REED E. GRANGER, M.D.



LIEUT. GRAFTON FENNO.

LIEUTENANT GRAFTON FENNO.

Lieutenant Fenno was the son of John Woodbridge and Anne F (Grafton) Fenno. He was born in Salem Mass., February 5, 1827, and early in life was sent to Paris to be educated, Edward Everett being his guardian. He served for a time in Boston as clerk with E. F Newhall & Co., and as assistant at the Merchants' Exchange Reading Room. In 1849, he sailed for San Francisco, and during his stay there, was for two years, a deputy sheriff. Afterward, when in Chicago, he helped organize the original Ellsworth Zouaves, and at the breaking out of the war, being then in New York, with the Continental Insurance Company, he promptly enlisted, serving through the struggle, and earning the rank of Brevet First Lieutenant in the Third Massachusetts Cavalry in Louisiana and Virginia.

After the war, he was in business in Boston and New York, and was for many years a member of Charles Russell Lowell Post, No. 7, G. A. R. It was Lieutenant Fenno who designed the monument now standing in the Post's lot at Mount Hope Cemetery, Boston, Mass., and it was at his suggestion that the visiting Fifth Maryland Regiment, in 1875, was presented on Boston Common, with an American flag — the first public overture of the Blue to the Gray. In 1868 Lieutenant Fenno married Miss Eliza A. Brooks, of Milford, N. H., who survives him. Lieutenant Fenno was connected with several military organizations. He was in the first battle of Bull Run, with the Seventy-first Regiment, N. G. State of New York. He was also a member of the 165th Regiment of

New York Volunteers, known as the Second Battalion, Duryeas' Zouaves. He was a lineal descendant of Governor Thomas Dudley, who was four times Colonial Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony. Lieutenant Fenno was room-mate of Colonel E. E. Ellsworth in Chicago, before the war.

He served the Regimental Association as secretary from 1873 to 1877. He died in Westboro on the 29th of July, 1888, and, at his request, was buried at Mount Hope Cemetery, under the shadow of the monument he designed in Post 7, G.A.R. lot.

LIEUTENANT HENRY D. POPE.

Lieutenant Henry D. Pope was born in Clinton, Ga., February 10, 1836, and removed with his parents to Fairhaven, Mass., in 1840. He was educated in the public schools of Fairhaven and New Bedford, graduating in 1853 from the Fairhaven High School. He engaged in business in Boston from 1855 to 1861, and enlisted in Read's Mounted Rifle Rangers, September 23, 1861; was mustered in as Company Quartermaster-Sergeant, November 15, 1861; promoted to Orderly Sergeant, September 1, 1862, promoted, by order of Major-General B. F. Butler to Acting Senior Second Lieutenant, October 29, 1862, commissioned Second Lieutenant January 1st, 1863; First Lieutenant, June 3, 1863, and was mustered out, November 26, 1864.

He was married February 3rd, 1864, to Caroline H.

Dexter, of Fairhaven, Mass., at New Orleans, La. Lieutenant Pope's father, mother, and wife were all descended from Plymouth stock. In 1866 he became book-keeper for Rice, Kendall, & Co., and was afterwards financial man. When the Rice, Kendall Company was incorporated, he became treasurer, and when it was sold out in 1898, he retired out of health.

In the Shenandoah Valley he served on the staff of General Molineux, and wrote out the reports of the operations and engagements of the brigade. He was in three big battles, and always bore himself bravely. He was president of the Regimental Association in 1896.

LIEUTENANT EDWARD W PIERCE.

Lieutenant Pierce was one of the youngest officers of the regiment. On account of gallantry and meritorious conduct, he rose from the ranks and was commissioned to command. Before the war he was a mechanic in Boston. At 21, he responded to his country's call, entered the regiment and was made Sergeant June 4th, 1862. He became Sergeant-Major in 1864. He was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, August 7, 1864, and for a time served the regiment as acting Adjutant. At one time he commanded Company H and at another Company G. He was discharged June 12, 1865. For some time, he has resided in the West, where he is an honored member and director of the Board of Trade of La Junta, Col.

REV RALPH A. ROWLEY

Lieutenant Rowley enlisted in Magee's Company in 1861, being then 18 years of age. He went out with General Butler to Louisiana, and was in the battle of Baton Rouge. He received honorable mention in General Orders, Department of the Gulf, for gallant conduct in that engagement, August 5, 1862. He was commissioned 1st Lieutenant at 20 years of age. He served continuously four years and five months, and was discharged by reason of expiration of war.

Returning to civil life, he prepared for the ministry and has been very useful in his chosen calling. He is at present Superintendent of Sunday school work (Congregational) for the State of Oregon, with headquarters at Portland. Rev. Mr. Rowley is Chaplain of Ben Butler Post, G.A.R., Department of Oregon.

LIEUTENANT RICHARD M. SANBORN

Lieutenant Sanborn was born in Northfield, N. H., December 29, 1835, and removed to Braintree, Mass., when 14 years of age. He enlisted in his country's service, January 30th, 1864, to serve for three years. He participated in the Red River campaign, March to May 20, 1864; in the battles of Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864; Fisher's Hill, Va., September 22, 1864; and

Cedar Creek, Va., October 19, 1884. He was honorably discharged, September 25, 1865.

Lieutenant Sanborn made a good record while with the regiment, and won for himself an honorable place in the esteem of all who knew him, as one of the great company who defended the honor of the flag in the hour of his country's need.

LIEUTENANT JOHN H. WESTON.

Lieutenant Weston was born in Salem, Mass., and he first enlisted in December, 1861, Company B, Second Massachusetts Volunteer Militia for three months. He was sworn in the service, and camped on Boston Common for a week. The United States Government having decided not to accept any additional "three months men," he went no farther at that time. He was made a Sergeant, and ordered to recruit men for nine months' service. He raised a full company, which was assigned to the Forty-seventh Regiment under the captaincy of Henry Townsend.

After this he awaited orders. Not receiving any, nor any pay, he was offered the position of First Sergeant Company E, Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry. He was elected Second Lieutenant, and served as such until ordered by the regimental surgeon to hand in his resignation, having received injuries since being mounted, that unfitted him for further service. He was discharged August 15, 1863, at Port Hudson. Lieutenant Weston was a member of the Boston Fire Department thirty years twenty-one years of which he served as Captain and retired in 1893. He is a past commander of Joseph Hooker Post 33, G.A.R., and also was one the charter members.

SERGEANT BURRAGE.

Sergeant Thomas Fairbanks Burrage was born in Fitchburg, Mass., July 4, 1834, son of Jonathan and Mary Thurston Burrage. His father was subsequently engaged in the manufacture of varnish at Cambridge and afterwards at Roxbury, and in 1854 he succeeded to his father's business, his father having died July 5, 1854. On the outbreak of the Civil War, he was deeply interested in the issues involved, and as successive calls came for troops, only the consideration of his family held him back from offering his services; and even these ties he felt compelled to sever in order to discharge what he felt to be the high calls of duty in the great crisis in the nation's history. He accordingly enlisted as a private, August 13, 1862, in a company commanded by a strong personal friend, Captain John L. Swift. He was soon appointed Sergeant.

While in camp at Baton Rouge, he was taken ill with chronic diarrhœa, and was ordered to the hospital. Before he had recovered, impatient to be with the regiment which was to have a part in a forward movement, Sergeant Burrage returned to his regiment, but in a short time was again carried to the hospital. Medical aid was now unavailing, and after sending messages of affectionate remembrance to the loved ones at home, he died April 29, 1863.

SERGEANT WILLIAM E. PECK.

Sergeant William E. Peck was born in Taunton, September 21, 1841, and attended school three months in a year. At the age of nine, he went to work in a cotton mill, and at fourteen, went to sea, mostly in the Southern coast trade. When Fort Sumter was fired upon, he was on the Waccaman River, South Carolina. He then sailed for Wilmington, North Carolina; from there he came home. He enlisted on his arrival in Taunton, May 20, 1861, in the United States Navy, and was assigned to the receiving ship "Ohio," then lying at the Charlestown Navy Yard. He was drafted, in a few days, on the gunboat, Massachusetts, and sailed for Key West; thence for Ship Island.

He was engaged in the taking of Fort Twiggs; sunk the Confederate ram "Florida," and was in several other engagements. In March, 1862, on the ship being ordered to Brooklyn Navy Yard, he was discharged as Master-at-Arms, having been promoted three times in one year. Sergeant Peck enlisted in the Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry. In 1862 he was promoted to Sergeant, Company F, and was with the regiment in every engagement. When the Nineteenth Corps was ordered to Washington he was detailed to take charge of all horses that belonged to the officers on shipboard, and with the loss of only one, off Hatteras, landed them safely at Washington. He was also put in charge of an ammunition train at Tenallytown, D. C., and delivered it safely to the Army, passing over the Blue Ridge, Snicker's Gap, and crossing the Shenandoah River. Since the war, he has engaged in various pursuits as bread winner, but

for the last thirty years has been a member of the Taunton police, and a Humane officer, in connection with the S. F. T. P. C. A.

SERGEANT R. T. WATTS.

Sergeant Ruggles Torry Watts, was born in Freedom, Me., February 1, 1839. He came to Massachusetts in 1856, and settled in North Reading. He was married in June 1863, and in July of the same year enlisted in the 33rd Regiment, Captain Bunker's Company, and went into camp at Lynnfield, near his home. He was made Corporal and afterwards Sergeant of company I. He was with the Third Cavalry in Louisiana, and was killed at the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, April 8, 1864.

After his enlistment he was offered substantial inducements if he would desert and go to Canada. In the spirit of a patriot Watts replied that there wasn't money enough in the State to make him even think of such a thing. He died as he had lived, true to his country and the flag.

CORPORAL J. CUSHING THOMAS.

Corporal Thomas enlisted in Roxbury at the age of 27. He joined Captain Swift's company and was made Corporal of Company C, Forty-first Massachusetts Volunteers. Before the war he was a carriage dealer. He went with the regiment to New Orleans, but the climate of

Louisiana, did not agree with him, and he fell sick. He was finally discharged January 18, 1863. Since the war he has been in business in Boston. In 1887 when the Association met in Lynn, he was elected president. He died August 4th, 1903.

CORPORAL THOMAS HARLOW

Corporal Harlow of Company C, was born December 21st, 1842, on Atkinson (now Congress) street, Boston, and was left, without father and mother when but ten years old. When the war broke out, he was learning the photograph business.

In 1861, Mr. Hill, who was with the Chickering Piano Company offered him \$300 to go into the army for him as a substitute. Harlow declined. No man could hire him to fight for his country. In 1862, he enlisted in Roxbury, in the Forty-first regiment, Company C. He was a total stranger to every member in the company. As a member of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry from the date of the enlistment until he was discharged at Falls Church, Va., he never was reported on the sick list. He was taken prisoner May 1st, 1864, at Pineyville La., and confined at Tyler, Texas.

JOHN A. BATES.

He was born in Fairhaven, Mass., November 18, 1839. Enlisted at New Bedford, Mass., August 20, 1862. in Company A, Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry (later 3rd Mass. Cavalry), for three years or during the war.

On detached service in Subsistence Department, December 1862 to January 1865. All field service. Regimental Commissary Sergeant (N.C.S.) February 9, 1865. He was discharged at Falls Church, Va., May 19th, 1865, close of the war, and consequent expiration of term of service.

Since the war, he was in West Virginia about two years, in the oil business. Afterwards was successively secretary, assistant treasurer and treasurer of the Gosnold Mills (iron rolling) of New Bedford, closing its affairs in 1890. Since 1891, he has been head-bookkeeper and paymaster for J. C. Rhodes & Co., New Bedford, manufacturers of shoe eyelets, the present style being J. C. Rhodes & Co., incorporated, the old firm having in 1901, sold out to the United Shoe Machinery Co., of Boston, of which it is now a branch.

GEORGE WALLACE BURKE.

George W. Burke was born in Nashua, N. H., December 12, 1842. In 1861, he volunteered as a private in the First New Hampshire Infantry commanded by Colonel Mason W. Tappan. He was honorably discharged August 9, 1861. In September 30th following, he again enlisted as a soldier in Read's Company, Unattached Cavalry, and went to New Orleans with his Battalion. He was discharged by reason of disability, at New Orleans, June 28th, 1862.

Since the war he has been twenty-four years in business as a harness maker in Chelsea and Boston. At present he is engaged in the real estate and insurance business in Melrose Highlands.

REV JAMES K. EWER.

Rev. James K. Ewer, the author of this work, was born in Hyannis, Mass., April 18, 1846. He was educated in the public schools of his native town, and in Boston. At the age of sixteen, he enlisted for three years, or the war, and joined Captain John L. Swift's Roxbury Company, Company C, and was wounded May 1st, 1864, at Pineyville, La. He was mustered out at Washington, D. C. in July 1865.

After the war he prepared himself for the ministry. He graduated from Colby Academy, N. H., in 1871, and from Newton Theological Seminary in 1874. Was settled eleven years in Reading, Mass., as pastor of Baptist church; was nine years in Concord, N. H., as pastor of Pleasant Street Baptist Church. While in New Hampshire he served four years as chaplain of E. E. Sturtevant Post G.A.R., and six years as Department Chaplain. He was also chaplain of the New Hampshire Legislature two years, and of the New Hampshire National Guards five years.

He was for ten years on the Board of Trustees of Colby Academy, and also of the New Hampshire State Convention. In 1894 he went to Providence, R. I., and became pastor of the Union Baptist Church, remaining eight years.

He settled, May 1st, 1902, in Malden, Mass., where he now resides.

IRVING W CAMPBELL.

He was born in Watertown, Mass., November 16th, 1846, attended the schools in that town for some time, when he went to work on a farm in Leominster. He was in Leominster when war commenced, but soon after removed to Boston. He enlisted at East Boston in Company E, Third Massachusetts Cavalry, January 1st, 1864, for three years, and went on the ship "Ashland" to New Orleans. He was taken with fever, and sent to the the St. Louis hospital. He recovered, and was discharged in one week. The regiment had started on the campaign up the Mississippi river, so he was sent to Fassman's Cotton Press in New Orleans to stay. He joined the regiment at Morganza Bend, and was in all engagements with it in the Valley campaign under Sheridan; was wounded at the Battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864. He was in the review of troops, at Washington, D. C., and was later detailed on wagon train at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and was discharged at Galloupe's Island, Boston Harbor, October 8th, 1865. After the war he learned the business and worked at house painting. He joined Hose Company No. 6, Boston fire department, June 1st, 1869. He was a member of this company twenty-two years, and resigned to take position of officer of the Superior Criminal Court, Suffolk County, Massachusetts. He was Commander of Joseph Hooker Post 23 Department Massachusetts G.A.R. at the Washington Encampment of 1890. At present he is an officer of the Superior Criminal Court, Boston, Mass.



MILAN A.
HARRIS



T. A.
STANLEY



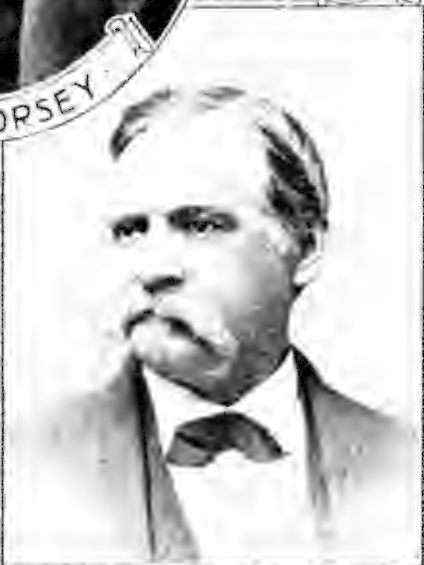
JOHN F. DORSEY



JAS. H.
PRATT



DAVID S.
KNIGHT



PORTER COLBY

Private Colby came of good stock, and was born in Sandown, N. H., July 31st, 1845. He enlisted in Boston, Mass. March 17th, 1864, Company B, Third Cavalry, and joined the regiment at Morganza, La., June 12. He was with the regiment every day up to the battle of Cedar Cedar, October 19, 1864, and was taken prisoner there, and spent some months in Southern prison pens, and was discharged at the close of war.

CORPORAL WM. GALLAGHER.

Comrade Gallagher was born in Londonderry, Ireland, but came to Boston when only nine months old.

In early life he became an apprentice to a man engaged in the plastering and stucco business. Enlisted in the Union Guards, First Massachusetts Infantry, early in the Civil War and afterward in the Navy, but in both cases he was not allowed to go by his employer. 'In 1864, he volunteered to go into the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, then in Louisiana.

Comrade Gallagher was soon after promoted to Corporal. He saw service in Louisiana, and participated in the battles of the Opequon, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. In the latter engagement he was slightly wounded in the right wrist. He went West with the regiment, and was discharged at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, September 28, 1865.

Corporal Gallagher is a member of the G. A. R. and has served the order in many offices. He served as a member of the police force of Cambridge for six years, and three years as secretary under Chief Wade of the State Police. He was also Financial Keeper of Records of the Order of the Golden Cross. Comrade Gallagher was elected president of the Third Cavalry Association in 1891.

RUSSELL W GIFFORD.

Russell W Gifford was born in Tuckerton, New Jersey, September 18, 1840. He enlisted the 12th of July, 1862, as private in Company A, Thirty-third Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. He came from Wellfleet, Mass. He was transferred to the Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry, the company being known as Company I. He was discharged the 20th of May, 1865, at Falls Church, Va., by reason of the close of the war. He was engaged in three battles viz.: the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, April 8, 1864, when he was wounded in the right side of the neck by a minie-ball. Was at the battle of Opequon Creek, Va., and was again wounded at the battle of Cedar Creek, Va., October 19, 1864, in the left forearm by a minie-ball. Was in the floating hospital, U.S. Barracks at Baton Rouge, with sickness at St. James hotel, New Orleans, with wound No. 1. Was at Chestnut Hill with wound No. 2.

MILAN A. HARRIS.

Milan A. Harris was born in Leominster, Mass., September 6th, 1844. Enlisted November 6th, 1861, at Lowell, in Camp Chase, in Captain Perkins' Company Cavalry. He left Camp Chase in January, 1862. He was at the surrender of Fort Jackson, and Fort Philip, about the 20th of April, 1862, and reached New Orleans the next evening.

After the battle of Baton Rouge, was sent home sick. After regaining his health he re-enlisted in Company M of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, went up the Red River under General Banks; at the battle of Winchester, the 19th of September, 1864, battle of Fisher Hill, 22nd day of September; Cedar Creek 19th October

He was afterwards transferred to Company D; promoted to Corporal of Company D, ordered to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; was mustered out of the United States service, the 23rd of September, 1865, and, on the 8th day of October, was discharged.

FRANCIS T. HOLDER.

Francis T. Holder was born in Lancaster, Massachusetts, August 18, 1833. He entered the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, January 5, 1864, and sailed on the "Ashland" from Long Island, Boston Harbor, for New Orleans. Arriving at New Orleans, he joined the regiment, February 6th, 1864, and served on the Red River campaign. With the regiment he took part in the successful engagement at Henderson's Hill. His soldierly

qualities attracted attention, and he was frequently detailed upon duty demanding special ability. At Alexandria, sickness obliged him to go into the hospital, from which he was invalided home in June. He rejoined the regiment the following March at Pleasant Valley, Maryland, near Harper's Ferry, Virginia, and, during the movement west, was made First Sergeant. He was discharged August 10th, 1865, by the expiration of his term of service.

Sergeant Holder, like many of his patriotic comrades, resigned, for military duty, an important position, from which, since the war, he has advanced to one of great influence, as head of one of the large manufacturing interests of the country. Though his home is far distant from the scene of the annual reunions of his old companions in arms, they have received innumerable proofs of his continued deep interest in the regiment, and remember with gratitude his many bounties.

In 1899, at Berkeley Hall, he was made president of the Regimental Association, and was re-elected in 1900.

WILLIAM H. JAQUISH.

W. H. Jaquish was born in the town of Cornwall, now Highlands, Orange County, N. Y. Jan. 30, 1839. Enlisting in Company A, Aug., 1862, he joined the regiment at Lynnfield, and went to Baton Rouge, La.

Comrade Jaquish served during the siege of Port Hudson with credit to himself, and came out of the struggle with honor. He justly says: "That part of my life which I look back upon with the greatest pride and satisfaction are those years of '61-'65, when I rode knee



WM. L. KELLEY, Co. A.



J. H. COOK, Co. A.



C. T. EMERY, Co. B.



CHARLES S. THAYER, Co. K.

to knee with the sons of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, with carbine and sabre, in the grand old Third Mass. Cavalry "

WILLIAM KNIGHT

Comrade Knight was born in Rome, Me., Jan. 3rd, 1823. He was educated in the village schools, and for a number of years was a schoolmaster in his native village. When quite young he came to Boston, and married Miss Mary Lowell of that city. He was an active member of the Boston Militia, and possessed the spirit of a soidier. Comrade Knight was 42 years old when he enlisted for three years, or the war. Aug. 19, 1862, he went into camp at Lynnfield as a private in Co. D, Forty-first Regiment Mass. Volunteers. While in New York he was offered a commission if he would leave the Forty-first and serve in a New York regiment. This he refused. At Baton Rouge, he was detailed as a civil engineer, and surveyed that town, and its surroundings, elevations and distances, from the Ironclad "Essex," then lying in the river. He went on the Teche campaign, and helped to destroy the Salt Works at Avery's Island. At Port Hudson he was detailed as Ordnance Clerk.

While the Third Cavalry was at New Orleans, Comrade Knight was requested by Gen. Ullman to serve as an officer in the Corp d'Afrique, which, however, was annulled by the Colonel, giving as a reason that Knight was a very useful man in the regiment, and could not be spared. Comrade Knight lived to be 76, and died at Hotel Westminster, Roxbury, surrounded by his family and friends.

HON. HENRY B. LOVERING.

Henry B. Lovering was born in Portsmouth, N. H., April 8, 1841. On his father's side, he is fourteen generations removed from John Rogers, of London, who was burned at the stake at Smithfield, England.

He was living in Lynn, Mass., when the war broke out, and enlisted as a Corporal in Company D, Eighth Mass. Volunteers, in 1862, being discharged at expiration of term of service. He re-enlisted as a private into the Third Mass. Cavalry and was assigned to Company C. Was wounded in action at Winchester, Va., Sept. 19th, 1864, resulting in amputation of the left leg below the knee. He was discharged June 10, 1865, and returning to his home in Lynn, he took up his old trade of shoemaking, and, for diversion, interested himself in politics, being elected Clerk of Ward Three in 1869 and 1870. He was then elected a representative to the Massachusetts Legislature, serving two terms, 1872-74.

He was elected to the Board of General Assessors of Lynn for three years, serving in that capacity two years, 1879-80, when he was elected Mayor of Lynn, which position he filled two years, 1881-82. He was twice elected a member of Congress from the old Essex Sixth Congressional District, and served in the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses. Was chairman of the Democratic State Convention in 1886, and the Democratic Nominee for Governor of Massachusetts in 1887. Was appointed by President Cleveland as United States Marshal, District of Massachusetts, in 1888, resigned the same in 1891,

at the request of the late Governor Russell, who appointed him Warden of the State Prison, where he remained 1891-93, when he also resigned this position, and was appointed United States Pension Agent, at Boston, 1894-98, during which period he disbursed nearly thirty million dollars to his disabled comrades without the disallowance of even a single cent by the Treasury Department for the entire four years, when his accounts were balanced and closed. In 1888 he was elected president of the Association.

CORP JOHN McNAUGHT

John McNaught was born in Eastport, Me., 1844, moved to East Boston in 1852, attended the Adams Grammar School, and enlisted a private in Company E, Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry, July, 1862. He was promoted to Corporal, shortly after his enlistment. Discharged at Falls Church, Va., May 20, 1865, at the end of the war. He is by profession a veterinary surgeon. Joined Joseph Hooker Post 23, G.A.R., in 1868, and is also a member of the Winthrop War Veteran Association.

WILLIAM M. PECKHAM.

He enlisted October 22, 1863, in Barre, Mass., and was sworn into the service in Boston. He left the State on Thanksgiving day, 1863, on the steamer "De Molay" for New Orleans, where he joined Company I, when the

regiment came down from Port Hudson in the early winter of 1864. He was shot through the right thigh at Yellow Bayou, La., on May 18, 1864, and carried to the hospital. Transferred from the University Hospital to Readville Hospital in July of that year, and was discharged from the service on account of the wound, March 30th, 1865. Comrade Peckham has been Overseer of the Poor of the City of Pawtucket, R. I., for the last fifteen years, which is a long term of continuous service. He is a Past Commander of Tower Post, No. 17, Pawtucket, Department of R. I., G.A.R.

JOHN E. RIDLEY

John F. Ridley was born in Berlin, Worcester county, Mass, March 30th, 1840. He lived there a few years, then moving to Canton, Mass, where he stayed a short time, thence to Lynn, Mass, living there until 1843, from thence to Andover, Mass., where he entered the dry goods store of Ira, Truell & Co., of Lawrence in the fall of 1859. Staying there until the fall, 1860, and then entering the employ of W. A. Balcom.

Enlisted August 9th, 1862, in Company B, Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry, under Captain L. D. Sergeant, afterwards Major and Colonel of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, going from Lawrence to the camp at Lynnfield, and from there to Boxford. He went to Union Race Course, Long Island, N. Y., and at that place, sometime in November, 1862, was detailed, and put into the Signal Corps.

He left New York for New Orleans about the 20th of December, 1862, arriving there about January 15th, 1863, and after this did not see much of the Third Cavalry. Was present at the siege of Port Hudson, and saw the regiment two or three times while there. He was captured, and made a prisoner by the Confederates, while on signal duty on the gunboat, "Sachem."

He was exchanged in August, 1864. On the 5th of August, Comrade Ridley was on signal duty on the sloop of war "Richmond." After staying there about two weeks or more, on the surrender of Fort Morgan, he went home on furlough for a month, and on his return to New Orleans did no more duty, with the exception of running a Courier Line from Black River to Jackson Miss., for about a month. After this service he was ordered to New Orleans and was discharged at that place July 4th, 1865. Being in the regular service he was discharged where he was stationed when his term of service was out. He had been in the service thirty-five months, having, by order of the War Department, been given one month of his enlistment. He was never wounded except in his feelings, by being a prisoner.

GEORGE H. RYMILL, "BUGLER."

Was born in Boston at the "North End." Moved to East Boston in 1856. The first year of the war was engaged in the mackerel fisheries. Enlisted July, 1862, in Capt. Gould's Company of East Boston, Forty-first Mass. Infantry. At the solicitation of the officers and men, accepted the position of "bugler," and served in that

capacity to the end of the war. He was presented by Lieutenant Wesley A. Gove with a silver bugle, suitably inscribed.

During the Red River campaign he was detailed Orderly Bugler for Major Bunker. Discharged at Falls



*Presented to Geo. H. Rymill, Co. E,
by Capt. Wesley A. Gove.*

Church, Va., May 20, 1865. Occupation since the war, wool and grocery business (shipping clerk), clerk and collector; East Boston Gas Co., 11 years; Assessor's Clerk, street work, two years; engaged in taking school census one year; clerk, and assistant to purchasing agent for Improved Sewerage Department, 1879-1880; chief clerk, Lamp Department, City of Boston, at the present time; a member of the G. A. R. since its organization, joining Post 23, Joseph Hooker, East Boston; transferred to Post 47, Haverhill, and finally transferred to Theodore Winthrop Post, 35, Chelsea, Mass.

TIMOTHY A. STANLEY.

Timothy A. Stanley was born on his father's farm in South Attleboro, Mass., the 6th of October, 1826. He enlisted in 1863, and was sworn into the service on the first of January, 1864, by Lieutenant-Colonel John F.

Vinal of the Third Mass. Cavalry. He was mustered out with the regiment at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., Sept. 28, 1865. He returned to Massachusetts with the regiment.

In the spring of '69, he went West to Kansas, and in Dec. '69, bought 136 acres of land, on which he made a farm in the township of Ossawatimie, county of Miami, State of Kansas. He is living on the farm at the present time, February 28th, 1903, hale and hearty, and weighs 200 pounds

CHARLES S. THAYER.

Charles S. Thayer, of Co. K, was born in South Braintree, Mass., Nov., 1846, where he enlisted in his country's service July 19th, 1864. He was the youngest of four brothers, all of whom gave up their life for their country: Two were killed in battle, and two died of disease, contracted in the army. He was honorably discharged on account of ill-health, August 15th, 1865. He died at the early age of twenty-three years, deeply regretted by all who knew him. The above-mentioned brothers, who, like him, laid down their lives on their country's altar, were Orderly Sergeant Loring W. Thayer, Company E, Thirty-second Regiment Massachusetts Infantry, killed before Petersburg, Va., George F. Thayer, Second Massachusetts Cavalry, killed at battle Five Forks, Va. Lucien M. Thayer, Forty-second Massachusetts Regiment, died after his return from the war.

AMBROSE L. VANNAH.

He was born in Jefferson, Me., Oct. 14, 1839. Attended public school until the age of sixteen; worked on farm till spring of 1861, then moved to East Boston and was employed by Bedfield Erskine as grocer clerk, until he enlisted in September 15, 1862, in Company E, then camped at Boxford, Mass. Entered the hospital at Port Hudson, July 9, 1863, and was discharged from the same November 30, 1863. Joined the regiment and participated in all the battles of the regiment. Mustered out at Falls Church, Va., May 20, 1865. After the war returned to East Boston, and worked for different firms until 1875; then moved to Whitefield, N. H., and was employed by the Brown Lumber Company in their moulding room. Moved to North Yarmouth, Me., and opened a general store and was Postmaster at this place for eight years. Moved to Brockton in the fall of 1900, and is employed in the shoe trimming business as cutter at the present time.





WM. H. JAQUISH.



WM. H. JAQUISH. (1863.)

ROSTER

ROSTER

OF THE

THIRD REGIMENT

MASSACHUSETTS CAVALRY

THE making of a complete Roster of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry meets with difficulties greater than those connected with most other regiments. The Forty-first Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry left the State on November 5, 1862, with eight companies and seven hundred men. In Baton Rouge, two companies from the Thirty-third Massachusetts Infantry were added, "I" and "K." On June 17, 1863, while in Louisiana, the regiment was converted into the Third Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry, and other companies that had preceded them with Butler's Expedition were added, the First, Second and Third unattached companies. These were added as Companies "L," "M," and Read's Company. On March 26, 1865, Colonel Burr Porter joined the regiment and assumed command. With him, certain detachments of troops that had been recently recruited in the State were received and merged with Companies "L" and "M." By the addition of these different companies, and by the recruits received from time to time, the rolls were increased to over twenty-five hundred men.

On May 20, 1865, the original members of the regiment were mustered out of service. On July 21, those remaining were, by order of the War Department, consolidated into six companies, in which position they continued until September 28, 1865, when the entire regiment was mustered out of service. Because of these changes, the same person may have been at different times a member of more than one company.

There is no complete Roster, arranged alphabetically by companies, at the Adjutant General's office of the State, but there are records compiled from the muster rolls of the regiment, together

with such added information as could be obtained from the War Department at Washington. Work is now in progress, by which we may hope in the near future to find at the State House a complete Roster of every regiment, systematically arranged, containing all available information.

The Roster of the regiment here presented has been made from the records of the Adjutant General's office of Massachusetts, under the direction, and with the assistance of the officials in the office. They have afforded every facility for the work, and rendered much valuable aid. The compiling of this Roster has required the copying of the name of each member of the regiment, together with such information as was available, upon a separate slip of paper, one slip for each name. After this, these names were arranged and transcribed in order as they appear below.

By reason of the loss of muster rolls during the war — once several of them fell into the hands of the enemy — much valued information has been lost. This may in part account for the absence of certain facts, for which some may look in vain in the Roster. It is possible a few errors may be discovered, growing out of the transcribing, twice over, of the two thousand five hundred names, together with all the information connected with them. However, we have spared no time nor pains to make the Roster complete and correct. We ask the indulgence of the surviving members of the regiment in their study of it.

The commissioned officers we have arranged by themselves without regard to company relations. The order of their names is essentially the same as that found in the Adjutant General's Report of the State of Massachusetts. The enlisted men are arranged in companies, the First Sergeants heading the list of each company, the other sergeants arranged alphabetically, then the corporals, musicians, etc., followed by the privates. Each name appears but once in the Roster. Many of the cooks were colored men, enlisted in the South, but no mention of the race is made on the rolls. As a rule we have followed the spelling found in the records.

A large number, three hundred and sixty-two (two hundred and sixty of whom were recruits), are borne on the rolls as enlisted, who never left the State with the regiment. Opposite their names we find recorded: "Never joined the Regiment," "Rejected Recruits," "No Record," "Deserted." By advice of the Historic Committee,

these names have been omitted altogether in this Roster, as they were not thought worthy of notice. We have striven to report the name of every man who left the State with the regiment or afterwards joined it. We have given the different grades of each commissioned officer, but of the non-commissioned officers the information is so incomplete that we have simply mentioned their highest rank.

The name of each man is recorded as above described, and (unless a private) followed by his rank; also his place of residence, his age, single or married, occupation, date of enlistment, any particular fact of his history while in the service; closing with the date of discharge or muster out of service.

For the sake of brevity we have used the following

ABBREVIATIONS.

Adv.	Advocate	Prior Serv.	Service in the war previous to enlisting in the regiment
A. G.	Adjutant-General		
Batt.	Battalion		
Corp.	Corporal	Q. M. Sergt.	Quarter-Master Sergeant
Com. Serg.	Commissary Sergeant	Regt.	Regiment
C. T.	Colored Troops	Re-en.	Re-enlisted
Com.	Commissioned, Commissary	Sergt.	Sergeant
Cr.	Credit	s	Single
Disch.	Discharged	Stew.	Steward
Disa.	Disability	Sub. Serv.	Service after leaving the regiment
En.	Enlisted		
Exp. Serv.	Expiration of Service	Trans.	Transferred
Hosp.	Hospital	U S. C. T.	United States Colored Troops
m	Married		
M. O.	Mustered out	U. S. Inf.	United States Infantry
M. V. M.	Mass. Volunteer Militia	Unof.	Unofficial, but presumably correct
M. V. I.	Mass. Volunteer Infantry		
Prom.	Promoted	V R. C.	Veteran Reserve Corps

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- THOMAS E. CHICKERING, COLONEL. Boston, 38, m; manufacturer. Disch. disa. Sept. 1, '64. Brevet Brig.-Gen.
- LORENZO D. SARGENT, Lawrence, 37, m; manufacturer. Maj. Sept. 8, '62; Lieut. Col. Feb. 1, '63; Col. Sept. 2, '64. Disch. disa. March 10, '65.
- BURR PORTER, New York, 32. Col. March 21, '65. Disch. July 21, '65. Exp. serv.
- FREDERICK G. POPE, Boston, 38; mason. Capt. Aug. 11, '62; Major Dec. 12, '64; Lieut.-Col. Aug. 15, '65; Com. Col. Aug. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 19, '65, as Lieut.-Col.
- ANSEL D. WASS, Lieut.-Col. 30; soldier. Disch. disa. Jan. 31, '63. Prior serv. in 6th M.V.M., also 19th M. V. I.; sub. serv. in 19th M. V. I. Col. 60th Regt. 100 days. Brevet Brig.-Gen.
- JOHN F. VINAL, New Bedford, 42, m; architect and builder. Capt. Aug. 23, '62; Major Feb. 1, '63; Lieut.-Col. Sept. 2, '64. M. O. Aug. 15, '65. Exp. serv.
- DAVID P. MUZZEY, Cambridge, 24, s; lawyer. 1st Lieut. Nov. 1, '62; Capt. June 17, '63; Maj. Aug. 15, '65; Com. Lieut.-Col. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65, as Maj. Prior serv. Priv. in Co. A, 1st Inf. Disch. for promotion 2d Lt. Co. I, 23d Regt., M.V.I. Res. July 17, '62. A. A. D. C. on staff of General Sheridan in Shenandoah Valley, Va.
- JAMES M. MAGEE, Lowell, 24, s; Capt. Feb. 20, '62; Maj. June 17, '63; Disch. Aug. 6, '64.
- J. EMERSON COWEN, Fair Haven, 23. Com. Capt. Feb. 20, '62; Maj. June 17, '63. Disch. for Prom. Aug. 12, '63. Sub. serv. Maj. 1st La. Cav.
- S. TYLER READ, Attleboro, 25. Com. Capt. Feb. 20, '62; Maj. Aug. 13, '63. Disch. Nov. 1, '64. Brevet Col. Brevet Brig.-Gen. U.S.V. March 13, '65.
- DAVID T. BUNKER, Boston, 25, s; med. student. Com. Capt. July 31, '62. Maj. Aug. 7, '64. Disch. June 6, '65. Exp. serv.
- EDWARD L. NOYES, Lawrence, 32, m; manufacturer. Capt. Aug. 27, '62; Maj. Sept. 2, '64; Disch. July 21, '65. Exp. serv.
- BENJAMIN F. TALBOT, Boston, 35, s; merchant. 1st Lieut. June 26, '62; Capt. and Com. of Subsistence, U. S. V. Nov. 7, '62; Brevet Maj. U. S. V. July 10, '65. M. O. July 15, '65. Exp. serv.
- WILLIAM M. GIFFORD, Boston, 38, m; carpenter. 1st Lieut. Aug. 11, '62; Capt. Oct. 27, '63; Com. Maj. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Capt. Exp. serv.

- CHARLES STONE, Lawrence, 21, s; painter. 2nd Lieut. Aug. 27, '62; 1st Lieut. June 17, '63; Capt. Aug. 7, '64; Maj. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65, as Capt. Exp. serv.
- JOHN A. COMERFORD, Lowell, 24, m; grocer. 2nd Lieut. Aug. 27, '62; 1st Lieut. Aug. 13, '63; Capt. Nov. 14, '64; Maj. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 23, '65 as Capt. Exp. serv.
- HENRY C. DANE, Cambridge, 29, s; lawyer. 1st Lieut. Oct. 4, '62; Brevet Capt. and Maj. U. S. V. March 13, '65. Disch. May 15, '65.
- JOHN C. GRAY, Jr., Boston. 2nd Lieut. Oct. 7, '62; Judge Adv. with rank of Maj. on Gen. Gordon's Staff. Disch. Sept. 25, '64.
- ALBERT H. BLANCHARD, Sherborn, 34, m. Physician surg. Sept. 4, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 29, '64.
- DANIEL F. LEAVITT, South Danvers, 29. Asst. Surg. Oct. 31, '62; Surg. March 1, '64. Disch. July 21, '65. Exp. serv.
- GEORGE G. TARBELL, Lincoln. Asst. Surg. Apr. 7, '65; Surg. Aug. 9, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Exp. serv.
- JOHN BLACKMER, Somerville, 34 s; physician. Asst. Surg. Sept. 4, '62; Surg. 47th Regt. M. V. M. Inf. Nov. 4, '62. Sub. serv. U. S. N.
- DANIEL S. ALLEN, Hamilton, 44, s; physician. Asst. Surg. Sept. 17, '62. Surg. 17th Mass. Inf. March 1, '65. M. O. July 11, '65.
- HENRY F. LANE, Lawrence, 37, m; clergyman. Chaplain, Nov. 4, '62; Disch. disa. Nov. '63.
- TYLER C. MOULTON, New Bedford; clergyman. Chaplain, Feb. 9, '65. Resigned July 11, '65.
- HENRY A. DURIVAGE, Waltham, 25, s; merchant. Capt. Feb. 20, '62. Drowned in Miss. river, Apr. 19, '62.
- JOHN L. SWIFT, Roxbury, 34, m; C. H. officer. Capt. Aug. 25, '62. Detached service as Judge Adv. Resigned June 1, '64.
- LYMAN W. GOULD, Boston, 33, m; produce dealer. Capt. Sept. 15, '62. Resigned Oct. 26, '63.
- G. FRANK STEVENS, Lawrence, 25, s; manufacturer. Capt. Oct. 4, '62. Resigned Feb. 20, '63.
- FRANCIS E. BOYD, Boston, 22, s; soldier. Capt. Oct. 4, '62. Disch. Nov. 14, '64. Sub. serv. Maj. 4th Regt. H. A. Nov. 14, '64. Disch. June 17, '65 from H. A. Brevet Lieut.-Col.
- WILLIAM H. SEAMANS, Roxbury, 28, m; dentist. Capt. Nov. 1, '62. Disch. July 23, '63. Prior serv. 30th Mass. Inf. Provost Marshal, General Grover's staff, Baton Rouge, La.
- JOHN C. WYMAN, Boston, 39, s; merchant. Capt. July 24, '64. Disch. May 15, '65. Exp. Serv
- AMOS HENFIELD, Salem, 45, m.; wheelwright. 2nd Lieut. Oct. 4, '62; Capt. Feb. 21, '63. Disch. disa. July 12, '64.
- JAMES W. HERVEY, New Bedford, 24, m; banker. 1st Lieut. Aug. 23, '62; Capt. Feb. 1, '63. Disch. disa. March 5, '64.

- BRADLEY DEAN, Boston, 21, s; salesman. 1st Lieut. July 31, '62; Capt. June 17, '63. M. O. Dec. 27, '64.
- CYRUS F. BATCHELDER, Lawrence, 37, m; grocer. 1st Lieut. Aug. 26, '62; Capt. Aug. 13, '63. Disch. disa. Nov. 24, '63 as 1st Lieut.
- CHARLES W. C. RHOADES, Boston, 23. 1st Lieut. Nov. 12, '62; Capt. May 23, '64. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.
- CHARLES B. STODDARD, Plymouth, 21, s; student. Q. M. Sept. 29, '62; Capt. Aug. 18, '63. Prom. Asst. Q. M., U. S. V. May 20, '65.
- FRANK E. FROTHINGHAM, Charlestown, 24, s; broker. 2nd Lieut. June 1, '62; 1st Lieut. Dec. 4, '62; Capt. Aug. 13, '63. Disch. June 5, '65.
- PRESTON TWITCHELL, Boston, 23, s; patterns. Corp. Sept. 27, '61; 2nd Lieut. Dec. 19, '63; 1st Lieut. March 27, '64; Capt. May 26, '64. Disch. June 1, '65. Wounded Oct. '64.
- ELIPHALET H. ROBBINS, New Bedford, 37, m; clothing dealer. 2nd Lieut. Aug. 23, '62; 1st Lieut. Feb. 1, '63; Capt. Sept. 2, '64. Disch. disa. Dec. 15, '64 as 1st Lieutenant.
- GEORGE W. HOWLAND, 2nd, New Bedford, 23, s; clerk. 1st Sergt. Aug. 21, '62; 2nd Lieut. Feb. 1, '63; 1st Lieut. Nov. 11, '63; Capt. Sept. 2, '64; Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. disa. Apr. 11, '65.
- CHARLES G. COX, Capt. Feb. 16, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Sub. serv. in 1st Batt. Front. Cav.
- MARTIN V. BARNEY, Greenfield, 25, s; clerk. 1st Sergt. July 26, '62; 2nd Lieut. Dec. 21, '63; 1st Lieut. Oct. 28, '64; Capt. Apr. 1, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WESLEY A. GOVE, Boston, 27, m; coal dealer. 1st Lieut. Sept. 15, '62. Capt. Feb. 20, '65. Disch. June 17, '95.
- WILLIAM H. CUNNINGHAM, South Boston, 33, m; blacksmith. Sergt. Aug. 14, '62; 2nd Lieut. May 26, '64; 1st Lieut. Nov. 14, '64; Capt. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as 1st Lieut.
- WILLIAM H. P. BROWNELL, New Bedford, 18, s; student. Sergt. Aug. 20, '62; 2nd Lieut. Nov. 11, '63; 1st Lieut. Sept. 2, '64; Capt. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as 1st Lieut.
- CHARLES E. GROVER, Cambridge, 42, m; merchant. Private Sept. 2, '62; Sergt.-Maj. March 1, '63; 2nd Lieut. Apr. 13, '63; 1st Lieut. Sept. 2, '64; Capt. Oct. 5, '65; wounded, Yellow Bayou, May 18, '64; wounded severely, Winchester, Va., Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as 1st Lieut.
- JOHN H. HILTON, 24. Private Dec. 5, '61; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 27, '63; 1st Lieut. Nov. 11, '64. Disch. Dec. 27, '64. Recommissioned 1st Lieut. Feb. 23, '65. Capt. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as 1st Lieut.
- JOSEPH F. SIMONDS, Melrose, 21, s, printer; Serg. Aug. 21, '62; 2nd Lieut. Sept. 20, '64; 1st Lieut. July 21, '65; Capt. Oct. 5, '65. Disch. Sept. 28, '65 as 1st Lieut.

- JOHN F. CAMPBELL, Boston, 30, m; carpenter. Corp. Aug. 11, '62; 2nd Lieut. Sept. 11, '64; 1st Lieut. July 22, '65; Capt. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. as 2nd Lieut.
- ROBERT S. OWENS, Boston, 27, s; carpenter. Corp. Aug. 19, '62; 2nd Lieut. Dec. 17, '64; 1st Lieut. Aug. 17, '65; Capt. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as 2nd Lieut.
- RUSSELL C. ELLIOTT, Boston, 21, s; teamster. Private Aug. 12, '62; 2nd Lieut. Dec. 17, '64; Capt. Oct. 5, '65. Wounded Oct. '64 M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as 2nd Lieut.
- ORLANDO B. REYNOLDS, En. Haverhill. Private Dec. 31, '64; 2nd Lieut. Feb. 8, '65; Capt. Oct. 5, '65. M.O. Sept. 28, '65 as 2nd Lieut. Prev. serv. in 100 day's men.
- DEWIT C. CLARK, En. Boston, 28. 2nd Lieut. Feb. 8, '65; Capt. Oct. 5 '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as 2nd Lieut.
- HENRY S. ADAMS, Chicopee, 23, s; clerk. Adj. Sept. 8, '62. Disch. disa, Nov 13, '63.
- BENJAMIN PICKMAN, Salem, 34; 2nd Lieut. Sept. 26, '61; 1st Lieut. Apr. 24, '62. Disch. disa. Dec. 20, '62.
- PICKERING D. ALLEN, Salem, 23, s; gentleman. 2nd Lieut. Dec. 27, '61; 1st Lieut. Jan. 1, '63. Killed in action June 2, '63.
- HENRY D. POPE, Fair Haven, 25, s; clerk. Sergt. Sept. 23, '61; 2nd Lieut. Jan. 1, '63; 1st Lieut. June 3, '63. Detached serv. at Brigade Headquarters as Act. Asst. Quar. Mast. Gen. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- A. GORDON BOWLES, Roxbury, 30, s; engineer. 1st Lieut. Sept. 25, '61. Appointed on staff of Mil. Gov. of La July 14, '62.
- CHARLES J. BATCHELDER, Salem, 25, s; clerk. Sergt. Oct. 22, '61; 1st Lieut. July 14, '62. Died Sept. 9, '62, New Orleans, La.
- JOSEPH W. MORTON, Quincy, 21, s; student. Private Dec. 11, '61; 2nd Lieut. Feb. 20, '62; 1st Lieut. Sept. 10, '62. Disch. disa. March 26, '63. Sub. serv. Capt. 4th Cav. Jan. 5, '64. Disch. May 15, '65.
- OLON A. PERKINS, Lowell, 24, s; bookkeeper. 1st Lieut. Oct. 12, '61. Killed in action June 3, '63, Clinton, La.
- WILLIAM T. HODGES, Roxbury, 29, s; banker. 1st Lieut. Sept. 10, '62. Disch. as 1st Lieut, and commissioned Capt. 4th Cav. Aug. 13, '63.
- WILLIAM HARRIS, Jr., Boston, 27, m; machinist. 2nd Lieut. Aug. 16, '62; 1st Lieut. June 17, '63. M.O. Dec. 5, '64.
- CHARLES B. STONE, Roxbury, 22, s; banker. Com. Sergeant, Aug. 22, '62; 1st Lieut. Nov. 16, '63. M. O. July 21, '65, as 1st Lieut. and Regt. C. Sub.
- THEODORE C. OTIS, Roxbury, 20, s; soldier: 2nd Lieut. Sept. 6, '62; 1st Lieut. Aug. 13, '63. Disch. July 11, '65 on Consolidation.
- GEORGE A. FISKE, Jr., Roxbury, 21, s; student. Q. M. S. Sept. 29, '62; 1st Lieut. Oct. 27, '63; Paymaster of Vols. July 22, '64.

- RAYMOND ELLINGTON, Provincetown, 23 s; clerk. Private July 30, '62; Serg. Maj. Dec 2, '63; 1st Lieut. and Adj. Feb. 4, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Dropped from Rolls May 22, '65. Special Or. Dept. of Mo.
- BENJAMIN W PARSONS, Lynnfield Centre, 25, s; engineer. Sergt. Oct. 1, '61; 2nd Lieut. March 27, '63; 1st Lieut. Aug. 13, '63. Disch. disa. July 15, '64.
- REED B. GRANGER, Boston, 21, s; student. Private Oct. 31, '62; 2nd Lieut. June 17, '63; 1st Lieut. March 6, '64. Act. Asst. Prv. Mar. Disch. June, '65.
- JOSEPH H. KINGSLEY, Boston, 37, m; clerk. Sergt. Aug. 19, '62. Q. M. Sergt. Jan. 1, '63; 2nd Lieut. Feb. 14, '64; 1st Lieut. May 26, '64. Disch. July 21, '65.
- WILLIAM S. STEVENS, South Boston, 23, m; clerk. 1st Sergt. Aug. 18, '62; 2nd Lieut. Aug. 18, '63; 1st Lieut. Aug. 7, '64. Disch. Aug. 24, '65.
- MICHAEL McDONALD, Boston, s; farmer. Private Dec. 3, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64; 2nd Lieut. March 11, '64; 1st Lieut. Aug. 7, '64. Disch. June 6, '65.
- GEORGE A. WADLEIGH, Boston, 21, s; engineer. 1st Sergt. Sept. 10, '62; 2nd Lieut. June 17, '63; 1st Lieut. March 2, '65. Resigned July 27, '65.
- CHARLES E. BOWERS, Concord. 1st Lieut. March 2, '65. Declined Com. of 1st. Lieut. Front Cav. May 1, '65. M. O. June 30, '65.
- WILLIAM S. MCKAY, Boston, 24, s; soldier. Private Apr. 8, '64; 2nd Lieut. July 21, '65; 1st Lieut. Aug. 5, '65. M. O. as 2nd Lieut. Sept 28, '65.
- JAMES K. LANDRICK, Pembroke, Me., 21, s.; carpenter. Private Nov. 19, '61; Re-en. Feb. 19, '64; 2nd Lieut. July 22, '65; 1st Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M.O. Sept. 28, '65 as 1st Sergt.
- RICHARD M. SANBORN, South Braintree, 28, s; tinman. Private Jan. 30, '64; 2nd Lieut. Aug. 17, '65; 1st. Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. as 1st Sergt.
- GRAFTON FENNO, Boston, 36, s.; accountant. Private Jan. 5, '64; Q. M. Sergt. July 26, '65; 1st Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65, as Q.M. Sergt.
- JOHN MITCHELL, Providence, R. I., 18, s; printer. Corp. Feb. 4, '64; 1st Sergt. May 20, '65; 1st Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65, as 1st Sergt. Prev. serv.
- RUFUS V WOODS. En. Springfield, 24, s; tailor. Private Dec 30, '64; 1st Sergt. Feb. 10, '65; 1st Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M.O. Sept. 28, '65 as 1st Sergt.
- BENJAMIN RUSSELL, Jr., Greenwood. Me., 31, s; farmer. Private Jan. 5, '64; 1st Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as 1st Sergt. Prior Serv
- ZENAS W. CLARK, Pembroke, Me., 22, s; farmer. Private Oct. 19, '62; Corp. July 12, '62; Sergt. Jan. '64. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64; 1st Lieut. Oct 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Sergt.
- ROBERT E. MASON, New York, 21, s; clerk. Private March 16, '64; Sergt. June 1, '65; 1st Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Sergt.

- THEODORE C. HOWE**, Braintree, 18, s; laborer. Private Dec. 7, '63; Q. M. Sergt. May 21, '65; 1st. Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Q. M. Sergt.
- JOHN M. W. EMERY**, Great Falls, N. H., 21, s; clerk. Private March 30, '64; Sergt. July 28, '65; 1st Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Sergt.
- WILLIAM K. CAMERON**, Pembroke, Me., 18, s; tailor. Private Oct. 19, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64; 1st Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Q. M. Sergt.
- WILLIAM H. YOUNG**, Lowell, 26, s; shoemaker. Private Nov. 26, '61; Corp. June 1, '65. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64; 1st Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Corp.
- JOHN McKEE**, Chelsea, 37, m; seaman. Private Dec. 9, '63; Sergt. Aug. 1, '65; 1st Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Com. Sergt.
- MARCUS M. SULLIVAN**, En. Boston, 23, clerk. Private Dec. 31, '64; Sergt. Feb. 10, '65; 1st Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Com. Sergt.
- SAMUEL W. LEWIS**, Danvers, 25, s; ship carpenter. Private Oct. 7, '61; Corp. May 20, '62; 1st Sergt. Jan. 1, '63; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 27, '63. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- EDWARD J. NOYES**, Lowell, 2nd Lieut. Nov. 12, '62. Disch. and Ap. Capt. 1st Texas Cav. Nov. '62. Disch. as Maj. Aug. 17, '64.
- ROBERT F. YEATON**, Lowell, 2nd Lieut. May 9, '62. Resigned Feb. 13, '63.
- JARED P. MAXFIELD**, Lowell, 21, s; clerk. Private Nov. 22, '61; 2nd Lieut. Feb. 14, '63. Disch. disa. Aug. 28, '63.
- JOHN H. WESTON**, Boston, 31, m; caulker. 2nd Lieut. Sept. 15, '62. Resigned July 18, '63.
- LAWRENCE CONLIN**, Boston, 38, s; carpenter. 2nd Lieut. Dec. 9, '62. Resigned Jan. 15, '64.
- JOHN M. ROLSTON**, Charlestown, 22, m; painter. Sergt. Maj. Aug. 21, '62; 2nd Lieut. Feb. 21, '63. Disch. disa. Aug. 15, '64.
- JOSEPH F. GLIDDEN**, Lawrence, 28, m; clerk. Sergt. Aug. 7, '62; 2nd Lieut. Aug. 13, '63. Killed in action, Sept. 19, '64.
- JOHN F. POOLE**, Randolph, 28, m; machinist. Sergt. June 3, '62; 2nd Lieut. Aug. 13, '63. Killed in action, Sept. 19, '64.
- LYMAN JAMES**, Boston, 25, s; pattern maker. Private Aug. 30, '62; 2nd Lieut. March 6, '64. Wounded Oct. 19, '64. Died of wounds, Dec. 6, '64.
- EDWARD W. PIERCE**, Boston, 21, s; mechanic. Sergt. June 4, '62; Sergt. Maj. Aug. 7, '64; 2nd Lieut. Aug. 7, '64. Disch. June 12, '65.
- ALVIN D. ELLIOTT**, Lawrence, 24, m; machinist. Corp. Aug. 7, '62; 2nd Lieut. Aug. 7, '64. Disch. July 21, '65, on consolidation.
- PATRICK S. CURRY**, Lowell, 32, m; stonecutter. Sergt. July 28, '62; 2nd Lieut. Aug. 7, '64. Disch. disa. March 29, '65.
- HEZEKIAH, P. HUGHES**, North Truro, 23, m; farmer. Private July 28, '62; 2nd Lieut. Sept. 20, '64. Resigned June 12, '65.

- EDMUND MILES, Cambridge, 32, m; printer. Private Aug. 19, '62; wounded Oct. 19, '64; 2nd Lieut. Nov. 14, '64. Disch. July 14, '65.
- JOHN CASWELL, Boston, 38, m; shoe dealer. Sergt. Aug. 20, '62; 2nd Lieut. Sept. 20, '64; wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. July 21, '65.
- JOHN H. THOMAS, Plaquonave, La., 18; carpenter. Private Dec. 30, '62; Corp. May 31, '65; Sergt. July 6, '65; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Sergt.
- HENRY A. McMASTER, Southboro, 19, s; clerk. Private Feb. 29, '64; Sergt. May 20, '65; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Sergt.
- GEORGE W. WOOD, Leverett, 27, s; farmer. Private Dec. 24, '63; Sergt. July 28, '65; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Sergt.
- GEORGE ALLEN, Provincetown, 19, s; seaman. Private Jan. 5, '64; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Sergt.
- GEORGE B. MEADE, Springfield, 23, s; machinist. Private Dec. 31, '64; Sergt. March 1, '65; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Sergt.
- JOHN S. DAVIS, East Boston, 24, s; teamster. Private Feb. 27, '64; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as private.
- IRVING W. BROWN, Charlestown, 19, s; baker. Private Jan. 4, '64; Sergt. Sept. 1, '65; wounded Sept. 19, '64; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Sergt.
- JOHN PORTER, Bridgewater, 36, m; shoemaker. Private Dec. 31, '63; Corp. May 1, '64; Com. Sergt. May 21, '65; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Com. Sergeant.
- EDWARD J. EVERETT, En. Greenfield, 20, s; student. Private Jan. 2, '65; Sergt. Feb. 10, '65; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Q. M. Sergt.
- CHARLES K. LINCOLN, Quincy, 22, s; carpenter. Private Dec. 31, '64; Q. M. Sergt. Feb. 10, '65; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Q. M. Sergt.
- SYLVESTER R. BUEL, East Boston, 26, m; soldier. Private Feb. 27, '64; Corp. July 26, '65; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Corp.
- JEREMIAH DYSON, En. Boston, 36; sword practiser. Private Jan. 2, '65; Sergt. Feb. 10, '65; 2nd Lieut. Oct. 5, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65 as Sergt.
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NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF

- JAMES A. SMALL, North Truro, 26, m; farmer. Private July 29, '62; Sergt.-Maj. Feb. 10, '65. Disch. May '65.
- WILLIAM WILDMAN, Quincy, 32, s; brass-finisher. Sergt. Sept. 27, '62; Sergt.-Maj. March 14, '65. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- MORTON J. McNEIL, Roxbury, 21, s; clerk. Private Feb. 10, '64. Disch. July 25, '65 as Sergt.-Maj.
- FRED D. PERRY, Boston, 32, m; clerk. Private Feb. 20, '64; Sergt. May 20, '65. Disch. July 25, '65 as Regt. Com. Sergt.
- HARRY N. COBURN, New Bedford, 26, s; clerk. Private Aug. 21, '62; Hosp. Stew. Nov. 21, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 4, '63 at Port Hudson, La.
- GEORGE G. BAILEY, Boston, 37, m; druggist. Jan. 5, '64; Hosp. Stew. May 20, '65. Disch. July 25, '65.
- EDWARD B. STRATTON, Sherborn, 36, s; carpenter. Private Sept. 20, '62. Disch. May, '65 as Hosp. Stew
- DAVID AMBROSE, Lawrence, 42, m; carpenter. Sept. 4, '62. Hosp. Stew. Dec. 14, '62. Disch. May '65.
- ROBERT A. SAUNDERS, Chelsea, 32, m; carpenter, En. Nov. 27, '63; Disch. July 25, '65 as Vet. Surg. Prior serv. 50th Regt. M.V.M.
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COMPANY A.

- CHARLES F. HOWLAND, 1st Sergeant, New Bedford, 21, s; clerk. Aug. 21, '62. Died Feb. 19, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- GEORGE H. ALLEN, 1st Sergeant, New Bedford, 25, m; clerk. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. disa. May 31, '65.
- JAMES RILEY, Q. M. Sergeant, Lowell, 35, m; machinist. Nov. 25, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN A. BATES, Com. Sergeant, New Bedford, 22, m; bookkeeper. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May, '65.
- SOLOMON D. EMERY, Com. Sergeant, Boston, 21, s; shoemaker. Oct. 8, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- SAVARY BRAILEY, Sergeant, Acushnet, 20, s; seaman. March 2, '64. M.O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- JOHN J. COLWELL, Sergeant, New Bedford, 25, m; blacksmith. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOB H. GIFFORD, Sergeant, New Bedford, 28, m; mason. Aug. 20, '62. Transferred to Navy, July 31, '64. Disch. June 3, '65, from Tuscarora.
- WILLIAM GROSS, Sergeant, Boston Cr. Barre, 23, s; farmer. Apr. 1, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES P. KASIMIRE, Sergeant, New Bedford, 28, s; carriage-trimmer. Aug. 19, '62. Wounded, Sept. 19, '64. Disch. disa. March 16, '65.
- SAMUEL N. LEONARD, Sergeant, New Bedford, 33, s; clerk. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. Jan. 18, '64.
- CHARLES A. LUCAS, Sergeant, New Bedford, 42, m; mariner. Aug. 19, '62. Died Nov. 30, '63, at Port Hudson.
- WILLIAM S. MAXFIELD, Sergeant, New Bedford, 29, s; seaman. Aug. 21, '62. Transferred to Navy, July 31, '64.
- HUGH McDONALD, Sergeant, New Bedford, 19, s; teamster. Aug. 21, '62. Transferred to Navy, July 31, '64. Disch. June 11, '65, from R.S. Princeton.
- HARRISON G. O. NYE, Sergeant, New Bedford, 40, m; painter. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JAMES K. PRITCHARD, Sergeant, New Bedford, 21, s; gilder. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOSEPH A. SARGENT, Sergeant, Springfield, 31, m; carriage trimmer. Aug. 21, '62. Died March 12, '65, at Annapolis, Md.
- ANDREW J. SHERMAN, Sergeant, New Bedford, 19, m; farmer. Jan. 25, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- THOMAS G. TILLINGHAST, Sergeant, New Bedford, 18, s; clerk. Jan. 4, '64. Died Oct. 20, '64, of wounds received in action, Winchester, Va.
- SETH A. WILCOX, Sergeant, New Bedford, 27, s; carpenter, Aug. 21, '62. Died May 30, '64, at New Bedford, Mass.
- CHARLES N. WOOD, Sergeant, New Bedford, 21, s; carpenter. Aug. 21, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. May 13, '65.
- ALPHEUS C. BRALEY, Corporal, New Bedford, 30; moulder. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 29, '63.
- THOMAS BURKE, Corporal, Boston, 20; laborer. Oct. 11, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- PATRICK CARROLL, Corporal, New Bedford, 21, s; teamster, Aug. 20, '62. Died Aug. 6, '64, at Washington, D. C.
- JOSEPH D. ELLERSON, Corporal, Bridgewater, 18; farmer. Dec. 22, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM GALLAGHER, Corporal, Cambridge, 22, s; plasterer. Feb. 1, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MONROE HOLCOMB, Corporal, New Bedford, 29, m; butcher. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- GEORGE W. HOOD, Corporal, New Bedford, 30, s; carriage painter. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- HENRY C. HUNT, Corporal, Long Meadow, 20, m; teamster. Feb. 16, '64. Wounded Oct. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM H. JOHNS, Corporal, en. Leominster, 23. Feb. 24, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- ROBERT E. LEAVITT, Corporal, Acushnet, 18, s; student. Feb. 24, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- NATHAN D. MAXFIELD, Corporal, New Bedford, 26, s; carpenter. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- THOMAS H. NOLAN, Corporal, New Bedford, 19, s; clerk. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. and commissioned 1st Lieut. 821 Regt. U. S. C. Inf. July 21, '63. Resigned June 15, '65.
- WILLIAM J. POWELL, Corporal, New Bedford, 31, m; painter. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63.
- WILLIAM SULLIVAN, Corporal, Provincetown, 18, s; seaman. Jan. 5, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- GEORGE E. WEAVER, Corporal, New Bedford, 28, m; spice manufacturer. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 30, '65.
- CHARLES C. DEAN, Bugler, en. New Orleans, La., 19. Nov. 30, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- EDWARD F. DENNIS, Bugler, Lynn, 21, s; shoemaker. Nov. 14, '61. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- CHARLES G. WILSON, Bugler, New Bedford, 18, s; student. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOHN DOYLE, Farrier, Killport, Ireland, en. New Orleans, 25; farrier. May 28, '62. Disch. May 17, '65.
- WILLIAM D. PERNIN, Farrier, Lunenburg, 20, s; blacksmith. Nov. 20, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ALMADO R. SMITH, saddler, Readfield, Me., 25, s; harness-maker. Dec. 23, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- WASHINGTON ALLEN, Cook, Port Hudson, 12. Aug. 30, '63. Deserted July 29, '65., Mt. Pleasant, Ks.
- HENDERSON BROWN, Cook, en. Port Hudson, 26. Sept. 1, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES GREEN, Cook, Port Hudson, 30. Aug. 30, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE WASHINGTON, Cook, en. Port Hudson, 27. Aug. 30, '63. Deserted '65. Unof.
- DANIEL WILLIAMS, Cook, en. Port Hudson, 19. Aug. 30, '63. Died Nov. 29, '63, Port Hudson. Unof.
- EBEN C. ADAMS, New Bedford, 40, m; ship joiner. Aug. 21, '62. Trans. to Navy July 31, '64. Disch. Dec. 31, '64, from R. S. at Boston.
- WILLIAM ALMY, New Bedford, 26, m; clerk. Aug. 25, '62. Disch. May 20, '63.
- DON CARLOS ALVAREZ, Boston, 23, s; soldier. Feb. 26, '64. Absent in confinement at M. O. Regt. Sept. 28, '65. Unof.
- AMASA ARNOLD, Stowe, 18, s; farmer. Dec. 15, '63. Died Aug. 17, '64. Unof.
- BENJAMIN H. ARNOLD, New Bedford, 19, s; mechanic. Jan. 4, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Trans. to V. R. C. and Disch. Oct. 7, '65.
- FRANCIS H. BACKUS, New Bedford, 37, m; laborer. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- ROBERT H. BAILEY, Attleboro, 40, m; farmer. Jan. 5, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- VARANUS S. BAILEY, Attleboro, 18, s; farmer. Jan. 5, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE BAILEY, Wiscasset, Me., 31, s; mariner. Aug. 18, '62. Deserted Dec. 14, '62. N. Y.
- ABRAHAM E. BORDEN, New Bedford, 33, m; mason. Aug. 21, '62. Trans. to Sig. Corps Nov. 15, '62. Scalded to death in Gunboat Clifton, Sabine Pass, Apr. 9, '63, a shot passing through the boiler.
- GEORGE BERGER, Boston, 28, engineer. Nov. 15, '64. Absent without leave since June 24, '65. No later record.
- ANDREW P. BISMORE, New Bedford, 34, m; cooper. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. Jan. 18, '64.
- CHARLES A. BONNEY, New Bedford, 43, m; mariner. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. March 28, '64.
- CHARLES R. BOOTH, New Bedford, 22, s; clerk. Aug. 21, '62. Died Dec. 2, '63, Port Hudson, La., from wounds received in action.

- AUGUSTUS D. BRIGGS, New Bedford, 23, m; carpenter. Aug. 21, '62. Died of wounds, Nov. 14, '64, Baltimore, Md.
- GEORGE C. BRIGHAM, New Bedford, 22, s; laborer. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- HENRY R. BUTTS, New Bedford, 41, m; carpenter. Aug. 21, '62. Trans. to Co. I, 3rd Regt. V. R. C. Disch. disa. Apr. 18, '64.
- IRVING W. CAMPBELL, Boston, 18, s; clerk. Jan. 5, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES CARPENTER, New Bedford, 31, m; hostler. Aug. 20, '62. Deserted Feb. 9, '64.
- JAMES W. CARROLL, New Bedford, 19, s; laborer. Jan. 5, '64. Trans. to Navy, July 31, '64. Prior serv.
- MICHAEL CARTER, New Bedford, 41, m; teamster. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM A. CASE, Freetown, 21, s; tinsmith. Jan. 13, '64. Wounded Apr. 19, '64. Disch. disa. Nov. 7, '65.
- JOHN CASHIN, New Bedford, 20, s; tailor. Aug. 21, '62. Deserted Nov. 7, '62, N. Y.
- OTIS O. CLAFIN, Southboro, 18, s; shoemaker. Feb. 25, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM E. CLARK, Rochester, 22, s; farmer. Jan. 5, '64. Killed in action Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek, Va.
- WILLIAM CLYMENTS, New Bedford, 40, m; blacksmith. Jan. 7, '64. Trans. to Navy July 31, '64. Disch. Rec. Ship Phila. Aug. 24, '65.
- THOMAS F. COLE, Lakeville, 28, m; shoemaker. Jan. 18, '64. Trans. to Navy July 31, '64.
- SYLVESTER A. COLYER, New Bedford, 25, m; ropemaker. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JAMES CONLIN, Pittsfield, 26; sailor. Dec. 14, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN CONNELLY, Boston, 25, m; laborer. Nov. 30, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64. Disch. Sept. 28, '65.
- MICHAEL CONWAY, New Bedford, 23, s; teamster. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- DAVID COOK, Provincetown, 26, s; seaman. Jan. 14, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- ISAAC H. COOK, New Bedford, 18, s; butcher. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- GEORGE H. COON, New Bedford, 39, m; laborer. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 26, '63.
- JAMES CUSHMAN, Provincetown, 39, m; seaman. Jan. 5, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- ISAAC C. DAVIS, Dartmouth, 36, m; butcher. Aug. 19, '62. M.O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE W. DAVIS, New Bedford, 35, m; teamster. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 27, '63.
- LAFAYETTE DEAN, New Bedford, 28, m; shoe finisher, Aug. 18, '62. Disch. Nov. 5, '62. Ord. Sur. Gen.
- WILLIAM DONNS, Delaware, Cr. Holyoke, 21, s; farmer. June 22, '64. Deserted June 21, '65. St. Louis, Mo.
- CHARLES B. DOUGLASS, New Bedford, 35, m; teamster. Aug. 20, '62. Killed in action, Nov. 30, '63, Plains Store, La.
- WILLIAM H. EATON, New Bedford, 33, m; painter. Aug. 21, '62. Deserted Nov. 21, '62. N. Y.
- LOWELL M. EDSON, New Bedford, 23, s; carpenter. Aug. 21, '62. Died July 28, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- JOHN B. EASTERBROOK, Boston, 18, s; clerk. May 6, '64. M.O. Sept. 28, '65.
- FRANKLIN FINE, Provincetown, 23, m; seaman. Jan. 5, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ANDREW J. FRANCIS, New Bedford, 21, s; teamster. Aug. 21, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. May 25, '65.
- JOSEPH FULMER, Roxbury, 29, m; ropemaker. Jan. 2, '64. M.O. Sept. 28, '65.
- SAMUEL E. GABRIEL, New Bedford, 34, m; boat-builder. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. May 27, '65.
- ROBERT GORDON, Hyannis, 35, m; tailor. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- BERNARD T. GARLAND, New Bedford, 24, m; shoemaker. Feb. 1, '64. Trans. to Navy, July 31, '64.
- NATHAN S. GIBBS, New Bedford, 22, s; seaman. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. Jan. 18, '64.
- WILLIAM C. GIDLEY, New Bedford, 29, m; seaman. Aug. 20, '62. Trans. V.R.C.
- CHARLES F. GIFFORD, New Bedford, 18, s; shoe cutter. April 19, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- AMASA GOLDING, Farmington, Me., Cr. Wayland, 24, s; carpenter. Dec. 18, '63. Disch. July 31, '65.
- HENRY GOTHARD, Boston, 21, s; mariner. March 2, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- LORING GRAY, Fall River, 36, s; hostler, Jan. 8, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- FRANK G. HAMMOND, Charlestown, 19, s; carpenter. Dec. 7, '63. Disch. disa. Jan. 11, '65. Prior serv.
- SIMON HANDY, New Bedford, 37, m; teamster. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- ALBION D. HAPGOOD, Boston, 18, s; clerk. Jan. 4, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- FRANCIS A. HARVEY, Lakeville, 29, s; shoemaker. Jan. 13, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- WILLIAM S. HASKINS, New Bedford, 28, s; seaman. Feb. 23, '64. Trans. to Navy, July 31, '64.
- JOHN F. HATCH, Abington, 34, m; shoemaker. Dec. 7, '63. Absent—sick at M. O. Regt. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM W. HATCH, Farmington, Me., Cr. Chelsea, 21, s; farmer. Nov. 28, '63. Wounded Oct. '64. Trans. to V.R.C., Co. I, 10th Regt. Disch. Oct. 5, '65.
- GEORGE L. HATHAWAY, New Bedford, 26, s; seaman. Jan. 4, '64. Trans. to Navy July 31, '64. Disch. from R.S. Ohio June 11, '66.
- WILLIAM A. HATHAWAY, New Bedford, 26, m; farmer, Aug. 18, '62. Trans. to V.R.C. Disch. from Co. I, 3rd Regt., July 19, '65.
- THOMAS HAYDEN, East Boston, 21, s; teamster. Feb. 22, '64. Trans. Co. E, 2nd Batt. V.R.C. M. O. Nov. 21, '65.
- HENRY HEINTZ, New Bedford, 31, s; cooper. Aug. 21, '62. Died Oct. 1, '63. Port Hudson, La.
- WILLIAM H. HICKS, New Bedford, 37, m; laborer. Aug. 20, '62. Trans. to Co. D, 3rd Regt. V.R.C., Feb. '64. M. O. July 19, '65, at Burlington, Vt.
- LAMSON HITCHINGS, Charlestown, 24, s; morrocco finisher. Nov. 28, '63. Disch. June 12, '65.
- JOHN HOLEAND — wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. disa. July 14, '65.
- WILLIAM M. HUBBY, New Lenox, 23, s; farmer, Feb. 27, '64. Wounded Oct. '64. Disch. July 10, '65.
- JOSIAH C. HUNT, Longmeadow, 21, m; armorer. Feb. 18, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- JOHN W. HUNTER, Boston, 30, blacksmith. May 6, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM H. JAQUISH, West Point, N. Y., 23, s; mariner. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- STEPHEN D. JORDAN, New Bedford, 44, m; jeweller. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 27, '65.
- WILLIAM L. KELLY, Sydney, Me., 22, s; farmer. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. July 14, '65.
- MICHAEL KENDRICK, Canton, 21, s; harness maker. March 28, '64. Wounded Oct. '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MICHAEL KINDREGAN, S. Weymouth, 18, s; boot maker. Dec. 26, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MICHAEL LALLY, New Bedford, 23, s; laborer. Jan. 5, '64. Died of wounds Nov. 7, '64, Winchester, Va.
- JOSEPH N. LANDERS, New Bedford, 32, m; boat builder. Aug. 19, '62. Died March 20, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- JOHN LEE, New Bedford, 44, m; harness maker. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. disa. May 25, '63.

- STEPHEN H. LEONARD, New Bedford, 19, s; planer. Jan. 5, '64. Died of wounds, Sept. 24, '64, Winchester, Va.
- WILLIAM E. S. LINGO, Delaware, Cr. Holyoke, 21, farmer. June 22, '64. Disch. June 3, '65.
- PHILLIP C. LOOSE, en. N. O., La., 27, Nov. 10, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- SQUIRE HENRY H. LUCAS, New Bedford, 19, s; messenger. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- FREDERICK LYNQ, New Bedford, 21, s; laborer. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM LYNQ, New Bedford, 19, s; laborer. Jan. 25, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv. Co. G, 3rd Inf.
- SAMUEL A. MACOMBER, Freetown, 21, s; blacksmith. Dec. 31, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- SIMEON A. MACOMBER, New Bedford, 44, m; teamster. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JAMES MOHAN, New Bedford 43, m; tailor. Oct. 20, '62. Deserted Nov. 6, '62. N. Y.
- GEORGE MALLOY, S. Boston, 22, s; hostler. June 21, '64. M. O., Sept. 28, '65.
- JOSEPH H. MALLORY, Cuba, N. Y., Cr. Roxbury, 19, s; farmer. Oct. 24, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES H. MARSTON, Provincetown, 20, s; seaman. Jan. 4, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- LYMAN B. MASON, Methuen, 19, s; hatter. March 7, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va. Disch. disa. June 27, '65.
- FRANCIS MAXWELL, New Bedford, 20, m; stone cutter. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 4, '62.
- DANIEL MCCARTHY, New Bedford, 33, m; laborer. Aug. 19, '62. Trans. to V. R. C.
- WILLIAM McCLOSKEY New Bedford, 18, s; laborer, Jan. 16, '64. Disch. July 14, '64.
- HUGH McDEVITT, New Bedford, 19, s; laborer, Jan. 30, '64. Killed in action, Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.
- DANIEL McKENNA, Pittsfield, 20, s; spinner. Dec. 14, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM E. McKENNA, Pittsfield, 20, s; wool sorter. Dec. 14, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHRISTOPHER McNAMARA, Medway Village, 21, s; boot maker. Jan. 4, '64. Deserted Aug. 23, '65, Fort Kerney, N. T.
- THOMAS McNAMARA, Boston; 23, s; boot maker. March 19, '64. Disch. July 20, '65.

- EDWARD MORRIS, Hoosac Falls, N. Y. Cr. West Springfield, 19, s; laborer. Jan. 9, '64. Disch. May 30, '65.
- SILAS MOSIER, Bakersfield, Vt. Cr. Waltham, 21, m; farmer. March 3, '64. Disch. Aug. 29, '65.
- EDWARD MURPHY, New Bedford, 18, s; seaman. Jan. 16, '64. Trans. to Navy July 31, '64.
- TIMOTHY F. MURPHY, New Bedford, 30, m; blacksmith. Jan. 18, '64. Trans. to Navy, July 31, '64.
- WILLIAM NELIES, Coleraine, Ire. En. New Orleans, La., 18; laborer. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- NATHANIEL A. NEWCOMB, Pawtucket, R. I., 18, s; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM S. NORTON, New Bedford, 19, s; clerk, Aug. 21, '62. Disch. Jan. 29, '64. New Orleans, La.
- JOSEPH E. OLLIVER, New Bedford, 22, s; farmer. Jan. 11, '64. Disch. May 18, '65.
- LEANDER PERRY, New Bedford, 22, s; laborer. Aug. 20, '62. Trans. to Navy, July 31, '64. Disch. from "North Carolina," Sept. 1, '65.
- CLEM POOLE, en. Port Hudson, 27. Aug. 30, '63. Deserted July 29, '65, Mt. Pleasant, Kansas.
- ABNER S. POTTER, New Bedford, 42, m; mariner, Aug. 21, '62. Trans. to Navy, July 31, '64. Disch. Oct. 6, '65, from "North Carolina."
- CHARLES F. REMINGTON, New Bedford, 18, s; clerk. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. June 1, '65.
- JOHN H. RICHARDS, New Bedford, 18, s; carriage painter. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOHN B. ROGAN, S. Boston, 19, s; teamster. March 10, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior Serv.
- MICHAEL ROGAN, S. Boston, 22, s; sailor. March 9, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- FERDINAND ROLLE, N. Y. City, 29, s; blacksmith. Aug. 20, '62. Trans. to Navy, July 31, '64.
- EDMUND ROWELL, Cr. Roxbury, 21, s; farmer. March 10, '64. Deserted Aug. 24, '65, Fort Kerney, N. T.
- JOHN A. SALES, Chelsea, 18, s; clerk. Jan. 4, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- DENNIS SCANNELL, Provincetown, 28, m; seaman. Jan. 4, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN SHENCK, en. N. O. La., 21; blacksmith. July 14, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- ISSAC W. SEKELL, New Bedford, 20, s; laborer. Feb. 2, '64. Died Jan. 12, '65, Phila. Pa.
- WILLIAM W. SEKELL, New Bedford, 19, s; laborer. Feb. 5, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- GEORGE F. SIMPSON, Medway, 25, s; boot maker. Feb. 29, '64. Trans. to 2nd Co. 2nd Batt. V.R.C. M. O. Nov. 21, '65. Prior serv.
- MICHAEL SMITH, New Bedford, 18, s; seaman. Jan. 29, '64. Died of wounds, Aug. 24, '65, Fort Kerney, Kan.
- JAMES SOLON, Pittsfield, 24, s; blacksmith. Dec. 14, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- WILLIAM P. SOWLE, New Bedford, 29, m; laborer. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. May 25, '63.
- ROBERT STEVENSON, N. Y. Cr. Malden, 18, s; boiler maker. Feb. 25, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- DENNIS SULLIVAN, New Bedford, 18, s; laborer. Aug. 21, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. disa. March 17, '65.
- HOWLAND L. TABER, Acushnet, 18, s; farmer. Feb. 24, '64. Died June 15, '64, N. O., La.
- WILLIAM H. TABER, New Bedford, 26, s; seaman. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 14, '63.
- HENRY TAYLOR, Hanover, N. H., 24, s; seaman. Oct. 27, '62. Disch. disa. May 9, '63.
- GEORGE W. THURSTON, Cr. New Bedford, 24, s; moulder. Jan. 29, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Deserted Aug. 11, '65., Pawnee Station.
- CHARLES F. TILLINGHAST, New Bedford 22, s. Jan. 4, '64. Died Jan. 19, '65., Salisbury, N. C. as prisoner of war.
- STEPHEN W. TOLMAN, New Bedford, 41, m; teamster. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. June 29, '65.
- SILAS TOWNSEND, Lakeville, 34, m; shoemaker. Jan. 28, '64. Disch. Aug. 8, '65. Prior serv.
- AMBROSE H. TRIPP, New Bedford, 19, s; moulder. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. disa. May 24, '63.
- CHARLES H. TRIPP, New Bedford, 28, m; butcher. Aug. 21, '62. Trans. to Navy, July 31, '64.
- DANIEL D. TRIPP, New Bedford, 29, m; butcher. Aug. 20, '62. Trans. to Co. I, 3rd Regt. V. R. C., March 5, '64. Disch. July 19, '65.
- JOSEPH H. TRIPP, New Bedford, 44, m; farmer. Jan. 5, '64. Trans. to Co. E, 9th Regt., V. R. C. Disch. Oct. 6, '65.
- CHARLES H. VAUGHN, S. Boston, 19, s. Teamster. March 29, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65., Prior serv.
- GEORGE M. VIALI, Providence, R. I., 18, s; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Died May 15, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- FRANCIS H. VINAL, Freetown, 40, m; mason. Dec. 31, '63. Disch. July 29, '65.
- PAUL B. WARREN, New Bedford, 21, s; shoedresser. Aug. 20, '62. Trans. to V. R. C.

- HENRY WATSON, New Bedford, 21, s; laborer. Jan. 18, '64. Deserted Aug. 12, '65. Seneca, Ks.
- JAMES WATSON, New Bedford, 24, s; laborer. Feb. 13, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM H. WEAVER, New Bedford, 34, m; butcher. Aug. 20, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Trans. to 14th Co. 2nd Batt. V.R.C. Disch. June 30, '65.
- THOMAS WELCH, New Bedford, 26, s; shoemaker. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 6, '65.
- JOHN WELCH, New Bedford, 26, m; teamster. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. Jan. 18, '64.
- EDMUND G. WELSH, New Bedford, 21, m; farmer. Jan. 25, '64. Killed in action Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek, Va.
- JOHN B. WELFORD, Salem, 40, m; mariner. Oct. 27, '63. Trans. 2nd Co. 2nd Batt. V.R.C. and disch. July 31, '65. Prior serv.
- HORATIO C. WHEATON, New Bedford, 27, s; mason. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. June 1, '63.
- CHARLES D. WHITTEMORE, New Bedford, 19, s; clerk. Jan. 12, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE WILCOX, New Bedford, 19, s; clerk. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. July 13, '63, to accept commission.
- FREDERICK T. WILCOX, New Bedford, 22; carpenter. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 14, '63.
- JAMES WILLIAMS, JR., E. Boston, 21, m; teamster. March 14, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM H. WILSON, New Bedford, 20, s; confectioner. Oct. 8, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ZENO K. WOOD, New Bedford, 21, s; clerk. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. April 27, '64.
- FRANCIS A. YOUNG, New Bedford, 28, m, teamster. Aug. 31, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
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COMPANY B.

- JAMES A. MORSE, 1st Sergt. Lawrence, 24, m; shoemaker. Aug. 9, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 16, '63.
- JAMES W. DREW, 1st Sergt. Lawrence 22, s; shoemaker. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- FRANCIS T. HOLDEN, 1st Sergt. Clinton, 30, m; weaver. Jan. 5, '64. Disch. Aug. 10, '65.
- SAMUEL CORNING, Q. M. Sergt. Lawrence, 21, s; clerk. Aug. 8, '62. Disch. May, '65.
- DAVID KINGMAN, JR., Q. M. Sergt. Hanson, 29, m; tackmaker. Dec. 30, '63. M.O. Sept. 26, '65.
- ALEXANDER ATKINS, Com. Sergt., E. Cambridge, 19, s; ladder maker. Jan. 26, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN HARRISON, Sadd. Sergt. Charlestown, 29, m; harness maker. Aug. 7, '62. Disch. May '65.
- GUSTAVUS A. CHANDLER, Sergt. Lawrence, 25, s; teamster. Aug. 6, '62. Drowned in Miss. river July 4, '64.
- GEORGE E. CROCKETT, Sergt. Lawrence, 18, s; operative. July 14, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
- EDWIN L. CURTIS, Sergt. Stoughton, 20, s; teamster, Dec. 11, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JUSTIN H. KENT, Sergt. Lawrence, 25, m; stair builder. Aug. 5, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- MANLEY C. FISHER, Sergt. Lawrence, 26, s; machinist. Aug. 7, '62. Disch. disa. March 29, '65.
- GEORGE W. MORGAN, Sergt. Lawrence, 23, m; operative. July 14, '62. Killed in action, Apr. 8, '64, Sabine Cross Roads, La.
- SAMUEL RICHARDSON, Sergt. Lawrence, 36, m; carpenter, Aug. 6, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- ANDREW G. THOMPSON, Sergt. Lawrence, 28, m; farmer. Aug. 9, '62. Died Oct. 30, '62.
- WILLIAM G. WALKER, Sergt. Lawrence, 35, m; weaver, Aug. 8, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOHN CONNOLLY, Corp, Provincetown, 29, s; seaman. Jan. 5, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.

- JEREMIAH DACY, Corp. Lawrence, 26, m; operative. Aug. 9, '62. Killed in action Apr. 8, '64, Sabine Cross Roads, La.
- ALBERT DEVLIN, Corp. Boston, 19, s; sash maker. Nov. 20, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN J. DOHERTY, Corp. Boston, 21, clerk. Feb. 16, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM S. DYER, Corp. Lawrence, 32, m; plasterer. Aug. 8, '62. Disch. disa. May 23, '63.
- FRANCIS EDGAR, Corp. Halifax, Cr. Lexington, 21, s; mechanic. Dec. 1, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN FLETCHER, Corp. Phila. Pa. Cr. Prescott, 23; blacksmith. April 1, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ARTHUR M. HOLT, Corp. Lawrence, 19, s; butcher. Aug. 6, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- ELBRIDGE N. B. JOSLIN, Corp. Lawrence, 32, s; moulder, Aug. 7, '62. Disch. May 20, '65 as private.
- ROBERT KING, Corp. Clinton, 45, m; teamster. Jan. 5, '65. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES K. LOVEJOY, Corp. Lawrence, 21, m; farmer. Aug. 8, '62. Killed in action Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.
- FRANCIS LOVELL, Corp. Clinton, 24, m; weaver. Jan. 5, '64. Died Jan. 16, '65 at Andersonville, Ga.
- WILLIAM H. H. MORSE, Corp. Lawrence, 21, m; shoemaker. Aug. 9, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 2, '63.
- EDWIN E. NEWTON, Corp. Lawrence, 22, s; teamster. Aug. 6, '62. Killed in action, April 8, '64 at Sabine Cross Roads, La.
- JOSEPH D. PEABODY, Corp. Lynn, 28, m; shoemaker. Feb. 11, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- EDWARD G. PEARSONS, Corp. Lawrence, 26, s; operative. Aug. 5, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 2, '63.
- JASON SMITH, Corp. Lawrence, 23, m; overseer. July 14, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64, at New Orleans, La. Sub. serv.
- JOHN WALSH, Corp. Lawrence, 18, s; operative. July 15, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM WILSON, Corp. Washington, N. Y. Cr. Prescott, 27, s; miller, March 24, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- DAVID WENTWORTH, Corp. Lawrence, 44, m; mason. Aug. 5, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JAMES WITHINGTON, Corp. Lawrence, 45, m; carpenter. Aug. 18, '62. Killed in action May 15, '64.
- HENRY F. FRENCH, wagoner, Lawrence, 37, m; teamster. Aug. 6, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63.

- CHARLES OWEN, farrier, Charlestown, 28, m; farrier. Nov 27, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE W. WESSON, bugler, Leicester, 19, s; shoemaker. Oct. 28, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN F. MALONEY, bugler, Methuen, 18, s; hatter. March 7, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- H. WILLARD FOSTER, musician, Lawrence, 18, s; painter. July 14, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM A. BAILEY, musician, Lawrence, 21, s; dresser. Aug. 6, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- AMOS POWERS, cook, en. Port Hudson, La., 40. Aug. 22, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN STEWART, cook, en. Port Hudson, La., 21. July 1, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- THOMAS MOORE, cook, en. Port Hudson, La., 24. Aug. 23, '63. Deserted July 29, '65, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.
- SIMEON CHASE, cook, en. Port Hudson, La., 25. Aug. 28, '63. Deserted July 29, '62, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.
- JOSEPH ADAMS, en. Boxford, Oct. 27, '63. Disch. Nov. 30, '65.
- WALTER S. ADAMS, Lawrence, 18, s; printer. Sept. 4, '62. Killed in action Nov. 9, '63, White Plains, La.
- STILLMAN ALDRICH, E. Bridgewater, 36, m; teamster. Sept. 4, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- HENRY D. ALLARD, Lawrence, 28, m; shoemaker. Sept. 4, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 19, '63.
- EDWARD BAKER, Lawrence, 45, m; dresser. Aug. 12, '62. Died Aug. 12, '63, Raton Rouge, La.
- JAMES F. BARNES, Clinton, 27, m; blacksmith. Jan. 5, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ALEXANDER BARRIE, Lawrence, 21, s; weaver. Aug. 8, '62. Disch. disa. July 2, '63.
- JOHN BEAN, Lawrence, 45, m; peddler. Aug. 2, '63. Disch. disa. June 1, '63.
- THOMAS BELL, Lawrence, 25, s; spinner. Dec. 26, '62. Disch. Aug. 8, '65.
- LEWIS R. BENTON (VEAZIE), Alden, 21, s; laborer. Oct. 5, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOSEPH BETHEL, Lawrence, 40, m; spinner. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- GEORGE F W BILLINGS, Methuen, 28, m; carpenter. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- CHARLES BLANK, Boston, 21, s; carpenter. April 6, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ROBERT BLUMENTHAL, Boston, 23, s; farmer. Jan. 2, '64. Absent, sick, at M. O. of Regt.

- HERBERT H. BRAGG, Boston, 21, clerk. July 15, '64. Disch. June 15, '65.
- JOSEPH J. BREED, Lynn, 18, s; bookmaker. April 14, '64. Deserted Aug. 9, '65 on march from Fort Leavenworth, Kan.
- SYLVESTER S. BREED, Lynn, 19, s. heeler. Feb. 29, '64. M. O. Nov. 7, '65 to date Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN B. BROWN, Lawrence, 28, m, wool sorter. Aug. 5, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
- MOSES BROWN, Lawrence, 18, s; operative. Aug. 12, '62. Died March 2, '63, New Orleans, La.
- LEWIS BRYANT, Lynn, 18, s; shoemaker. Aug. 23, '62. Disch. disa. July 17, '63.
- NATHANIEL B. BRYANT, Boston, 44, m; laborer. Jan. 27, '64. Disch. disa. Feb. 11, '65.
- JAMES J. BULL, Middletown, N. Y., Cr. Lexington, 21, s; clerk. March 9, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ELIJAH BULLOCK, England, Cr. Williamsburg, 27, s; painter. Nov. 17, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- DAVID BURKE, en. Boston, 26, s; laborer. Nov. 5, '63. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- MARTIN BURNS, Ireland, en. N. O., La., 29; soldier. Jan. 17, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOHN BUSCH, Newtown, L. I., Cr. Somerville, 34, s; farmer. Feb. 5, '64. M. O., Sept. 28, '65.
- JEREMIAH BUTLER, Boston, 21, s; soldier. Dec. 14, '63. M.O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE W. CARR, Lawrence, 38, m; moulder. Aug. 7, '62. Died about Feb. 19, '64, in prison at Richmond, Va.
- OWEN CARROLL, Worcester, 21, s; shoemaker. Jan. 16, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN CARRUTHERS, Lawrence, 43, m; paper-maker. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- EDWIN E. CHASE, Lawrence, 19, s; operative. Aug. 14, '62. Disch. April 13, '64.
- JOHN K. CLOUTMAN, Boston, 34 m; expressman, Dec. 5, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- PORTER COLBY, Nashua, N. H. Cr. Boston, 19, s; moulder. March 17, '64. Disch. June 10, '65.
- JAMES COOLICAN, S. Hanson, 24, m; shoemaker. Aug. 15, '62. Died Feb. 25, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- PATRICK CROSBY, Lawrence, 26, m; operative. Aug. 9, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
- THOMAS CUMMINGS, Northumberland, N. H. Cr. Chelsea, 19; farmer. March 17, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- JOHN CURTIS, Ireland. En. New Orleans, La., 29; soldier. May 27, '62 Disch. May 20, '65.
- SILAS H. CUTTING, Lawrence, 34, m; manufacturer. Aug. 7, '62. Deserted. Dec. 3, '62.
- JOHN DALY, Lawrence, 38, m; stonecutter. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. Disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- JOHN DONNELLY, N. Cambridge, 24, m; laborer. Oct. 12, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- MARK DAUGHTERY, Lawrence, 40, m; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Trans. Co. B, 9th Regt. V.R.C. and Disch. June 26, '65.
- BENJAMIN F. DAVENPORT, S. Boston, Cr. Clinton, 25, m; upholsterer. Jan. 5, '64. Killed in action, Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.
- SOLOMON DIGLER, Boston, 22, s; farmer. Jan. 22, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- JOHN DESSAUR, N. Y. Cr. Chelsea, 22, s; soldier. March 16, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. disa. April 17, '65.
- FREDERICK DOCKRAY, Providence, R. I. Cr. Roxbury, 22, s; student. March 2, '64. Deserted July 12, '64, New Orleans, La.
- WESLEY W. DOW, Lawrence, 21, s; clerk. Aug. 9, '62. Died Aug. 11, '63, near Port Hudson, La.
- JOHN DOYLE, Lawrence, 28, s; operative. Aug. 8, '62. Killed in action, May 18, '64. Yellow Bayou, La.
- CALVIN, H. N. EDSON, Lawrence, 36; teamster. Aug. 8 '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- CHARLES T. EMERY, Great Falls, N. H. Cr. Boston, 25, s; clerk. March 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOSEPH EMERY, Sheldon, Vt. Cr. Waltham, 28, m; farmer. March 3, '64. Deserted Aug. 1, '64, from Hosp. D. C.
- CHARLES FAUGUET, N. Y. Cr. Athol, 28, s; clerk, July 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- RICHARD FARREL, Stoughton, 18, s; boot maker. Dec. 29, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MARTIN FAY, en. Roxbury, Cr. Springfield, 18, s; blacksmith. Nov. 10, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MARTIN FELLAM, W. Brookfield, s; laborer. Feb. 26, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES A. FISHER, Lawrence, 24, m; blacksmith. Aug. 7, '62. Disch. May 30, '65.
- CHARLES H. FOSTER, Lawrence, 35, m; farmer. Aug. 9, '62. Disch. May 30, '65.
- WILLIAM H. FRIZZELL, Canaan, Vt. Cr. Rehoboth. 23, s; farmer. March 17, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- HENRY E. GARLIC, New Bedford, 18, s; seaman. Feb. 1, '64. Trans. to Co. D, 9th Regt. V. R. C., June 18, '64. Disch. disa. Sept. 20, '65.
- JOSEPH HALL, Clinton, 20, s; wire cutter. Jan. 5, '64. Died June 19, '64. Morganzia, La.
- FRANK J. HANNAFORD, Charlestown, 24. Dec. 7, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- DANIEL HART, Boston, 26, m; sailor. Dec. 8, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES H. HARTWELL, Clinton, 32, m; shoemaker. Jan. 5, '64. Disch. disa. Oct. 26, '64.
- ALJIN HASKEEL, Boston, 22, s; seaman. Nov. 22, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES HENTHORNE, Lawrence, 38, m; operative. Aug. 14, '62. Trans. to Co. I, 3rd Regt. V. R. C., March 1, '64. Died April 28, '65, Norwich, N. Y.
- SYLVESTER HIGGINS, Lawrence, 27, m; carpenter. Aug. 7, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- GEORGE H. HINCKS, en. New Orleans, La., 23; butcher. June 14, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- ABRAHAM D. HOAK, en. New Orleans, La., 26; carpenter. Nov. 25, '62. Died at Tyler, Texas while prisoner of war.
- JOSEPH G. HODGSON, North Attleboro, 40, m; engineer. Feb. 25, '64. Disch. July 29, '65.
- JOHN M. HODSDON, Lawrence, 40, m; teamster. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. disa. Dec. 2, '62.
- JOSEPH HOFF, en. New Orleans, La., 31; soldier. June 12, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- THOMAS H. HOLLAND, Medford, 18, conductor. Jan. 4, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- AMOS L. HOLT, Methuen, 27, m; hatter. Feb. 15, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE O. HOWARD, Clinton, 18, s; dentist. Jan. 5, '64. Disch. disa. July 5, '65.
- PATRICK HOWARD, Lawrence, 22, m; operative. Aug. 8, '62. Deserted Nov. 13, '62. New York City.
- JAMES N. HUNTINGTON, Lawrence, 22, m; operative. Aug. 9, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 14, '63.
- WILLIAM A. HUNTER, Lawrence, 16, s; operative. Aug. 9, '62. Trans. Co. K, 14th Regt. V. R. C., March 1, '64. Disch. June 28, '65.
- WILLIAM HUNTER, Lawrence, 45, m; operative. Aug. 9, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 8, '63.
- FREDERICK C. JACOBSON, Newark, N. J. Cr. Boston, 20, s; farmer. Feb. 16, '64. Deserted June, '65. Cloud's Mills, Va.
- PHILANDER KEITH, Jr., New Bedford, 33, s; seaman. Feb. 1, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- PATRICK KELLEHER, Lawrence, 21, s; carpenter, Feb. 27, '64. Disch. Sentence of G. C. M. Dec. 15, '65.
- THOMAS KERWIN, S. Andover, 30, m; spinner. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. May, 20, '65.
- ADDISON KINGSBURY, Boston, 25, m; carpenter. March 5, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE H. LAMPHIR, Lynn, 18 s; student. Aug. 25, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM S. LEASE, Boston, 33, m; mariner. Feb. 15, '64. Deserted July '65.
- JOHN P. LEAVITT, Lynn, 18, s; laborer. Feb. 17, '64. Disch. Aug. 8, '65.
- JOSEPH S. LEAVITT, S. Hanson, 24; tackmaker. Aug. 15, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WALTER, LEMON, Lawrence, 22, m; operative. Aug. 9, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JAMES LOVERWELL, Abington, 21, s; shoemaker. Dec. 16, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- SQUIRE HENRY H. LUCAS, New Bedford, 31, s; messenger. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOHN LYONS, S. Hanson, 31, m; shoemaker. Aug. 15, '62. Died Sept. 29, '63, Port Hudson, La.
- FREDERICK MAASS, en. New Orleans, La. 25; farmer. Sept. 22, '62. Disch. June 10, '65.
- GEORGE E. MAYNARD, Berlin, 24, m; farmer. Jan. 5, '64. Trans. Co. K, 14th Regt., V. R. C. March 2, '65. Disch. Oct. 30, '65.
- JOHN McCULLOUGH, Lawrence, 26, m; dresser. Aug. 12, '62. Wounded Oct. '64. Disch. disa. Feb. 16, '65.
- MICHAEL McDONALD, Lawrence, 28, m; operative. Aug. 11, '62. Died Sept. 29, '63, Port Hudson, La.
- JAMES McLAUGHLIN, Boston, 21, s; shoemaker. Dec. 1, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN McQUEENEY, Lawrence, 30, m; laborer. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM MERRILL, 42, m; carpenter, Aug. 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- DEAN R. MARTIN, Newburyport, 38, m; trader. Nov. 9, '63. Killed in action April 8, '64, at Sabine Cross Roads, La. Prior serv.
- SAMUEL S. MOREY, Lawrence, 36, m; miller. Jan. 4, '64. Disch. Aug. 1, '65.
- CHARLES MORGAN, Farley, Vt. En. Worcester, 22, s; farmer. Nov. 5, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- JOHN P. MORGAN, Lawrence; 23, s; farmer. Sept. 11, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 28, '63.

- JOHN MORIARTY JR, Lawrence, 18, s. operative. Aug. 15, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- HIRAM S. MORRISON, Lawrence, 33, m; mason. Aug. 16, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOHN MULCARE, Lawrence, 18, s; operative, Aug. 9, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- LAWRENCE MURPHY, Boston, 22, s; hostler. July 19, '64. Disch. Oct. 3, '65.
- DANIEL MYERS, en. New Orleans, La. 22, soldier. June 1, '62. Disch. May 25, '65.
- HARVEY NORTHEY, Guildhall, Vt. Cr. Roxbury, 18, s; farmer. March 15, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- DENNIS O'BRIEN, Lawrence, 19, s; operative. Sept. 4, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- THOMAS O'BRIEN, Lawrence, 18, s; operative. July 24, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- TIMOTHY O'LARY, Cambridge, 22 s; clerk, Sept. 6, '64. M.O. Sept. 28, '65.
- LOUIS OULMAN, Brookline, 18, s; seaman. Dec. 5, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- TYLER PAINE, Berlin, 38, s; farmer. Jan. 5, '64. Died June 15, '64, New Orleans, La.
- WILLIAM PEARSONS, New Bedford, 26, m; ropemaker, July 22, '62. Killed in action Aug. 3, '63, Jackson, La.
- JOHN PETTIGREW Lawrence, 32, m; moulder. Aug. 5, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOHN W. POLAND, Pittsburg, Pa. Cr. Prescott, 32, m; clerk. Apr. 1, '64. Deserted Aug. 16, '64. Winchester, Va.
- THOMAS POWERS, Lawrence, 35, m; laborer. Aug. 5, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JAMES QUINN, Boston, 18, s. grocer. Dec. 31, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WARREN RAMSDELL, Lynn, 19 s; shoemaker. Aug. 23, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 28, '64.
- JAMES REDMAN, Lawrence, 32, m; fireman. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 20, '63.
- JOHN F. RIDLEY, S. Andover, 22, s; clerk. Aug. 9, '62. Trans. to Sig. Corps. Aug. 16, '64. Disch. July 4, '65.
- PATRICK RILEY Lawrence, 34, s; laborer. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- JOHN ROBBINS, Berlin, 36, m; shoemaker. Jan. 5, '64. Disch. May 30, '65.
- HORATIO G. ROBINSON, Lawrence, 18, s; bookkeeper. Aug. 8, '62. Disch. disa. May 12, '63.

- NATHANIEL D. ROBINSON, Lawrence, 32, m; tinsmith. Jan. 4, '64.
Wounded Sept. 19, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Unof.
- PETER ROGERS, Waltham, 35, m; laborer. Aug. 29, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN ROSTRON, Lawrence, 37, m; barber. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. disa. Nov 20, '63.
- JOHN RYAN, Boston, 26, s; shoemaker. Dec. 14, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM B. SEYMOUR, Brookline, 39, m; nurse. Dec 5, '63. Dishon. disch. Dec. 15, '65.
- AMOS SIMPSON, Bangor, Me., Cr. Dartmouth, 22, s; seaman. Nov 11, '64. Disch. Aug. 8, '65.
- C ALLEN SMITH, Lawrence, 18, s; clerk. Aug. 14, '62. Killed in action Aug. 3, '63, Jackson, La.
- JAMES STERLING, Lawrence, 38, m; shoemaker. Aug. 4, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JAMES H. STEVENS, Elliott, Me. Cr. Somerset, 21, s; fisherman. April 9, '64. Deserted Aug. 23, '65, Fort Kearney, N. T.
- HOOD A. STONE, Lawrence, 18, m; operative. Aug. 9, '62. Disch. June 6, '65.
- THOMAS SULLIVAN, Kerry, Ire. en. Boston, 24, s; laborer. Nov. 14, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- PETER TAYLOR, E. Cambridge, 18, s; waiter. Jan. 22, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ALIC TERRIO, Lawrence, 25, m; painter. Aug. 16, '62. Trans. V. R. C. March 19, '64. M. O. Aug. 3, '65.
- RICHARD THOMAS, Lawrence, 43, m; operative. Aug. 18, '62. Trans. Co. K, 14th Regt. V.R.C., March 1, '64. Disch. June 28, '65,
- FRANCIS TOVARY, Lowell, 45, s; machinist. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. May 20, '64.
- HIRAM TUCKER, Providence, R. I. Cr. Norton. 19, s; seaman. Dec. 12, '63. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- THOMAS TUFTS, Malden, 25, m; depot master. Dec. 2, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- LEWIS VAYON, en. Opelousas, La. 18, May 1, '63. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Deserted July 5, '65.
- WALDEN WEBSTER, JR., Lawrence, 18, s; painter. Aug. 11, '62. Trans V.R.C. March 1, '64.
- WILLIAM E. WESTON, Boston, 23, s; teamster. Feb. 7, '64. Absent, sick, at M. O. Regt.
- ALVIN L. WHEELER, Stratford, 18, s; farmer. March 17, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- OLIVER P WHEELER, Berlin, 42, m; farmer. Jan. 5, '64. Trans. to 12th Co. 2nd Batt. V.R.C June 18, '64. Disch disa. Oct. 4, '65.

- WILLIAM O. WHITE, Lynn, 18, s; shoemaker. Aug. 3, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ROBERT WHITSITT, Boston, 19, s; photographer. Jan. 25, '64. Disch. disa. April 11, '65.
- WILLIAM J. WILSON, Lawrence, 19, s; operative. Aug. 16, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- PHILIP WIRTH, en. Taunton, 21; tailor. Dec. 15, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- DAVID WRIGHT, Lawrence, 18, s; operative. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 20, '63.
- GEORGE A. WRIGHT, Lawrence, 23, s; operative. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. Aug. '64.
- PARAN C. YOUNG, Provincetown, 25, s; seaman. Jan. 4, '64. Wounded Oct. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CONRAD ZITTELL, Boston, 22, s; cabinet maker. March 31, 64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.

COMPANY C.

- NATHAN G. SMITH, 1st Sergt. Roxbury, 22, s; ice dealer. Aug. 15, '62. Disch. for promotion Dec 29, '63. Capt. 75th Regt. U.S.C. Inf. M. O. Nov. 25, '65.
- ALFRED W. BULLOCK, 1st Sergt. Boston, 42, m; shoe dealer. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Dec. 19, '64.
- JEROD GEILS, 1st Sergt. Tisbury, 27; farmer. Aug. 27, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- GEORGE S. CLEVELAND, Q. M. Sergt. Boston, 19, s; seaman. Oct. 10, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES E. CLANCY, Com. Sergt. Gloucester, 19, m; fisherman. Nov. 18, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ZECHARIAH BOOTH, Sergt. New Bedford 26, m; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- THOMAS F. BURRAGE, Sergt. Roxbury, 28, m; varnish dealer. Aug. 15, '62. Disch. April 28, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- GEORGE D. COX, Sergt. Roxbury, 27, m; builder. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- HORACE P. FLINT, Sergt. Roxbury, 20, s; clerk. Aug. 15, '62. Disch. for promotion Dec. 29, '63. 2nd Lieut. Co. H, 75th Regt. U.S.C.T., Dec. 21, '63. Resigned July 18, '64.
- EDWARD JOHNSON, Sergt. New Bedford, 27, s; seaman. Aug. 22, '62. Killed in action May 1, '64, Alexandria, Va.
- JOHN J. KELLEY, Sergt. Boston, 31, m; shoemaker. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- JOHN MALONEY (1st), Sergt. Harland, 23, m; shoemaker. March 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES H. PRATT, Sergt. Roxbury, 26, m; teamster. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOHN W. RAY, Sergt., Georgetown, 18, s; shoemaker. Nov. 15, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES K. RUMRILL, Sergt. Roxbury, 32, m; fresco painter. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- CHARLES B. STONE, Sergt. Roxbury, 22, s; clerk. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. for promotion '63. Trans. to N.C.S.
- THOMAS A. WEST, Sergt. Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard, 19, s; farmer. Aug. 27, '62. Killed in action Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.

- CLARENCE WHITNEY, Sergt. Framingham, 25, m; tradesman. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 24, '63.
- JOSEPH H. W. BARTLETT, Corp. Roxbury, 22, m; undertaker. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. June 30, '63.
- THOMAS H. BRADLEY, Corp. Roxbury. 20, s; machinist. Aug. 15, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM A. CARY, Corp. S. Boston, 18, s; machinist. Jan. 12, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOSEPH COLEMAN, Corp. N. Chelsea, 18, s; shoemaker. Dec. 6, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES H. ELMER, Corp. Lynn, 19, s; shoemaker. Feb. 10, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HENRY FEETHAM, Corp. Cambridge, 25, m; carpenter. Feb. 4, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM T. GIFFORD, Corp. New Bedford, 23, m; candle dealer. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. disa. May 20, '65.
- THOMAS HARLOW, Corp. Roxbury, 22, m; photographer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- PATRICK HONAN, Corp. Roxbury, 26, m; engineer. Dec. 7, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES M. LEAVITT, Corp. S. Scituate, 18, s; shoemaker. Dec. 4, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES T. MURRAY, Corp. Roxbury, 28, m; upholsterer. Aug. 16, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- OLIVER J. PUTNAM, Corp. Leominster, 19, s; carpenter. Nov. 13, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- J. FRANKLIN SMITH, Corp. Boston, 28, s; plate printer. Aug. 22, '62. Died July 19, '64, St. Louis, Mo.
- AMOS W. STAPLES, Corp. New Bedford, 31, m; carpenter. Aug. 22, '62. Trans. to V. R. C., March 1, '64.
- J. CUSHING THOMAS, Corp. Roxbury, 27, s; carriage dealer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '63.
- JAMES K. EWER, bugler, Hyannis, 16, s; clerk. Aug. 20, '62. Wounded May 1, '64, Pineyville, La. Trans. to Co. I, 24th Regt. V. R. C., March 1, '64. M. O. June 27, '65.
- HARRY MERRILL, bugler, Bangor, Me. Cr. Norton, 21, s; seaman. Dec. 14, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- PETER SHOEN, bugler, en. N. O., La., 18. Nov. 11, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN MORAN, drummer, Roxbury, 17, s; trimmer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 19, '63.

- WILLIAM TRACY, drummer, Roxbury, 16, s; no occupation. Aug. 22, '62.
Died Feb. 14, '64. N. O. La.
- GEORGE WHITE, saddler, Boston. 29, m; shoemaker. Feb. 4, '64. M. O.
Nov. 18, '65.
- J. MONROE MANNING, cook, en. Alexandria, 27. May 10, '63. M. O. Sept.
28, '65.
- JAMES HENRY, cook, en. Port Hudson, La. Aug. 28, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- SAMUEL HATCHER, cook, en. Port Hudson, La. Aug. 28, '63. Disch. July
26, '65.
- FRANK WARD, cook, en. Port Hudson, La., 22. July 10, '63. Deserted July
13, '64, Algiers, La.
- RUSH T. ALDEN, Halifax, 27; farmer. Aug. 15, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- HENRY C. BACHELOR, Bowdoin, Me. Cr. Springfield, 33, s; armorer. Jan.
1, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM J. BARROWS, Taunton, 23, s; shoemaker. Dec. 28, '63. M. O.
Sept. 28, '65.
- HENRY BAUER, New York, Cr. Chelsea, 31, m; gardener. July 22, '64. M.
O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN C. BEAN, New Bedford, 33, s; farmer. Aug. 22, '62. Died July 5, '63,
Baton Rouge, La.
- GEORGE W. BELL, Roxbury, 19, s; plasterer. Aug. 19, '62. Wounded Oct.
'64. Disch. Aug. 17, '65.
- JOHN BELL, Roxbury, 32, m; soldier. Oct. 24, '62. Deserted Nov. 19, '62,
Jamaica, L. I.
- ROBERT BELL, Roxbury, 29, m; teamster. Jan. 4, '64. Wounded. Disch.
because of wounds, July 1, '64.
- WILLIAM BELL, Roxbury, 18, s; shoemaker. Aug. 19, '62. Wounded Sept.
19, '64. Disch. May 30, '65.
- DAVID W. BENSON, Tisbury, m; spinner. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOSEPH G. BICKHAM, Phila, Pa. Cr. Norton, 24, s; seaman. Dec. 12, '63.
M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HORATIO BILLS, Roxbury, 26, m; printer. March 24, '64. M. O. Sept.
28, '65.
- CHARLES C. BLACK, Columo, Me. Cr. Roxbury, 25, s; coachman. Jan. 5,
'64. Died July 17, '64, Natchez, Miss.
- NICHOLAS BOECK, Boston, 24, s; tailor. July 22, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM F. BOOKER, Roxbury, 22, s; teamster. Dec. 12, '63. M. O. Sept.
28, '65.
- HENRY L. BOSWORTH, Jr., New Bedford 18, s; clerk. Aug. 22, '62. Killed
in action Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.

- JOHN BOWERS, en. N. O. La., 34; tailor. May 12, '62. Disch. May 18, '65.
- JAMES BRADY, Roxbury, 19, s; ropemaker. Aug. 16, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM BURKE, Roxbury, 31, m; sailor. Aug. 15, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- HENRY C. BURNETT, Somerville, 38, s; laborer. Jan. 1, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- ANDREW P CARD, Lynn, 26, m; shoemaker. Feb. 13, '64. Disch. Aug. 24, '65.
- JOHN CARR, Roxbury, 19, s; laborer. Dec. 21, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- JAMES F. CHICKERING, Southboro, 18, s; shoemaker. Feb. 25, '64 M.O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ANDREW P COBB, Hyannis, 18, s; clerk. Aug. 20, '62. Died Jan. 18, '63, Sabine Pass, La.
- PATRICK COLE, Roxbury, 30, s; tailor. Dec. 26, '63. Wounded Oct. '64, M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- FRANK E. COMMON, Lowell, 24, m; harness maker. Dec. 8, '61. Disch. Dec. 8, '64.
- JUDAN H. COX, Roxbury, 22, s; carpenter. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- MICHAEL CRAHAM, Roxbury, 18, s; ropemaker. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JARED W. CROWELL, Holmes' Hole, 25; carpenter. Sept. 4, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- WILLIAM S. DALY, Halifax, 19, s; shoemaker. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. May 21, '65.
- WILLIAM DANE, Roxbury, 45, m; laborer. Aug. 20, '62. Killed in action June 15, '63, near Port Hudson, La.
- LUKE DORR, Roxbury, 24, s; mason. Aug. 20, '62. Killed in action Sept. 22, '64, Fisher's Hill, Va.
- ADAM DEBUS, Attleboro, 23 m; blacksmith. Jan. 4, '64. Deserted Aug. 25, '65, Fort Kearney, N. T.
- DENNIS DESMOND, Boston, 18, s; laborer. Oct. 20, '63. Deserted July 26, '65, Fort Kearney, N. T.
- CHARLES L. DODGE, Lynn, 18, s; shoemaker. Feb. 10, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE W. DODGE, Lynn, 22, s; shoemaker. Feb. 10, '64. Killed in action, Oct. 19, '64.
- PATRICK DOHERTY, Woburn, 21, s; laborer. April 23, '64. Disch. disa. July 29, '65.
- JAMES DOW, Roxbury, 25, s; laborer. Dec. 10, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- SAMUEL H. DOW Tisbury, 35, m; farmer. Sept. 4, '62. Disch. disa. May 24, '63.
- JOSEPH ELLIOTT, New Bedford, 25, seaman. Aug. 20, '62. Killed in action, May 1, '64, near Alexandria, Va.
- THEOBALD FLUCK, Roxbury, 27, m; brewer. Aug. 20, '62. Deserted Dec. 2, '62, L. I.
- JOHN H. FOSS, Roxbury, 34, m; porter. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 30, '63.
- JOHN GARRITY, Roxbury, 44, m; painter. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 14, '63.
- JOHN GAVIN, Roxbury, 18, s; shoemaker. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- MONROE GEORGE, W Roxbury, 38, m; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Died May 14, '63 at Brozier, La.
- GEORGE A. S. GODDARD, Florida, 21, m; teamster. Feb. 25, '64. Wounded Oct. '64. Disch. Aug. 18, '65.
- JOHN GRAY, Boston, Cr. Dorchester, 20, s; merchant. Jan. 19, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. Aug. 1, '65.
- LEWIS GREEN, W Roxbury, 42, m; farmer. Aug. 22, '62. Trans. 22nd Co. 2nd Batt. V.R.C. Disch. Sept. 5, '65.
- WILLIAM A. GUTTERSON, Lynn, 21, s; teamster. Feb. 11, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. Aug. 18, '65.
- JOHN HEFT, Tisbury, 40; seaman. Aug. 27, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 27, '63.
- PATRICK W. HEFFRON, Roxbury, 19, s; gardener. Sept. 5, '62. Killed in action Nov. 30, '63, near Port Hudson, La.
- WILHELM HENER, Prussia, Cr. New Bedford, 21, s; seaman. Jan. 9, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- LEONARD F. HERSEY, Roxbury, 22, s; lithographer. Dec. 8, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN HICKEY Roxbury, 23, s; seaman. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 1, '63.
- PATRICK HICKEY, Worcester, 19, s; laborer. Jan. 27, '64. Disch. Aug. 18, '65.
- JOHN HOFFER, New Bedford, 28, s; cooper. Aug. 22, '62. Deserted, Dec. 2, '62, L. I., N.Y.
- HOWLAND W HOLLIS, Lynn, 23, s; milkman. Feb 15, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Died June 9, '65.
- NATHANIEL HOWIS, Roxbury, 19, s; weaver. Dec. 10, '63. Disch. disa. Aug. 1, '65.
- WALTER F. HOWLAND, Fair Haven, 24, s; seaman. March 5, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. July 20, '65.

- THOMAS HUGHES, New Bedford, 40, m; weaver. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 14, '63.
- THOMAS J. HYLAND, Roxbury, 17, s; clerk. Aug. 22, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Trans. 2nd Batt. V R. C. Disch. June 26, '65.
- CHARLES A. JERMISON, Belmont, 24, m; machinist. Nov. 3, '63. Disch. Aug. 18, '65. Prior serv.
- EDWARD KEEFE, St. Johns, N. B. Cr. New Bedford, 19, s; seaman. Jan. 12, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HENRY KELLEY, New Bedford, 27, s; seaman. Aug. 22, '62. Trans. to Navy, July 31, '64.
- MICHAEL KELLY, Roxbury, 18, s; lithographer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- PETER KELLY, Roxbury, 38, m; stone mason. Dec. 24, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- PATRICK KENNEY, Roxbury, 25, m; groom. Dec. 31, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES KILLEEN, Roxbury, 25, s; metal worker. Aug. 22, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES F. KILLION, Roxbury, 19, s; teamster. March 22, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MOSES KIMBALL, Lynn, 23, s; mariner. Feb. 13, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES KING, Roxbury, 44, m; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- DANIEL T. LEARY, New Bedford, 19, s; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- DENNIS LOWNY, New Bedford, 40, m; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- HENRY B. LOVERING, Lynn, 23, s; shoemaker. Feb. 15, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. disa. June 10, '65.
- ASA R. LUCE, Tisbury, 29, m; farmer. Aug. 27, '62. Disch. Aug. 17, '65.
- LEWIS P. LUCE, New Bedford, 21, s; farmer. Aug. 27, '62. Died Aug. 20, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- AUSTIN E. LUTHER, Hanson, 28, m; farmer. Dec. 31, '63. Died April 5, '64, N. O. La.
- GEORGE P. MACOMBER, New Bedford, 18, s; carriage maker. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. June 5, '65.
- JOHN MANSFIELD, Boston, Cr. Winchendon, 22, s; shoemaker. Feb. 2, '64. M. O. Sep., 28, '65.
- ARTHUR MARTIN, Montreal, Can. Cr. Norton, 21, s; hostler. Feb. 4, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- JOSEPH B. MAYHEW Chilmark, M. Vineyard, 21, s; farmer. Aug. 26, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 5, '63.
- TIMOTHY MAYHEW, Chilmark, M. Vineyard, 37, m; seaman. Aug. 26, '62. Died Sept. 18, '63, Port Hudson, La.
- JAMES McCUEN, Roxbury, 19, s; currier. Aug. 22, '62. Killed in action Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.
- JAMES MCGINNIS, Phila. Pa. Cr. Norton, 19, s; seaman. Dec. 12, '63. Disch. disa. by reason of wounds, July 16, '64.
- WILLIAM MCKINNON, Roxbury, 32, m; carpenter. Feb. 2, '64. Died July 18, '64, N. O., La.
- JAMES McMANN, N. Y. Cr. Barre, 31, s; clerk. March 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM McNULTY, Roxbury, 20, s; painter. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- CHARLES S. MERRILL, Corinth, Me. Cr. Norton, 22, s; seaman. Dec. 14, '63. Disch. Aug. 18, '65.
- THOMAS MINTZ, Roxbury, 21, s; farmer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- MICHAEL J. MORAN, Roxbury, 35, m; machinist. Aug. 22, '62. Trans. to Co. K. 3rd Regt. V.R.C., March 1, '64. Disch. July 5, '65.
- WILLIAM H. MORRIS, Phila. Pa. Cr. Boston, 23, s; clerk. March 7, '64. Deserted Aug. 17, '64, in Shenandoah Valley, Va.
- JOHN B. MORROW, Roxbury, 18, s; moulder. Jan. 4, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MICHAEL E. MURPHY, Lynn, 22, s; shoemaker. Feb. 16, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- THOMAS MURPHY, Roxbury, 21, s; clerk. Dec. 8, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ALBERT NEGUS, New Bedford, 33, m; farmer. Aug. 26, '62. Disch. June 10, '65.
- ALEXANDER NEGUS, New Bedford, 33, m; seaman. Aug. 22, '62. Trans. to Navy July 31, '64. Disch. from U.S.S. "Winona" June 9, '65, as Q. M.
- JOHN NEVILLE, New Bedford, 27, s; seaman. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- THOMAS NORTON, New Bedford, 27, s; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. May 19, '65.
- ALFRED NOYES. Disch. Aug. 17, '65.
- SIMON NOYES, Roxbury, 43, m; ropemaker. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- FRANKLIN NYE, New Bedford, 26, m; ropemaker; Aug. 22, '62. Killed in action, Nov. 30, '63, near Port Hudson, La.
- WILLIAM O'BRIEN, Roxbury, 18, s; porter. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. Sept. 30, '63, Port Hudson, La.
- MICHAEL O'NEIL, Roxbury, 30, s; upholsterer. Oct. 24, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- RICHARD PHINNEY, en. New Orleans, La., '19. Feb. 1, '64. M.O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- JERRY QUINLAN, Roxbury, 40, m; laborer. Aug. 25, '62. Disch. May 19, '65.
- JOHN RAINEY, Roxbury, 22, s; plasterer. Jan. 7, '64. Disch. June 9, '65.
- F. RENO, died in rebel prison, July 17, '65, Tyler, Texas. Unof.
- FREEMAN REYNOLDS, Pembroke, Me., Cr. Boston, 18, s; farmer. Nov. 27, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64. Disch. July 17, '64, at Tyler, Texas, prisoner of war.
- FRANKLIN R. ROUNDY, Rockingham, Vt. Cr. Boston, 18, s; farmer. Dec. 7, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN RYAN, East Bridgewater, Cr. Weymouth, 35, s; bootmaker. Dec. 26, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HENRY SCHMITT, Boston, Cr. Charlestown, 30, s; farmer. Jan. 2, '64. Deserted Aug. 24, '65. Ft. Kearney, N. T.
- WILLIAM SHIRLOCK, Albany, Cr. Northampton, 43, s; farmer. July 18, '64. Wounded Oct. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ROBERT M. SLOAN, Franklin, N. Y., 37, m; saddler. Oct. 24, '63. Disch. Oct. 8, '65. Prior serv.
- WILLIAM C. SMITH, Charlestown, 30, m; soldier. Jan. 5, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. disa. Jan. 17, '65.
- JAMES B. STEELE, Boston, 20, s; salesman. Aug. 22, '62. Died Jan. 20, '63, at Baton Rouge, La.
- DAVID STODDARD, E. Abington, 42, m; seaman. Jan. 5, '64. Trans. to 49th Co. 2nd Batt. V. R. C., and Disch. disa. Jan. 25, '65.
- DAVID STONE, Spencer, 31, m; bootmaker. Dec. 4, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE C. H. STRENCH, Boston, Cr. Roxbury, 25, s; paper stainer. Dec. 12, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM H. SWIFT, Roxbury, 22, m; printer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 19, '63.
- WILLIAM SWIFT, Pawtucket, Cr. Attleboro. 21, s; jeweller. Jan. 6, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES M. TARBOX, Lynn, 19, s; machinist. Feb. 10, '64. M.O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE THOMAS, New Bedford, 44, s; seaman. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. Oct. 12, '63.
- JEREMIAH THOMAS, Boston, 42, m; shoemaker. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM F. THORNTON, Boston, Cr. Roxbury, 22, s; gilder. Dec. 12 '63. Disch. July 7, '64.
- ADONIRAM J. TOWNSEND, Brownington, Vt., Cr. Randolph, 29, m; farmer. March 25, '64. Died, prisoner of war, Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 17, '64.
- JOHN TURNER, New Bedford, 29, m; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Deserted Nov. 22, '62, Long Island, N. Y.

- WILLIAM TURNER, Roxbury, 42, m; upholsterer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- RICHARD TURPIN, Eu. New Orleans, La., 22. May 29, '62. Wounded Oct. '64. Disch. Aug. 17, '65.
- BERNARD VAN HANSINGER, New Bedford, 28. Jan. 9, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES P. VOGELL, Roxbury, 40, m. cabinet maker. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. Dec. '64.
- CHARLES H. WALKUPP, Ashland, Cr. Southboro, 18, s; shoemaker. Feb. 29, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES WARD, Roxbury, 27, s; grocer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- MARTIN WARD, Roxbury, 23, s; grocer. Aug. 22, '62. Deserted Nov. 10, '62, Long Island, N. Y.
- PATRICK WELCH, New York, Cr. Prescott, 21, s; laborer. March 24, '64. Died Aug. 24, '65, near Ft. Kearney, N. T.
- JOHN WENTWORTH, Salem, 45, m; stone cutter. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Nov 15, '63.
- WILLIAM WISE, New Bedford, 27, m; harness maker. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JAMES H. WHITCOMB, Boxford, Cr. Stowe, 23, s; farmer. Jan. 5, '64. Absent, sick at M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- LEVI WHITE, New York, Cr. Barnstable, 21, s; farmer. Jan. 30, '64. Disch. Aug. 18, '65.
- SAMUEL WOLFE, New Bedford, 21, s; seaman. March 28, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES A. WRIGHT, Plympton, 18, s; farmer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- CHARLES H. WRIGHT, Pepperell, 22, s; brakeman. Jan. 1, '62. Disch. Jan. 3, '65.
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COMPANY D.

- JAMES A. BEAN, **Sergt.** Boston, 44, m; furniture dealer. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. for promotion Dec. 31, '63. Capt. 75th Regt. U.S.C. Inf. Died June 7, '64. New Orleans, La.
- CHARLES L. BIRD, **Sergt. S.** Boston, 34, m; painter. Aug. 14, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOHN CARROLL, **Sergt.** E. Bridgewater, 22, m; shoemaker. Dec. 17, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES G. CUTTER, **Sergt.** Boston, 35, m; tailor. Aug. 19, '62. Died Sept. 2, '63. Port Hudson.
- NEAL S. DICKEY, **Sergt.** Deering, N. H., Cr. Roxbury, 23, s; laborer. March 10, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- PATRICK J. DILLON, **Sergt.** W. Brookfield, 21, m; teamster. Feb. 26, '64. Disch. Sept. 22, '65. Prior serv.
- JAMES FITZPATRICK, **Sergt.** Lancaster, Pa., 28, soldier. May 27, '62. Disch. May 17, '65.
- CHARLES T. HILL, **Sergt.** Boston, 19, s; clerk. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- EDWARD P. HOOPER, **Sergt.** Manchester, 19, s; farmer. Dec. 31, '63. Disch. Aug. 8, '65.
- CHARLES F. LUFKIN, **Sergt.** Boston, 35, s; sailor. Oct. 23, '62. Died April 23, '64.
- JAMES MURPHY, JR., **Sergt. S.** Boston, 23, m; teamster. March 11, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES PRINCE, **Sergt.** Roxbury, 20, s; gilder. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- ALBERT RICHARDSON, **Sergt.** Boston, 27, s; wood turner. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- CYRUS E. ROSS, **Sergt.** Boston, 24, s; mechanic. Sept. 22, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
- FREDERICK M. SHEPHERD, **Sergt.** Boston, 40, s; soldier. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Prior serv.
- GREEN B. STEPHENS, **Sergt.** Boston, 42, m; mason. Aug. 17, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.

- WILLIAM A. YOUNG, Sergt. Salem, 35, m; sailor. Sept. 20, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- GEORGE ARMSTRONG, Corp. Boston, 21, s; carpenter. Aug. 15, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
- ALBERT L. BARRETT, Corp. Orange, 19, s; farmer. Feb. 23, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ROYAL H. BATE, Corp. Boston, 21, s; plumber. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. for promotion April 20, '64. 1st Lieut. 73rd Regt. U.S.C. Inf.
- JAMES D. CHAPMAN, Corp. Worcester, 39, m; carpenter. Aug. 21, '62. Trans. Co. H 20th Regt. V.R.C. Disch. July 20, '65 as Sergt.
- EDWARD E. EDSON, Corp. Bridgewater, 25, s; shoemaker. Dec. 26, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WASHINGTON EMERY, Corp. Boston, 25, m; carpenter. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. for promotion Dec. 18, '63. 2nd Lieut. 95th Regt. U.S.C. Inf.
- JOHN W FLOHRS, Corp. Boston, 31, m; moulder. Aug. 15, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
- MILAN A. HARRIS, Corp. Leominster, 20, s; farmer. Feb. 22, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HOSEA B. HAYDEN, Corp. South Braintree, 21, s; bootmaker. Dec. 31, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv
- JOSEPH W HUFF, Corp. South Braintree, 26, s; farmer. March 11, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HENRY K. LANGDON, Corp. Boston, 26, m.; hostler. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- CHARLES B. LEONARD, Corp. Braintree, 20, s; boot cutter. Dec. 21, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- ANTHONY MASSA, Corp. Boston, 36, m; carpenter. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- LAWRENCE M. MASURY, Corp. Boston, 18 s; clerk. Aug. 16, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 4, '64.
- CHARLES L. MENTZER, Corp. South Boston, 37 m; insurance agent. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- PETER MONOCK, Corp. Boston, 31 m; caulker. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM G. NEAL, Corp. Disch. disa. July 23, '65 Fort Leavenworth.
- RUFUS PARKER, JR., Corp. Lenox, 28, m; farmer. Feb. 24, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ARTHUR H. KNEELAND, Bugler, Georgetown, 18, s; shoemaker. Dec. 12 '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WINFIELD S. SIMONDS, Bugler, Roxbury, 21, s; clerk. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 23, '63. Sub serv. in Navy.

- GEORGE E. HUTCHINGS, Drummer, Boston, 18, s; clerk. Aug. 14, '62.
Deserted while on furlough, Boston, Oct. 30, '64.
- JONATHAN R. CLARK, Blacksmith, South Braintree, 39, m; blacksmith,
Dec. 31, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE RICHARDSON, Wagoner, Boston, 30, m; blacksmith. Aug. 17, '62.
Disch. disa. Sept. 20, '63.
- BENJAMIN BAILEY, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 40, Sept. 3, '63. Deserted
July 27, '65, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.
- THOMAS CAMMIL, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 29. May 29, '63. Disch. July
27, '65.
- ISAIAH DIXON, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La., 20. Sept. 3, '63. Died July 8, '64.
- NATHAN PARKER, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 35. Sept. 3, '63. Deserted
New Orleans, La.
- JOSEPH SEMMES, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La., 35. Sept. 3, '63. M. O.
Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN HALSEY, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La., 30. May 29, '63. Deserted,
July 27, '65, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.
- JOHN E. ACRES, Boston, 27, s; caulker. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Sept.
25, '63.
- GEORGE H. ADAMS, Boston, 18, s; farmer. Aug. 14, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- CLAUS AHLF, Somerville, 27, m; wheelwright. Sept. 15, '62. Disch. May
20, '65.
- JOSEPH B. ALEXANDER, East Boston, 32, m. tinplate maker. Aug. 19, '62.
Disch. disa. Nov. 14, '63.
- WILLIAM W. AMES, Charlestown, 18, s; bootmaker. Jan. 6, '64. M. O.
Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN P. ANDERSON, Lyme, Ct. Cr. Chelsea, 26, s; seaman, Feb. 25, '64.
Trans. to Navy, July 9, '65.
- ADAM ARMSTRONG, South Boston, 37; laborer. Sept. 17, '62. Died May
30, '63.
- HARRY N. ARNOLD, New York, Cr. Sandwich, 21, m; seaman. Feb. 15, '64.
Deserted Dec. 30, '64, Boston.
- JOHN BARRY, Boston, 24, s; stonecutter. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE W. BATCHELDER, Boston, 22, m; photographer. Dec. 27, '63.
Absent, sick in hospital, Annapolis Junction, Md.
- JOSEPH A. BEATTY, Boston, 27, m; cook. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. disa. Jan.
18, '64.
- FRANK BEAVER, Montreal, Cr. Northfield, 25, s; blacksmith. March 15, '64.
Absent, sick M. O. Regt. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES E. BICKERS, North Chelsea, 30, s; painter. Dec. 8, '63. M. O. Sept.
28, '65.

- JOSIAH BICKFORD, Boston, 40, s; carpenter. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- WARREN W. BIDWELL, Manchester, Ct., Cr. Boston, 19, s; gunsmith. Dec. 23, '63. M.O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- JAMES A. BLODGETT, Malden, 18, s; clerk. Dec. 11, '63. Died Sept. 24, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- CHRISTIAN H. H. BOMMIZYU, Somerville, 26, m; sailor. Sept. 17, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- GEORGE H. BOSWORTH, Troy, N. Y., en. Rehoboth, 23, s; machinist. March 4, '64. Absent, sick, Sept. 28, '65, M. O. Regt.
- CHARLES P. BRANCH, Boston, 17. Jan. 2 '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JACOB BRANNON, Boston, 42, s; sailor. Sept. 10, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- CHARLES M. BRIDGES, North Andover, 30, s; printer. Feb. 29, '64. Died Sept. 24, '64, Natchez, Miss.
- CHARLES BRIGHAM, Marlboro, 21, s; farmer. Jan. 4, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- NATHANIEL BROWN, East Boston, 43, m; caulker. Aug. 20, '62. Trans. to Co. I, 3rd Regt. V.R.C., April 30, '64. Disch. July 14, '65 as Corp.
- WILLIAM E. BROWN, South Boston, 28, m; carpenter. Aug. 14, '62. Disch. for promotion, Aug. 14, '63. 1st Lieut. 1st Regt. Louisiana Cav. Killed in action, Sabine Cross Roads, La. April 8, '64.
- WILLIAM H. BRYANT, New Bedford, 18, s; laborer. Jan. 2, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN BURKE, West Roxbury, 39, m; laborer. Sept. 13, '62. Died Sept. 18, '63.
- MICHAEL BURNS, Taunton, 36, m; painter. Jan. 5, '64. Disch. disa Jan. 8, '65.
- THOMAS BUTLER, Boston, 40, m; porter, Aug. 15, '62. Disch. disa. March 22, '64.
- WILLIAM BUTTINGER, Boston, 29, m; cabinet maker. Aug. 15, '62. Trans. to Co. I, 3rd Regt. V.R.C. April 30, '64. Disch. July 14, '65 as Corp. Unof.
- HUGH BYRNE, Boston, 31, s; trader. Aug. 29, '62. Disch. disa Nov. 5, '63.
- JOHN T. CARNES, Boston, 27, s; machinist. Aug. 15, '62. Deserted Dec. 2, '62 Long Island, N. Y.
- ASA CASWELL, Natick, 43, m; carpenter. Jan. 2, '64. Trans. to Co. C, 14th Regt. V.R.C. Dec. 30, '64. Disch. June 28, '65.
- ELIJAH CASWELL, JR., Raynham, 30, m; shoe-setter. Dec. 31, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- SAMUEL M. CASWELL, Boston, 38, m; mason. Aug. 18, '62. Trans. to Co. I, 3rd Regt. V. R. C. April 30, '64. Disch. July 27, '65.

- WILLIAM CHANDLER, Boston, 37, m; cabinet maker. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM O. CHANDLER, en. Boston, 18. Nov. 1, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- AL B. CHASE, Boston, 25, m; music teacher. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. to accept Com., Nov. 1, '62.
- GEORGE V. CHICK, South Braintree, 18, s; spinner. Dec. 5, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES A. CLEVELAND, Barre, 20, s; farmer. Oct. 31, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MICHAEL COFFEY, East Cambridge, 19, s; glass maker. Feb. 15, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN CONNARTY, en. New Orleans, La., 32. Dec. 8, '62. Absent, wounded, on M. O. Regt. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM E. CORTHELL, Boston, 18, s; clerk. Aug., 21, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 25, '63.
- EDWARD CUMMINS, Ireland, en. Yarmouth, 21, s; mason, March 11, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM CURRAN, Boston 28, m; painter. Aug. 20, '62. Died June 11, '63.
- HENRY R. DAIN, Medway, 33, m; teamster. Feb. 26, '64. Died Sept. 17, '64.
- JAMES E. DAWES, Boston, 21, s; watchman. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 5, '63.
- STEPHEN W. DAWSON, South Braintree, Cr. Taunton, 21, m; farmer. Jan. 29, '64. Died while prisoner of war, date and place unknown.
- GEORGE E. DAY, Southboro, Cr. Stowe, 19, m; shoemaker. Dec. 19, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN L. DAY, Southboro, Cr. Stowe, 20, s; shoemaker. Dec. 19, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- JOHN D. DINSMORE, Framingham, Cr. Georgetown, 33, m; shoemaker. Dec. 12, '63. Trans. V.R.C. Feb. 16, '65.
- GERAT DOLLARD, Fall River, Cr. Lynn, 40, m; laborer. July 20, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- FRANK DONLEY, Belfast, Me., 29, s; sailor. Sept. 20, '62. Deserted Dec. 3, '62. N. Y.
- PATRICK DOYLE, South Natick, 18, s; shoemaker. Jan. 4, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOSEPH M. DUNSTERVILLE, South Boston, 18, s; printer. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOHN EBINGER, en. New Orleans, La., 21, Oct. 22, '62. M.O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ALBEN P. EDDY, Fall River, 21, s; cigar maker. Dec. 11, '63. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- JOHN F. EDDY, Taunton, 21, m; gunsmith. Dec. 28, '63. Disch. July 28, '65;
- ISAIAH M. ELLIS, South Boston, 39, m; carpenter. Aug. 16, '62. Disch. May 13, '65.
- WILLIAM E. FEYHL, Boston, 18, s; farmer. Dec. 24, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES F. FISHER, Southboro, 25, s; farmer. Feb. 25, '64. Died Dec. 25, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- MOSES W. FOLLANSBEE, Gloucester, Cr. Georgetown, 37, m.; stonecutter. Dec. 12, '63. Died April 4, '65.
- SYLVESTER D. FOSS, Roxbury, 30, m; carpenter. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 10, '63.
- FRANK GEORGE, Leominster, 27, s; farmer. Feb. 15, '64. Died Dec. 18, '64. Salisbury, N. C.
- GEORGE M. GILMAN, Boston, 30, s; grocer. Sept. 15, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- HENRY S. GLAZIER, Boston, 37, m; stair builder. Jan. 5, '64. M.O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES GOODHOUSE, New Orleans, La. 34. June 2, '63. Trans. to V.R.C. March 11, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
- ALVIN GOODRIDGE, Barre, 18, s; farmer. Oct. 20, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ALANSON GREEN, Spencer, 37, m; bootmaker. Dec. 29, '63. Disch. July 29, '65.
- DAVID GREEN, Spencer, 36, m; bootmaker, Jan. 4, '64. Died July 8, '64.
- JOHN F. GURNEY, Taunton, 23, s; hostler. Jan. 12, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE HAINES, En. New Orleans, La. 22. May 22, '62. Disch. May 17, '65.
- JOHN HALPIN, Boston, Cr. Braintree, 18, s; blacksmith. Dec. 28, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv
- PATRICK HANEY, Boston, 36, m; laborer. Sept. 18, '62. Disch. disa. May 15, '65.
- ISAAC HARMON, Braintree, 18, s; farmer. Feb. 15, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM HASTINGS, Boston, 29, m; clerk. Sept. 17, '62. Deserted Nov. 14, '62, N.Y.
- NATHANIEL T. HATCH, Hanson, 39, m; farmer. Dec. 31, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ANDREW H. HERON, Beauharnais, Can. Cr. Boston, 19, s; farmer. Jan. 21, '64. Deserted April 9, '65, Readville.
- WILLIAM G. HILL, North Braintree, 18, s; bootmaker. Dec. 5, '63. Disch. disa. July 29, '65.
- AMBROSE S. HINCKLY, Boston, 32, m; farmer. Jan. 1, '64. Died Nov. 22, '64, Boston.

- EPHRAIM HOLDEN, Georgetown, 40, s; bootmaker. Sept. 15, '62. Trans-
to V. R. C. May 23, '64.
- HUGH HOLLAND, Boston, Cr. Cambridge, 21, s; seaman. Jan. 13, '64.
Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES S. HOLTON, Boston, 39, s; mason. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. disa. May
10, '63.
- FRANK JONES — Died. Unof.
- WILLIAM M. JENKS, South Boston, 37, m; baker. Aug. 16, '62. Disch.
disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- HENRY A. JORDAN, Franklin, 26, m; carpenter. Dec. 17, '63. Disch. Feb.
'65. Prior serv. •
- HENRY A. KELLY, Warren, 21, m; farmer. Feb. 15, '64. Disch. Aug. 15, '65.
- CHARLES F. KIMBALL, Stow, 18, s; shoemaker. Dec. 19, '63. M. O. Sept.
28, '65.
- DAVID S. KNIGHT, Boston, 39, m; carpenter. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. May
20, '65.
- CHURCH LAPHAM, Marshfield, Cr. Lynn, 19, m; shoemaker. Feb. 10, '64.
Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. disa. July 17, '65.
- DANIEL H. LEAVITT, Boston, 33, s; carpenter. Sept. 23, '62. Disch. disa.
Jan. 18, '64.
- PHILIP LITTING, Boston, 32, m; confectioner. Aug. 18, '62. Disch.
disa. April 18, '64. Sub. serv
- JOHN MALONY, 2ND, Oswego, N. Y. Cr. Lexington, 21, s; clerk. March
9, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES MALOY. En. New Orleans, La., 21; butcher. June 25, '62. Disch.
for promotion. Died while while prisoner of war—no date.
- JOHN L. MANNING, Boston, 42, m; machinist. Aug. 16, '62. Disch. disa.
Sept. 23, '63.
- JULIUS MARTIN. En. New Orleans, La., 23; gunsmith. July 14, '62.
Disch. May 20, '65.
- LAUGHTON McCORMICK, Boston, 27, s; tailor. Sept. 16, '62. Disch. disa.
Nov. 20, '63.
- JAMES McCARTY, Boston, 38, m; laborer. Aug. 29, '62. Disch. disa. Jan.
18, '64. Sub. serv V.R.C
- MICHAEL McKINNA, E. Cambridge, 19, s; carver. Feb. 8, '64. Wounded
Oct. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE McLAUGHLIN, Roxbury, 30, m; carpenter. Aug. 28, '62. Trans-
to Co. G, 14 Regt. V.R.C. Jan. 29, '65. Disch. June 27, '65.
- PHILIP McQUINTRY, Ireland, Cr. Braintree, 21, s; farmer. Jan. 5, '64.
Disch. July 29, '65.
- JOHN MOONEY. En. New Orleans, La. 24; Oct. 2, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE A. MOWER, Braintree, 19, s; boot treer. Feb. 9, '64. M. O.
Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.

- MARTIN MULLIGAN, Salem, 39, s; laborer. Oct. 19, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- JAMES MURPHY, E. Cambridge, 19, s; sailor. Feb. 15, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- EDWARD A. NEWMAN, South Boston, 32, m; piano maker. Aug. 15, '62. Died July 10, '65, Andersonville, Ga.
- OLA NILLSON, Stockholm, Sweden, Cr. Acton, 21, s; sailor. Nov. 18, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN O'BRIEN, Boston, 21, Sept. 9, '62. Deserted Dec. 1, '62.
- JOHN P O'BRIEN, Cambridgeport, 27, m; carpenter. Sept. 16, '62. Deserted Dec. 1, '62.
- CORNELIUS O'HEARN, Charlestown, Cr. Falmouth, 20, s; laborer. June 10, '64. Disch. July 29, '65.
- GEORGE F. OLIVER, Malden, 18, s; farmer; Sept. 3, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 24, '64.
- HENRY OWENS, East Boston, 40, s; caulker. Aug. 21, '62. Died Dec. 23, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- ASA N. PEABODY, Billerica, 19, s; teamster. Dec. 13, '61. Disch. Dec. 13, '64.
- CHARLES C. PHILBROOK, Boston, 33, s; carpenter. Sept. 9, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- HORACE RATHBURN, Roxbury, 41, m; blacksmith. Aug. 15, '62. Died June 8, '63.
- FRANK A. RICHARDS, Holliston; Cr. Attleboro, 21, s; jeweller. Jan. 4, '64. Disch. Aug. 11, '65.
- JOHN ROGERS, Charlestown, 36, s; painter. Dec. 29, '63. Deserted June 20, '64, New Orleans, La.
- ERASTUS E. SANBORN, Boston; 39, m; provision dealer. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 28, '63. Sub. serv.
- PATRICK SARSFIELD, East Cambridge, 18, s; glass blower. Dec. 30, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv..
- JAMES SCANDALL, Portland, Me. Cr. Sandwich, 27, s; sailor. June 23, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- AUGUST SEIDLER, Boston, 32, s; farmer; Aug. 29, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 27, '65.
- JOHN SHEA, Boston; 29, m; sailor, Aug. 29, '62. Deserted Nov. 7, '62, N. Y
- JOSEPH C. SHELLEY, Boston, 18, s; painter. Aug. 20, '62. Died April 12, '63.
- JOSEPH SHEPARD, Boston, Cr. Charlestown, 19; farmer. June 4, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES H. SHERIFF, East Cambridge, 41, m; brushmaker. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 28, '63.

- FRANK W SLASON, Boston, 26, m; shoemaker. Aug. 14, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- CHARLES V SMALL, Boston, 20, s; mechanic. Feb. 8, '64. Died July 28, '64.
- GEORGE A. SMITH. En. New Orleans, La. 23; goldsmith, Oct. 5, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOHN SMITH, Boston, 25, s; sailor. Aug. 20, '62. Deserted, Dec. 4, '62, N. Y.
- ROBERT SMITH, Boston, Cr. Chelmsford, 23, s; hatter. Aug. 8, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES H. SOUTHWICK, Boston, 41, m; pianomaker. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 23, '63.
- JAMES SPEAR, Braintree, 40, m; boot-treer. Dec. 10, '63. M.O. Sept. 28, '65.
- TIMOTHY A. STANLEY, Attleboro, 37, m; farmer. Jan. 1, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES F STAPLES, Boston, 27, m; blacksmith. Feb. 10, '64. Trans. V.R.C. Sept. 20, '64. Disch. Oct. 7, '65.
- GEORGE E. STRAYNTON, Roxbury, 35, m; coachman. Jan. 2, '64. Disch. Aug. 16, '65.
- JOHN TAYNE, East Cambridge, 19, s; sailor. Feb. 15, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES S. THAYER, South Braintree, 18, s; bootmaker. Feb. 15, '64. Disch. Aug. 19, '65.
- WILLIAM E. THOMAS, Boston, 42, m; merchant. Aug. 15, '62. Deserted March 28, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- BENJAMIN THOMPSON, Boston, 44, m; merchant. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. disa. April 4, '63.
- EDWARD THOMPSON, Boston, 44, s; soldier. Aug. 20, '62. Died Sept. 10, '63.
- JOHN P. THOMPSON, Boston, 38 m; caulker. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 20, '63.
- JOHN M. TOWNE, Boston, 20, s; sailmaker. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- THOMAS E. TUCKER, Boston, 18, s; mariner. Jan. 4, '64. M.O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES F. TUTTLE, Boston, 33, m; trader. Dec. 28, '63. Disch. disa. May 13, '64.
- LUTHER T. VINAL, Boston, 35 m; caulker. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- STEPHEN A. WAITT, Burlington, 21, s; hostler. Dec. 16, '63. Died May 16, '64, New Orleans, La.
- PHILIP WALL, Boston, 41; laborer. Aug. 29, '62. Disch. May, 20, '65. Unof.
- JOHN WARD, Courtland Co. N. Y. 21, m; soldier. Nov. 7, '63. Deserted July 16, '64. Algiers, La.
- HENRY WATTS, Boston, Cr. Chelsea, 30, s; seaman. Jan. 2, '64. Trans. to Navy, July 9, '64. Disch. Aug. 25, '65, R. S. "Princeton."

- WILLIAM R. WEBSTER, Compton, N. H. En. Boston, 43, s; printer. Oct. 19, '63. Disch. July 29, '65. Prior serv.
- GEORGE G. WENTWORTH, Boston, 18, s; market boy. Aug 16, '62. Disch. disa. Nov 9, '63.
- JOHN WHIDDEN, Boston, 40, m; carpenter. Aug. 16, '62. Deserted Aug. 6, '63, Raton Rouge, La.
- GEORGE W WHITE, Boston, 43, m; sign painter. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. disa. March 14, '64.
- ABEL L. WILDER, Leominster, 19. s; farmer. Feb. 23, '64. Died, a prisoner of war, Salisbury, N.C. '64.
- JOHN WILLIAMS, Boston, 19, s; soldier. Sept. 10, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HENRY L. WILLIS, Boston, 18, s; clerk. Aug. 16, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- SAMUEL WILSON, South Boston, 42, s; plasterer. Sept. 11, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- JOHN C. WORTHEN, Boston, 45, s; teamster. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- RICHARD H. WYETH, Lunenburg, Cr. Brookline, 21, s; farmer. Feb. 25, '64. Killed in action, Sept. 19, '64, at Winchester, Va. Prior serv.
- ROBERT O. YOUNG, Medway, 32, m; boot crimper. Feb. 26, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

COMPANY E.

- NELSON COLLINS, Com. Sergt. Boston, 35, m; pattern maker. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. May 21, '65.
- LUKE E. DODGE, Sergt. Boston, 44, m; painter. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 10, '63.
- JOHN A. D'ARCY, Sergt. Boston, 33, s; plasterer. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64. Unof.
- ISAAC FERNALD, Sergt. Boston, 27, m; ship carpenter. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 18, '63.
- WILLIAM E. GALLEMORE, Sergt. Springfield, 33, s.; armorer, Jan. 4, '64. Disch. July 21, '65.
- JOHN H. LASKER, Sergt. Boston, 21, s; ship carpenter. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64. Unof.
- JOHN W. MORGAN, Sergt. Boston, 18, s; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- THOMAS SIMPSON, Sergt. Boston, 26, m; teamster. Aug. 14, '62. Killed in action Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.
- BURT M. ST. CLAIR, Sergt. Boston, 20, s; expressman. Aug. 20, '62. Died May 20, '65. Unof.
- SAMUEL F. ADAMS, Corp. Boston, 23, paper hanger. Aug. 21, '62. Killed at Sabine Cross Roads, April 8, '64.
- WILLIAM H. ALDREDGE, Corp. Boston, 21, s; clerk. Sept. 13, '62. Disch. disa. April 1, '63. Unof.
- DAVID BRYDEN, Corp. Boston, 44, m; ship carpenter. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 1, '64. Unof.
- MICHAEL CURRAN, Corp. Boston, 18, s; stone-cutter, Aug. 16, '62. Killed in action, Sabine Cross Roads, April 8, '64.
- CHARLES W. HOWE, Corp. Boston, 20, s; clerk. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 19, '63.
- GEORGE B. JENKINSON, Corp. Boston, 29, m; teamster. Aug. 15, '62. Killed in action, Aug. 3, '63, Jackson, La.
- ROBERT KILLCUP, Corp. Boston, 33, m; teamster. Sept. 20, '62. Disch. Disch. disa. Oct. 8, '63.
- WILBUR LASKER, JR., Corp. Boston, 18, s; clerk. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.

- GEORGE D. MAXWELL, Corp. Boston, 18, s; cook. Aug. 14, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOHN McNAUGHT, Corp. 20, m; grocer. Aug. 30, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- OSCAR A. RICE, Corp. Boston, 20, s; machinist. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. Jan. 29, '64.
- WILLIAM E. ROBERTS, Corp. Boston, 19, s; hatter. Aug. 16, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- BARRETT H. SMITH, Corp. Boston, 44, m; ship carpenter. Aug. 30, '62. Killed Sept. 19, '64.
- WILLIAM G. SMITH, Corp. Boston, 21, s; waterman. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. May 21, '65.
- AMBROSE L. VANNACH, Corp. Boston, 22, s; laborer. Sept. 15, '62. Died May 20, '65. Unof.
- OLIVER J. WILLIAMS, Corp. Boston, 20, m; printer. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 22, '63.
- ELIJAH C. CRANE, Wagoner, Boston, 33, m; machinist. Aug. 13, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- CHARLES B. HEWITT, Prin. Musician. Boston, 21, s; baker. Sept. 9, '62. Trans. Co. D, 1st Regt. V.R.C. April 1, '65. Disch. July 14, '65.
- CHARLES H. SMITH, Musician, Roston, 22, m; sash and blind maker. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. May 13, '63. Unof.
- GEORGE H. RYMILL, Bugler, Boston, 18, s; caulker. Sept. 10, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- AUSTIN CAIN, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 45. Aug. 29, '63. Deserted July 16, '64. Unof.
- WILLIAM COLLINS, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 24. Aug. 29, '63. Deserted July 28, '65, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.
- WILLIAM HAMILTON, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. Aug. 28, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOSEPH JAMES, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 40. Aug. 30, '63. Deserted July 16, '64. Unof.
- RICHARD POWERS, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. Aug. 28, '63. Deserted July 27, '65, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.
- JOHN ANDERSON, Jamaica Plain, 35, m; laborer. Sept. 8, '62. Wounded Oct. '64. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- LEWIS BABBITT, Worcester, 40, m; merchant. Jan. 4, '64. Disch. Sept. 23, '64, with view to en. as Hospital Steward U. S. Army.
- GEORGE BAKER, New Bedford, 25, m; Feb. 13, '64. Deserted Aug. 4, '64.
- ROBERT BAKER. Deserted Feb. 1, '65.
- WILLIAM J. BAKER, Boston. 44, m; merchant. Oct. 31, '63. Died Nov. 5, '64, Baltimore, Md.

- WARREN BATES, Randolph, 42, m; expressman. July 27, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63, Baton Rouge, La. Unof.
- BENJAMIN BOWMAN, New Bedford, 22, s; fisherman. Jan. 16, '64, Deserted Feb. 1, '65.
- JONATHAN BREARLY, Boston, 21, s.; moulder. Aug. 30, '62. Disch. May 30, '65. Unof.
- EDWARD G. BRYANT, Cambridgeport, 21, s; plumber. Jan. 5, '64. Died of wounds, Nov. 9, '64, Winchester, Va.
- JOSEPH P. BURNHAM, Salem, 43, m; blacksmith. Sept. 10, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63.
- WILLIAM R. CARL, Cohasset, 34, s; clerk. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 5, '63.
- ROBERT CARNES, Boston, 35, m; blacksmith. Aug. 16, '62. Deserted Dec. 3, '62, Jamaica, L. I.
- JOSEPH N. COBURN, Brunswick, Me. Cr. Chelsea, 18, s; bookbinder. Jan. 4, '64. Died 1864.
- FREDERICK L. COPELAND, Boston, 34, s; soldier. April 5, '64. Deserted Feb. 1 '65.
- WILLIAM CUMMINGS, Boston, 42, m; brickmaker. Aug. 15, '62. Disch. May 20, '65, Frederick, Md.
- BARTHOLOMEW DAILY, Salem, 44, m; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Dec. 21, '63.
- GEORGE DAVIS, Boston, 28, m; ship carpenter. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- CORNELIUS DEAN, Sandwich, 18, s; glass blower. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JAMES DEVINE, Brookline, 23; Nov. 3, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- THEOPHILUS K. DILL, Boston, 28, m; mariner. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 24, '63.
- DANIEL H. DUNBAR, North Bridgewater; 18, s; shoemaker. Feb. 29, '64. Prisoner of war, since Oct. 19, '64. No further report.
- CYRUS K. FORD, Boston, 43, m; machinist. Aug. 10, '62. Killed in action, Aug. 20, '63, Jackson.
- SAMUEL C. GAGE, Wrentham, 35, s; farmer. Aug. 10, '62. Died Aug. 15, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- JOHN S. GOLDSBERG, Plymouth, 18, m; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 29, '63.
- SAMUEL GOLIVER, Boston, 36, s; mariner. Sept. 8, '62. Deserted Nov. 16, '62, New York city.
- WALTER GORDON, Boston, 20, m; hostler. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. May 21, '65.

- RICHARD GOUGER, East Boston, 28, m; moulder. Dec 11, '63. Trans. to Navy, July 15, '64.
- JOHN HAGERTY, Boston, 35, s; laborer. Aug. 16, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- GEORGE H. HARDY, North Andover, 27, m; teamster. Aug. 30, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- THOMAS HASLAN, Boston, 35, m. laborer. Aug. 17, '62. Disch. May 31, '65.
- FRED P HASLEY, Charlestown, 19, s; driver. Dec. 7, '63. Disch. June 9, '65.
- WILLIAM F. HAYES, Boston, 30, m; painter. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- EDWARD HEFFERNAN, Sandwich, 24, s; glass-blower. Aug. 18, '62. Killed in action, Sept. 22, '64, Fisher's Hill, Va.
- FRANCIS T. HILLIARD, Lynn, 32, m.; shoemaker; Sept. 1, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- HENRY HOFT, Boston, 35, m; carpenter; Sept. 25, '62. Deserted Dec. 4, '62. New York city.
- ALBERT HOWARD, Randolph, 39, m; shoemaker. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. Jan. 18, '64.
- PATRICK KEILY, Randolph, 43, m; farmer. Sept. 10, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 17, '63.
- JAMES H. KIMBALL, Chelsea, 18, s; sheet-iron worker. Jan. 4, '64. Died Sept. 30, '64, New Orleans, La.
- HENRY W KUMMER, Reading, 44, m; cabinet maker, Aug. 25, '62. Disch. Jan. 18, '64, of old age.
- CHARLES A. LITTLEFIELD, Boston, 18, s; clerk, Aug. 12, '62. Disch. June 8, '65.
- THOMAS MASON, Sandwich, 28, m; farmer. June 18, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 29, '63. Sub. serv.
- ALEXANDER McKINNAN, East Boston, 36, s; caulker. Jan. 8, '64. Disch. disa. March 1, '65.
- JAMES McNULTY, 1st, Salem, 38, m; laborer. June 25, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- JAMES McNULTY, 2ND. Sandwich, 18, s; laborer. June 18, '64. Deserted Dec. 1, '62, Jamaica, L. I
- JAMES McROWEN, Sandwich, 27, s; glass blower. June 18, '62. Absent. prisoner of war, since Oct, 19, '64. No further information.
- MICHAEL MULDOON, Newburyport, 43, s; farmer. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64. Unof.
- HENRY MYERS, Boston, 33, m; laborer. Sept. 10, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64. Unof.

- ALBERT N. NICKERSON, Walpole, 22, s; mariner. Sept. 8, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64. Unof.
- MICHAEL NIXON, Boston, m. Sept. 8, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64. Unof.
- PATRICK NIXON, Boston, 38, m; laborer. Sept. 8, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 12, '65.
- JOHN NOONAN, Boston, m; laborer. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- THOMAS PATTERSON, Boston, 33, s; Mariner. Sept. 15, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM C. PEABODY, Malden, 35, m; produce dealer. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 28, '63.
- JONAS U. PRINGLE, Boston, 39, m; pile-driver. Aug. 22, '62. Killed in action, Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.
- GEORGE H. RANDALL, Rochester, 20, s; farmer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- EDMUND E. RICE, Boston, 18, s; tinman. Aug. 20, '62. Wounded, Cane River. Disch. disa. Feb. 12, '65.
- JAMES RILEY, North Braintree, 30, m; laborer. Sept. 8, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64, New Orleans, La.
- JOHN E. ROBBINS, Brownington, Vt., Cr. Randolph, 27, m; farmer. March 25, '64. Disch. disa. June 22, '65. Unof.
- BENJAMIN ROBERTS, Boston, 40, m; ship carpenter. Aug. 16, '62. Died June 20, '63, New Orleans, La.
- ROBERT SCOTT, Stoughton, 40, m; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Died Sept. 10, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- CHRISTOPHER K. SMITH, Boston, 19, s; caulker, Aug. 20, '62. Died July 13, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- CORNELIUS SULLIVAN, Salem, 32, m; laborer. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JAMES WALKER, Boston, 28, s; mariner. Sept. 15, '62. Deserted, Dec. 3, '62, Jamaica, L. I.
- JOHN WELCH, 1st, Salem, 38, m; laborer. June 16, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JOHN WELCH, 2ND, Salem, 21, s; laborer. June 26, '62. Killed in action, Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.
- WILLIAM H. WILEY, Boston, 28, m; painter. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
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COMPANY F

- RICHARD BATCHELDER, Sergt. Salem; 42, m; freight master. Aug. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 20, '63.
- LEWIS BROWN, Sergt. Lynn, 19, m.; shoemaker. Sept. 3, '62. Disch. Oct. 12, '63, Port Hudson, La.
- JOHN M. CRONIN, Sergt. Cambridge, 28, m; laborer, Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- EDWARD P GOODWIN, Sergt. Boston, 32, s; provision dealer. Aug. 30, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 25, '64.
- JOSEPH C. GORDON, Sergt. Boston, 20, m; clerk. Sept. 9, '62. Disch. disa. June 18, '64.
- TRUMAN MARSHALL, Sergt. Cambridge, 35, m; soap-maker. Aug. 29, '62. Wounded, Sept. 19, '64. Disch. disa. April 10, '65.
- WILLIAM E. PECK, Sergt. Taunton, 22, s; seaman. Sept. 16, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Prior Serv. in U. S. Navy.
- GEORGE W STACY, Sergt. Cambridge, 26, s; provision dealer. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM J. ATKINS, Corp. Cambridgeport, 28, s; carpenter. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JOHN DAVIS, Corp. Lynn, 33, m; morocco dresser. Sept. 3, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JAMES CLAMPITT, Corp. Boston, 27, s; painter. Sept. 8, '62. Wounded Oct. '64. M. O. May 20, '65.
- FREDERIC GIBSON, Corp. Boston, 21, s; seaman. Sept. 8, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- ALBERT KEZAR, Corp. Boston, 20, s; morocco dresser. Aug. 16, '62. Wounded Oct. 19, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
- MICHAEL LYDON, Corp. Lynn; 19, s; morocco dresser. Sept. 3, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM O'HERN, Corp. Charlestown, 20, s; shoemaker. Aug. 26, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- FREDERICK B. PULLEN, Corp. Cambridge, 18, s; farmer. Aug. 13, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILSON THORNBURY, Corp. Cambridge. Aug. 13, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOSEPH BREHM, bugler, Cambridge, 28, m; baker. Aug. 14, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.

- FRANK T. PULLEN, bugler, Cambridge, 21, teamster. Aug. 1, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- PHILIP RADY, bugler, Cambridge, 17, s; laborer, Aug. 17, '62. Disch. disa. March 5, '64.
- MICHAEL MURPHY, drummer, Salem, 18, s; laborer. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 27, '63.
- JAMES BARTON, blacksmith, Salem, 25, m; shoemaker. Aug. 25, '62. Trans. 22nd Co. 2 Bat. V.R.C.
- ANDY GATELY, cook, en. Port Hudson, 26. Oct. 31, '63. Deserted, July 30, '64.
- ANDREW HAWKINS, Cook, en. Alexandria, La. 22. May 10, '63. Deserted Ft. Leavenworth, Kan., July 28, '65.
- REUBEN WILLIAMS, Cook, 23, en. Port Hudson, La. Oct. 31, '63. On detached service since May 10, '64. No further record. Unof.
- CHARLES B. ABBOT, Lynn, 45, m; shoemaker, Sept. 3, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 21, '63.
- EDWIN A. ANDREWS, Lowell, 25, m; teamster. July 20, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JAMES E. ARNOLD, Salem, 44, m; wheelwright. Aug. 26, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 10, '65.
- NATHAN K. ATKINS, Cambridgeport, 19, s; glass-cutter. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. Dec. 4, '62.
- CALVIN S. BAILEY Hanover, 35, m; shoemaker. Dec. 31, '63. Died Sept. 24, '64, Baltimore, Md.
- MICHAEL BARKER, Lynn, 22, s; shoemaker. Jan. 26, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. June 23, '65.
- DAVID BECKETT, Cambridge, 22, s; engineer. Aug. 9, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM J. BECKETT, Cambridge, 39, m; teamster. Aug. 9, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- HENRY BOHNSOCK, Boston, 29, m; seaman. Sept. 16, '62. Disch. disa. June. '65.
- JAMES BOYLE, Mayo, Ireland, en. East Boston, 35, m; laborer. Oct. 21, '63. Disch. April 5, '64. Unof.
- JOHN BRITTON, Salem, 38, s; seaman. Sept. 11, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 24, '63.
- JAMES BROWN, Cambridge, 35, m; laborer. Sept. 4, '62. Disch. June 13, '65, Readville, Mass.
- SHUBEL L. BUMPUS, Lynn, 44, m; shoemaker, Sept. 3, '62. Disch. disa. March 8, '64.
- CHARLES H. BURGESS, Salem, 18. Oct. 27, '62. No further record.
- MICHAEL CAIRNS, East Cambridge, 27, m; laborer. Jan. 18, '64. Disch. June 21, '65.

- PATRICK CANNON, Lowell, 33, m; laborer. Aug. 9, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63.
- FRANK CARRIGAN, Lynn, 44, s; morocco dresser. Sept. 3, '62. Trans. to Co. I, 3rd Regt. V.R.C. and discharged for disability, Oct. 15, '64.
- JOHN CASHMAN, Lowell, 28, m; machinist. July 20, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63.
- JAMES. T. CLAMPITT, E. Boston, 22, s; painter. Aug. 26, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- CORNELIUS A. COLLINS, en. Boston, Cr. Templeton, 21, s; clerk. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HUGH COLLINS, Lynn, 18, m; teamster. Aug. 29, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JAMES COLLINS, JR. Lynn, 19, s; shoemaker. Oct. 27, '62. Trans. to V.R.C. and M. O. July 11, '65.
- LEONARD J. COTTLE, Boston; 28, m; teamster. Sept. 8, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 12, '63.
- HANDY CROOK, Boston, 41, m; porter. Sept. 9, '62. Died, prisoner of war, Salisbury, N.C. Jan. 21, '65.
- SAMUEL B. CROSS. North Reading, 44, m; farmer. July 18, '62. Died Oct. 26, '63, Memphis Tenn.
- ALVAH G. CROSSLEY, Cambridge, 41, m; machinist. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 20, '63.
- MICHAEL DEMPSEY, Concord, 45, m; farmer. Sept. 11, '62. Disch. June 10, '65.
- WILLIAM H. H. EMERY, Cambridge, 29, m; printer, Sept. 11, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM FOSTER, Cambridge, 18, s; tinsmith. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JOHN FRASIER, E. Boston, 22, s; plumber. Aug. 26, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 24, '63.
- CHARLES H. FULLER, Lynn, 20, s; seaman. Sept. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63.
- TIMOTHY GALLIVAN, Lynn, 18 s; shoemaker. Sept. 29, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JOSEPH GLAESNER, Roxbury, 41, m; farmer. Sept. 25, '62. Disch. Nov. 20, '62. Unof.
- WILLIAM GORMLEY, Boston, 38, m; teamster. Sept. 8, '62. Deserted Nov. 8, '62, New York City.
- ROBERT GUILD, Boston, 21, s; papermaker. April 6, '64. Died July 14, '64. New Orleans, La.
- PATRICK HAGAN, Boston, 29, m; laborer. Aug 8, '62. Disch. May 21, '65.
- DANIEL HALLORAN, Cambridge, 37, m; laborer. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 24, '63.

- CHARLES D. JOHNSON, Cambridge, 33 m; laborer. Sept. 8, '62. Died, prisoner of war, June 13, '64.
- MICHAEL KERRIKAN, Greenfield. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- JACOB KNOPKEE, Boston, 43, s; seaman. Sept. 13, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. June 20, '65.
- WILLIAM LAMB, Lynn, 28 s; seaman. Aug. 27, '62. Deserted Dec. 4, '62. New York City.
- WILLIAM LAWS, Cambridge, 45, m; piano-maker. Sept. 2, '62. Died Dec. 12, '63. Port Hudson, La.
- THOMAS LAWSON, Cambridge, 40 m; carpenter. Aug. 27, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM LEAVITT, Boston, 31. Sept. 27, '62. Deserted Dec. 4, '62, New York City.
- CHARLES A. LOUD, Salem, 21, m; sparmaker. Aug. 19, '62. Disch. Aug. 26, '63, to accept com. as 2nd Lieut. 88th Regt. U. S. C. Inf. Resigned July 10, '64.
- GEORGE B. LOUD, Salem, 18, s; clerk, Aug. 25, '62. Disch. Oct. 16, '63, and appointed Com. Serge., 88th Regt. U. S. C. Inf. 2nd Lieut. Co. D. 10th Regt. U. S. C. H. Art., Feb. 13, '66. M. O. Feb. 22, '67.
- PATRICK LYNCH, Boston, 43, m; laborer. Sept. 17, '62. Trans. Co. H, 20th Regt. V. R. C. and disch. Oct. 11, '65.
- SHUBEL LYNELL, Died prisoner of war, Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 18, '64.
- HENRY MALLEEN, Salem, 18, s; laborer. Sept. '62. Wounded Oct. 19, '64. Disch. June 2, '65. Unof.
- THOMAS MALONY, Brookline, 33, m; laborer. Oct. 27, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JOHN McCARTHY, Boston, 34, s; groom. Feb. 4, '64. Disch. June. 19, '65.
- JOHN A. McKIE, E. Boston, 19, s; ship-carpenter. Aug. 19, '62. Wounded at Sabine Cross Roads, April 8, '64. Disch. disa. Sept. 30, '64.
- OWEN McLAUGHLIN, Lynn, 25, m; laborer. Sept. 3, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JAMES B. McPIKE, Boston, 22, s; painter. Sept. 2, '62. Deserted Dec. 4, '62, New York City.
- CHARLES E. MORSE, Cambridge, 44, m; book-binder. September 1, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 28, '63.
- JAMES MULLIN, Marblehead, 32, m; shoemaker. Aug. 24, '62. Deserted Nov. 28, '62, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y.
- JAMES MUNN, E. Boston, 21, s; baker. Aug. 25, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- PATRICK J. MURPHY, Lynn, 18, s; shoemaker. Sept. 9, '62. Killed in action, Sept. 19, '64. Winchester, Va.

- PATRICK NAVILL, Salem, 39, m; laborer. Sept. 1, '62. Trans. Co. I, 3rd Regt. V.R.C., April 22, '64. M. O. Oct. 18, '65., Acting Corp.
- HENRY H. PRENTISS, Cambridge, 43, m; printer. Aug. 4, '62. Prisoner of war. Disch. June 13, '65, Readville, Mass.
- ABEL PURRINGTON, Gloucester 31, s; mariner. Aug. 30, '62. Deserted from Gen. Hospital, Boston, Dec. 12, '62.
- PETER READYMACHER, Boston, 25, m; seaman. Sept. 16, '62. Deserted Nov. 8, '62, New York City.
- WILLIAM H. REED, Cambridge, 18, s; seaman. Sept. 5, '62. Deserted Feb 1, '65.
- JOHN RIPLEY, Lynn, 38, s; shoemaker. Sept. 3, '62. Trans. to V R. C. May 31, '64.
- THOMAS D. ROGERS, Chelmsford, 35, m; carpenter. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63.
- JOHN RYAN, Salem. 26, m; seaman. Sept. 1, '62. Deserted Nov. 8, '62, New York city.
- JOHN SMITH, South Boston, 42, m; slater. Feb. 8, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- RICHARD T. STONE, Cambridge 37, m; hostler. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 19, '64.
- FELIX TALBOT, Cambridge, Cr. Framingham, 29, m; glass-maker. Sept. 14, '64. Disch. May 19, '65. Unof.
- GEORGE H. TASKER, Rochester, N. H. 20, s; farmer. Oct. 27, '62. Died March 27, '63, Baton Rouge, La. Unof.
- GEORGE E. THOMAS, Cambridge, 18, s; farmer. Aug. 7, '62. Disch. disa. June 30, '63.
- OSCAR THURSTON, East Boston. 18, s; clerk. Sept. 19, '62. Disch. May 30, '65. Unof.
- JEREMIAH TOWLING, Lynn, 40, m; shoemaker. Sept. 3, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 3, '64.
- EDWARD P WHITE, Cambridge, 30, m. laborer. Jan. 13, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Died of wounds Oct. 9, '64, Washington, D. C.
- DANIEL WHOLLEY, East Cambridge, 26, s; morocco dresser. Jan. 14, '64. Deserted Oct. 30, '64, while on furlough.
- JOHN WILLIAMS, Bangor, Me. Cr. Norton. 21, s; seaman Dec. 14, '63. No further record.
- JOSEPH WOOD, Cambridge, 35, m; cabinet maker. Aug. 14, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 16, '63.
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COMPANY G.

- JOHN P. FITZGERALD, 1st Sergt. Lowell, 27, s; painter. Aug 10, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 23, '63.
- JAMES BRENNAN, Q.-M. Sergt. Boston, 24, m; hostler. July 17, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. disa. Jan. 26, '65.
- WILLIAM H. KING, Com. Sergt. Providence, R. I. 23; sailor. Oct. 29, '62. Disch. July 21, '65.
- PATRICK DUNLAY, Sergt. Braintree, 19, s; farmer. Aug. 1, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- CHARLES M. PHILBRICK, Sergt. Boston, 22, clerk. Oct. 27, '62. Absent without leave since June, '65.
- WILLIAM HARRISON, Corp. Lowell, 35, m; trader. July 24, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- MICHAEL MCKEEVER, Corp. Lowell, 24, s; clerk. July 24, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 2, '63.
- CHARLES MULLIGAN, Corp. Lowell, 27, s; artillery-man. July 24, '62. Died from wounds received in action, Nov. 30, '63, Port Hudson, La.
- AMORY H. SHATTUCK, Corp. Natick, 36, m; Cordwainer. Jan. 2, '64. Disch. disa. Oct. 10, '64, Boston, Mass.
- CORNELIUS MURPHY, Corp. Lowell, 30, m; laborer. Aug. 9, '62, Disch. May 20, '65.
- JOHN CASEY, musician, Lowell, 18, s; laborer. Aug. 9, '62. Trans. Co. I, 3rd Regt. V R. C. April 22, '64. M.O. Oct. 18, '65.
- DENNIS QUINLAN, Musician, Lowell, 18, s; operative. July 31, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- STEPHEN FLURDY, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 28. July 1, '63. Died Aug. 2, '64. Sprague Hosp. N. C.
- HENRY GREEN, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 35. Sept. 1, '63. Deserted July 16, '64. Unof.
- ANDREW HAWKINS, Cook, Virginia; cook. May 10, '63. Dropped from records, June '65. Unof.
- ANTHONY JONES, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 19. July 1, '62. On detached service since March 13, '64. Unof.
- JAMES M. MANNING, Cook, en. Alexandria, 22. May 10, '63. Returned with Regiment to Boston, 1865.

- GREEN RICHARDSON, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. Sept. 1, '63, Disch. July 28, '65.
- JOHN BAGLEY East Cambridge, 27, s; laborer, Jan. 13, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Trans. 36th Co. V. R. C May 26, '65. Disch, Sept. 4, '65.
- JOHN BARTON — Disch. disa. July 17, '63.
- CHARLES S. BRIGHAM, Boston, 43, teamster. Oct. 29, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 23, '63.
- PATRICK CAMPBELL, Lowell, 38, m; horse-doctor. Aug. 6, '62. Disch. June 1, '65.
- JOHN CORNEY, Lowell, 18, s; laborer. Aug. 9, '62. M. O. May 20, '65.
- MICHAEL COSTELLO, Lowell, 18, s; laborer. Aug. 13, '62. Died July 15, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- GARRETT CONLAN, Lowell, 28, m; laborer. Aug. 13, '62. Died, prisoner of war, Salisbury, N. C., Dec. '64. Unof.
- MICHAEL CONWAY, Lowell, 38, m; mason. Aug. 14, '62. Disch. disa, Jan. 18, '64. Unof.
- MICHAEL DAILEY, 2ND, Boston, 40, m; laborer, Dec. 2, '63. Disch. June 9, '65, Washington, D.C.
- MICHAEL DAILY, Lowell, 21, s; laborer. Aug. 4, '62. Disch. May 25, '65. Unof.
- SIMON DALY, Chelmsford, 21, s; farmer. Aug. 14, '62. Disch, May 20, '65. Unof.
- JOHN DAVIS, Boston, 26, s; carpenter. Nov 1, '62. Deserted Dec. 6, '62, New York city.
- TIMOTHY DEMPSEY, Lowell, 20, s; laborer. Aug 6, '62. Disch. Ma-20, '65. Unof.
- JAMES DONAHUE, New Britain, Conn. Cr. Longmeadow, 25, s; mechanic. Jan. 5, '64. Died Aug. 10, '64.
- MICHAEL O'DONNELL, Boston, 22, s; musician. Jan. 18, '64. Deserted July 31, '64, Algiers, La.
- PETER DONAHUE, Lowell, 18, s; laborer. July 3, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- DANIEL FINNEGAN, Lowell. Aug. 21, '62. M. O. May 20, '65.
- MICHAEL FINNELY, Lowell, 21, s; farmer. Aug. 14, '62. Wounded, Sept. 19, '64. M. O. May 20, '65.
- THOMAS FLANAGAN, Phila. Pa. Cr. Chelsea, 29, m; soldier. Jan. 14, '64. Absent without leave since June, '65.
- JAMES FORD, New London, Conn. 17, s; farmer. Nov. 1, '62. Deserted Nov. 25, '62, L. I.
- FRANK E. FREY, Portland, Me. Cr. Boston, 19 s; clerk. Feb. 13, '64. Disch. for promotion in U.S.C.T. Dec. 16, '64.
- OWEN GIBNEY, Lowell, 21, s; farmer. Aug. 15, '62. Deserted Dec. 3, '63.

- JOHN GORMAN, Lowell, 18, s; laborer. July 21, '62. Deserted July 16, '64. Algiers, La.
- THOMAS GORMAN, Bugler, Lowell, 18, s; laborer. July 17, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JAMES GONGE, Boston, 19; blacksmith. Oct. 31, '62. Deserted Nov. 6, '62. New York city.
- JOHN GRANVILLE, Lowell, 18, s; laborer. July 12, '62. Killed in action, Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.
- DANIEL GRAY, St. Davis, N. S. Cr. Chelsea, 18, s; seaman. Dec. 14, '63. Died Dec. 2, '64, Danville, Va.
- MICHAEL A. GRIFFIN, Lawrence, 21, s; teacher. Aug. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 22, '63.
- JAMES GROOMS, Lowell, 39, m; laborer. Aug. 10, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 29, '65.
- SOLOMON HALL, Boston, 39, m; baker. Nov. 1, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 23, '63. (Also entered on rolls as George Baker.)
- WILLIAM HANIFIN, Lowell; 25, m, laborer. Aug. 5, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- MAURICE HEALY, Sydney, N. S., 27, m; laborer. Aug. 12, '62. Dishon. disch. Aug. 17, '63.
- WILLIAM HEFFIRON, Lowell, 40, m; mason. Aug. 8, '62. Disch. May 26, '65.
- JOHN HODGE, Lowell, 36, m; farmer. July 31, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64. Unof.
- JAMES HUGHES, Melrose, 32, m; farrier. April 14, '64. Deserted July 31, '64, Baltimore, Md.
- MATTHEW JEFFERS, Lowell, 20, s; laborer. Aug. 4, '62. Died Oct. 23, '63. Port Hudson, La.
- DANIEL KELLY, Lynn, 21, m; shoemaker. Aug. 13, '62. Deserted Nov. 6, '62, New York city.
- JOHN KENNY, 1st, Lynn, 42 s; laborer. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. May 25, '65.
- JOHN KENNY, 2ND, Lowell, 18, s; laborer. Aug. 11, '62. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 23, '64. Unof.
- JOHN LA CLAIRE, Worcester, 23, s; bootmaker. Feb. 2, '64. Died Sept. 28, '64, Baltimore, Md.
- EDWARD MALFORD, Roxbury, 28, s; laborer, Dec. 31, '63. Disch. disa. Nov. 30, '64.
- CHARLES H. MARTIN, Boston, 29, s; farmer. Oct. '62. Died Aug. 15, '63. Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
- JEREMIAH McCARTHY, Lowell, 37, m; operative. Nov. 1, '62. Disch. disa. July 28, '65.

- JAMES McELROY, Lowell, 26, m; laborer. July 30, '62. Disch. Aug. 17, '65.
EDWARD McKEEVER, Lowell, 29, s; hostler. Aug. 10, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JAMES McKENNA, Lowell, 18, s; laborer. July 23, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- BERNARD McKNIGHT, Taunton, 27, s; laborer. September 3 '62. Died prisoner of war, August 10, '64, Andersonville Ga. Unof.
- BERNARD McLAUGHLIN, Lowell, July 29, '62. Died June 5, '63, Port Hudson, La. Unof.
- JAMES McLAUGHLIN, Lowell, 18 s; laborer. Aug 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- ROBERT McNABB, Lowell, 36, m; laborer. July 23, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- MATTHEW McNIFF, Lowell, 35, s; laborer. July 28, '62. Disch. disa. April 1, '65. Unof.
- JOHN MEADE, Lowell, 30, m; tailor. Aug. 4, '62. Trans. Co. H, 20th Regt. V.R.C. Sept. 1, '64. Disch. Oct. 11, '65.
- MICHAEL MULCAHY, Lowell, 22, m; laborer. Aug. 10, '62. M. O. May 20, '65.
- RICHARD MURRAY, Lowell, 18, s; laborer. Aug. 8, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- HOSEA NOYCE, Boston, 44, m; painter, Nov. 1, '62. Died March 3, '64. New Orleans, La.
- JOHN PARTON, Lynn, 30, m; operative. Nov 1, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 17, '63.
- PETER ROURKE, Lowell, 32, m; laborer. Aug. 10, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM A. SHERIDAN, Messina, Sicily, Cr. East Bridgewater, 27, m; soldier. March 7, '64. Deserted July 31, '64, Algiers, La.
- MICHAEL SLINE, Lowell, 42, m; laborer. Aug. 10, '62. Deserted Nov. 25, '62, New York city
- JASON SMITH, Lawrence, 23, m; laborer. Aug. 18, '64. Wounded Oct. 19, '64. Disch. June 15, '65, Annapolis, Md.
- JOHN S. SMITH, Boston, 23; carpenter. Oct. 29, '62. Deserted Nov, 25, '62, New York City.
- PHILIP A. SMITH, Lowell, 42, m; shoemaker. July 17, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- THOMAS SMITH, Boston, 24, s; mason. Dec. 19, '63. Disch. disa. Jan. 6, '65.
- HUGH TAGUE, Lowell, 28, m; machinist. Aug. 2, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM TIERNAY, Taunton, 41, m; laborer. Sept. 3, '62. Died, Andersonville, Ga. July 31, '64, prisoner of war.

- LUCIEN M. TITUS, Prescott, 28, s; butcher. Sept. 1, '64. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- OSCAR A. TITUS, Prescott, 25, s; farmer. Sept. 1, '64. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM M. TOURTILLOTTE, Prescott, 26; farmer. Sept. 1, '64. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- DENNIS TRACEY, Lowell, 32, m; laborer. Aug. 21, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64. Unof.
- BRADBURY E. TRUE, Boston, 31, s; carpenter. Oct. 31, '62. Deserted, Dec. 2, '62, New York city
- WILLIAM TWOMEY, Lowell, 18, s; laborer. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. June 1, '65.
- GEORGE H. UPTON, Prescott, 22, s; farmer. Sept. 1, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
- MARCUS VAUGHN, Irving, 24, m; mechanic. Sept. 17, '64. Disch. May 20, '65. Prior serv.
- CHARLES F. WARNER, Prescott; 33 m; farmer. Sept. 1, '64. Disch. May 25, '65. Unof.
- GEORGE WILSON, Lowell, 21, s; laborer. June 12, '62. Died, March 19, '64. Richmond, Va. Unof.
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COMPANY H.

- NATHAN W JOSSELYN, 1st Sergt. Boston, 21, s; clerk. Sept. 22, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 2, '63.
- FRANCIS H. CARVER, Sergt. Natick, 37, m; printer. Sept. 19, '62. Disch. Nov. 28, '64, to accept commission as 1st Lieut. 81st Regt. U.S.C Infantry. M. O. Nov. 30, '66.
- PATRICK J. MONKS, Sergt. South Boston, 41, m.; teamster. Oct. 15, '62. Disch. July 21, '65.
- EDWARD BARKER, Corp. Charlestown, N. H., 39, m; minister. Oct. 11, '62. Disch. Feb. 15, '63, to become Chaplain 91st N.Y. Vol. Resigned July 28, '64.
- WILLIAM J. BECK, Corp. Boston, 36, m; carpenter. June 18, '62. Died of wounds May 18, '64.
- THOMAS S. BENSON, Corp. Farmington, Me. en. Boston, 32, s; physician. Sept. 26, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 24, '63.
- GEORGE E. LONG, Corp. Northfield, 22, s; engineer Sept. 30, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JOSEPH MARCKRES, Corp. 24, m; bar-tender. Sept. 20, '62. Deserted Feb. 1, '65.
- JOHN McNAMARA, Corp. Roxbury, 33, m; soldier. Nov. 28, '63. Disch. June 16, '64.
- JOHN H. HARMON, Musician, Boston, 16, s; clerk. Oct 27, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 6, '65.
- DEDRICK THOMAS, Musician, Boston, 18, s; shoemaker. Oct. 27, '62. Trans. to Co. I, 3rd Regt. V.R.C. Sept. 20, '64.
- DAVID HAINES, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 20. Nov. 1, '63. Deserted July 28, '65, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.
- JOHN JOHNSON, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 20. Dec. 12, '63. Absent, sick, Sept. '64. No further record. Unof.
- THOMAS MITCHELL, Cook, en. Port Hudson, 26. July 1, '63. Disch. disa. Nov. 15, '65. Unof.
- JACOB WILLIAMS, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 21. Oct. 1, '63. Disch. disa. Nov. 9, '65. Unof.

- WALTER D. ALLEN, North Bridgewater, 21, s; Feb. 13, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64, and died of wounds, Oct. 29, '64.
- JOHN A. BAILY, Charlestown, 43, m; carpenter. Sept. 26, '62. Died June 28, '63.
- EDWARD E. BARKER. Disch. July 27, '63.
- GEORGE W. BEAL, Natick, 36, m; photographer. Jan. 2, '64. Killed May 18, '64. Louisiana. Unof.
- FRANK BEMIS, Boston, 43, m; wool-dresser. Oct. 27, '62. Disch. July 29, '65.
- JOSHUA BENSON, Roxbury, 42, m; housewright, Sept. 17, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63.
- HENRY J. BESSE, Falmouth, 18 s; farmer. Feb. 23, '64. Died Aug. 8, '64.
- ALPHEUS W. BUEL, Natick, 21, card-weaver. Jan. 4, '64. Disch. disa. May 8, '64.
- WILLIAM S. CALDWELL, Roxbury, 21, m; sailor. Oct. 15, '62. Absent sick on M. O. Regt. Sept. 28, '65.
- THOMAS CALLAGHAN, Clinton, 36, m; laborer. Jan. 5, '64. Disch. May 26, '65.
- DANIEL COLBERT. Disch. disa. Sept. 23, '63.
- MATTHEW COOK, Boston, 30, m; carpenter. October 27, '62. Disch. Jan. 18, '64.
- CHARLES COOLEDGE, Boston, 22; s; shoemaker. Sept. 17, '62. Deserted Nov. 30, '62. Jamaica, L. I.
- GEORGE CUMMINGS, Middleboro, 35, m; trader. Feb. 20, '64. Died July 25, '64.
- ROBERT CURRIE, Boston, 21, s; mariner. Sept. 29, '62. Deserted Nov. 28, '62, Jamaica, L. I.
- WILLIAM R. DAVIS, Boston, 22, s; clerk. Sept. 29, '62. Died Sept. 2, '63. Baton Rouge, La.
- JOHN DEVLIN JR. Boston, 18, s; farmer. Jan. 4, '64. Died Nov. 29, '64. Boston.
- PATRICK DOLAN, Roscommon, Ireland, Cr. E. Boston, 34, m; currier. Oct. 21, '63. Disch. disa. June 17, '65.
- EDMUND DUGGAN, Boston, 44, m; baker. Oct. 20, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- JOHN L. DUNCAN, Boston 41, m; carpenter. Sept. 30, '62. Disch. Disa. June 13, '63. New Orleans, La.
- EDWIN T. EHRLACHER, Newburyport, 18, s; farmer. Aug. 1, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64. New Orleans, La.
- JOSEPH ELLERY, Brookline, Me. 35, m; sailor. Oct. 17, '62. Disch. disa. March 13, '63.
- JOSEPH ELLIOTT, Georgetown, 18, s; shoemaker; Dec. 12, '63. Died Aug. 29, '64. Georgetown, Mass.

- THOMAS FLYNN, Boston, 37, s; marble-worker. Oct. 26, '62. Trans. to V. R. C. April 22, '64. Unof.
- HENRY FROST, Boston, 25. Oct. 23, '62. Deserted Nov. 9, '62, New York city
- EDWIN GARDNER, Dennis, 25. Oct. 25, '62. Deserted Nov. 29, '62, Jamaica, Long Island.
- REUBEN A. GARLICK, Dartmouth, 20, s; farmer. Feb. 22, '64. Killed in action, Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.
- JOHN GATELY, Clinton, 21, s; shoemaker. Jan. 5, '64. Killed in action, Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.
- THOMAS GEER, East Kingston, N.H., 30, m; sailor. Oct. 18, '62. Died June 10, '65.
- JOHN GILMORE, New Bedford, 21, s; seaman. March 28, '64. Deserted Sept. '64.
- THOMAS GILL, Barre, 23, s; farmer. Nov. 6, '63. Deserted Aug. '64.
- ERASTUS GOULD, Lawrence, 39, m; laborer. Sept. 27, '62. Trans. to 5th Co. 1st Batt. V.R.C. April 22, '63. Disch. April 18, '64.
- GROS. GRANADINO, Boston, 32, m; sailor. Oct. 15, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ELI HAWKINS, Boston, 25, s; sailor. Sept. 30, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- ROBERT HILL, Rockport, 22, s; sailor. Oct. 22, '62. Deserted, Nov. 30, '62, Jamaica, L. I.
- JAMES HICKEY, Worcester, 24, s; mechanic. Jan. 16, '64. Deserted Aug. '64.
- MARTIN HEALEY, Clinton, 28, s; laborer. Jan. 5, '64. Disch. June 26, '65.
- FRANCIS T. HAZLEWOOD, Boston, 43, m; piano-maker. Sept. 22, '62. Died Jan. 29, '64, New Orleans, La. Unof.
- WILLIAM H. HOLDEN, Stoneham, 30, m. Sept. 28, '62. Died Sept. 19, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- RANDALL F. HUNNEWELL, Salem, Me. 28, s; laborer. Oct. 22, '62. Killed in action, May 1, '64. Unof.
- THOMAS F. JOHNSON, Charlestown, 38, m; carver. Sept. 26, '62. Disch. disa. Unof.
- JOHN KELLY, Boston, 26, m; sailor. Sept. 30, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64, Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JOHN KENNEY 28, — Sept. 30, '62. M. O. May 21, '65.
- JEREMIAH LAUGHLIN, Boston, 42, m; laborer. Sept. 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- MICHAEL MASTERSON, Boston, 21, s; laborer. Sept. 18, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63.
- NATHAN MAYNARD, Boston, 44, m; farmer. Sept. 18, '62. Disch. disa. May 20, '63. Sub. serv.

- CHARLES McANNEY, Medford, 41, m ; tailor. Sept. 29, '62. Disch. disa. June 1, '63. Unof.
- JAMES MCGINLEY, Boston, 21, s ; waiter. Oct., 21, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65
- MAURICE McGRATH, Cambridgeport, 33, m ; paperhanger. Sept. 29, '62 Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JOHN McMANN, Boston, 44, m ; laborer. Sept. 27, '62. Disch. disa. June 2, '63. Unof.
- GEORGE MERRY, Boston, 28, m ; coachman. Sept. 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- CHARLES MILLER, Cambridgeport, 30, s ; painter. Oct. 22, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES MONROE. Died Aug. 2, '63, New Orleans, La.
- ABSALOM MORRILL, St. John, N.S., 22, s ; farmer. Oct. 1, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63.
- JAMES NOONAN, Charlestown, 21, m ; hostler. Sept. 24, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Prisoner of war, October 19, 64. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- CHRISTIAN OBERLANDER, Boston, 39, m ; cook. Sept. 22, '62. Deserted Nov. 19, '62, Jamaica L. I.
- JAMES PALMER, Blackstone, 24 ; laborer. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63.
- JAMES PEARSON, Boston, 27, m ; tailor. Sept. 24, '62. Disch. disa. March 13, '63. Unof.
- WILLIAM PETHIE, Worcester, 21, s ; hostler. Sept. 25, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- SAMUEL W. PRESCOTT, Lowell, 40, m ; laborer. Oct. 18, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 20, '63.
- PATRICK RILEY, Boston, 35, m ; laborer. Sept 9, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18 '64. Unof.
- SOLOMON SHUMWAY, Belchertown, 31, m ; clerk. Jan. 5, '64. Disch. June 9, '65.
- BERNARD SMITH, Boston, 41, s ; printer. Oct. 15, '62. Disch. May 8, '65
- JOHN SPELLMAN, Boston, 32, m ; cook. Sept. 22, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CORNELIUS SPLANN, Boston, 25, s ; sailor. Sept. 26, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 2, '63.
- ALVIN B. STUDLEY, Natick, 18, s ; hatter. Jan. 6, '64. Died Jan. 27, '65, Baltimore, Md.
- JOHN SULLIVAN, Boston, 43, m ; laborer, Sept. 26, '62. Disch. disa. May 8, 64.
- JOHN TRAHAN, Boston, 28, s ; baker. Sept. 22, '62. Trans. to Co. I, 3rd Regt. V.R.C. Sept. 22, '64. M. O. Oct. 18, '65.
- MATTHEW TRUMBULL, Lowell, 18, s ; laborer. Sept. 22, '62. Trans. to Co. I, 3d Regt. V.R.C. Sept. 22, '64. M. O. Oct. 18, '65.

PATRICK TULLY Boston, 33, m; marble polisher. Sept 22, '62. Trans. to Co. I, 31 Regt. V.R.C. Sept 22, '64. M.O. Oct 18, '65.

JOHN VAUGHAN, South Boston, 42, m; baker. Oct. 18, 62. Died on Govt. Trans. May 10, '64. Unof.

JOHN VELISCROSS, Boston, 21, m; sailor. October 15, '62. Missing in action April 8, '64. No further record. Unof.

PATRICK J. WATERS, Boston, 33, s; clerk. Sept. 19, '62. Disch. May 21, 65. Unof.

SAMUEL A. WENTWORTH Boston, 41, m; provision dealer. Sept. 22, '62. Disch. disa. May 3, '64, Galloupe's Island.

THOMAS WHITE, Boston, 37, s; plasterer. Sept. 22, '62. Trans. to Co. K, 3d. Regt. V.R.C., March 6, '64. Disch. disa. April 18, '64.

GEORGE WILSON, Boston, 18. s; clerk. Oct. 27, '62. Died March 19, '64. Richmond Va. Unof.

GEORGE YOUNG, Salem, 19, s; farmer. Jan. 14, '64. Deserted Aug. '64.

COMPANY I.

- CHARLES H. ABBOTT, 1st Sergt. Cambridgeport, 24, s; clerk. June 1, '62. Present with company Oct. '62. Dropped from rolls. En. in Batt. B, 5th U. S. Art. Dec. 13, '62.
- ANDREW G. KING, Q.-M. Sergt. Quincy, 33, m; bootmaker. June 4, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- SUMNER BRAGDON, Sergt. East Boston, 24, s; machinist. July 30, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JAMES W. CROOK, Sergt. Roxbury, 19, m; July 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JAMES O. DANE, Sergt. North Reading, 20, s; shoemaker. July 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JAMES R. DOWNER, Sergt. Lynn, 30; shoemaker. Dec. 21, '61. Disch. Jan. 2, '65.
- THOMAS LOWE, Sergt. North Truro, 30, m; seaman. July 30, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM McNAIR, Sergt. Randolph, 24, s; shoemaker. June 18, '62. Disch. by reason of wounds, Oct. 15, '64.
- JOSEPH F. TIBBETTS, Sergt. Lowell, 21, s; shoemaker. June 4, '62. Present with Co. Oct. '62. No later record. (Reported as remaining in 33rd Regt. Wounded at Gettysburg, and transferred to V.R.C.) Unof.
- GEORGE H. TILESTON, Sergt. Randolph, 25, m; shoemaker. June 11, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- RUGGLES T. WATTS, Sergt. North Reading, 29, m; shoemaker. July 18 '62. Killed in action April 8, '64, Sabine Cross Roads.
- CHARLES R. ADAMS, Corp. Franklin, 18, s; teacher. June 6, '62. Killed in action, Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.
- HENRY A. ALDEN, Corp. Randolph, 35, m; bootmaker. June 4, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- ROYAL BELCHER, Corp. Braintree, 21, s; bootmaker. June 2, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- HENRY H. DANE, Corp. North Reading, s; farmer. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.

- WILLIAM FARRELL, Corp. Boston, 28, m; hackman. June 2, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. '63.
- JAMES GORDON, Corp. Boston — Aug. 4, '62. — M. O. May 20, '65.
- JAMES SMITH, Corp. South Braintree, 37, m; bootmaker. July 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- BENJAMIN W. TOMLINSON, Corp. East Boston, 19, s; clerk. June 7, '62. Disch. May 17, '65.
- GEORGE B. TUCKER, Corp. Boston, 23, s; clerk. June 7, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM FRYE, Bugler, North Reading, 31, m; shoemaker. July 11, '62. Disch. disa. March 3, '65.
- CHARLES W. GALE, Drummer, Boston, 16, s; clerk. June 9, '62. Disch. Feb. 12, '63, to enlist as music-boy. Gen. R't Serv. Ft. Columbus, N.Y. Harbor. Disch. as Corp. June 9, '65.
- WILLIAM WINEGAR, Drummer, Barrington, Vt. 16, s; sailor-boy. Aug. 5, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. '63.
- JOHN N. HORN, Wagoner, Roxbury, 35, m; teamster. June 10, '62. Detached as Teamster, Oct. '62. No further record.
- WILLIAM BUTLER, Cook, 25. En. Port Hudson, La. Oct. 1, '63. Deserted July 27, '65. Fort Leavenworth, Ks.
- WILLIAM WILLIAMS, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 24. Oct. 1, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE A. ABBOTT, en. Lynnfield. Aug. 11, '62. Disch. June 9, '65.
- WILLIAM W. ABBOTT, E. Rumford, Me., en. Waltham, 28, m; blacksmith, Jan. 4, '64. Disch. May 15, '65. Unof.
- BARNEY BAKER, Salem, 44, m; mason. Aug. 8, '62. Trans. to Co. C, 14th Regt. V.R.C. July 1, '63. Disch. June 23, '65.
- HENRY F. BAKER, Provincetown, 26, s; sailor. Aug. 7, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- HENRY C. BARKER, North Reading, 19, s; clerk. July 18, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. '63.
- ZACHARIAH H. BEARS, New Bedford, 22, s; sailmaker. Jan. 11, '64. Disch. disa. Jan. 1, '65.
- JOHN BENNIS, Wellfleet, 26, s; seaman. July 30, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JOHN BIGELOW, JR., Randolph, 25, m; farmer. June 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- RICHARD BIRMINGHAM, Abington, 30, m; shoemaker. Dec. 4, '63. Trans. to Co. E. 18th Regt. V.R.C. and Disch. Oct. 4, '65.
- CHARLES J. BURDITT, North Reading, 18, s; shoemaker. July 11, '62. M. O. May 20, '65.

- JOHN N. BURDITT, North Reading, 19, s; shoemaker. July 11, '62. Disch. disa. Dec. 22, '63.
- CHARLES H. BURRILL, Weymouth, 20, s; shoe-cutter. Dec. 8, '63. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. disa. May 24, '65.
- JOSEPH C. BURT, Roxbury, 22, s; steward. Nov. 30, '62. Disch. May 26, '65.
- JOHN BRIMMER, Wellfleet, 18, s; farmer. July 18, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65, as absent, sick.
- GEORGE BROWN, Roxbury, 29, m; Pedler. July 9, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JOHN CARNES, Roxbury, 18, s; paper-stainer. July 23, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- WILLIAM R. CARNES, Provincetown, 21, s; seaman. July 30, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 24, '63.
- EDWARD CARROLL— Deserted Aug. '65.
- DANIEL CERTERIUS, Roxbury, 25, m; cloth sponger. Aug. 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65.
- JACOB CERTERIUS, Roxbury, 18, s; laborer. July 23, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- PETER CERTERIUS, Roxbury, 42, m; laborer. July 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- AMOS C. CLAPP, South Boston, 40, m; printer. July 1, '62. On special duty, Oct. '62. No further record.
- WILLIAM CLINE, Boston, 40, m; piano-maker. July 28, '62. Wounded Oct. 19, '64. Disch. disa. April 18, '65.
- ALPHEUS A. COLBURN, Roxbury, 19, s; shoemaker. July 5, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- MICHAEL CONATON, Roxbury, 19, s; pedler. July 24, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- CHARLES W. H. CONEY, North Reading, 19, s; shoemaker. July 19, '62. Wounded Oct. 19, '64. Disch. July 4, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD, Brownington, Vt., Cr. Randolph, 31, m; farmer. March 25, '64. Disch. June 30, '65.
- JOHN DUNN, Marblehead, 23, s; seaman. Feb. 29, '64. Deserted Phila. Penn.
- JOHN H. DODGE, Hampton Falls, N. H., 20, s; farmer. June 9, '62. Disch. Aug. 12, '62. Unof.
- MICHAEL DOLAN, Roxbury, 35, m; laborer. June 26, '62. Disch. disa. Sept. 14, '63.
- MICHAEL DOLAN, 2ND, Roxbury, 20, s; laborer. July 22, '62. Wounded at Red River. Disch. disa. Sept. 1, '64.

- JOHN F. D'ORSAY, West Roxbury, 19, s; clerk. June 7, '62. Wounded at Red River. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- ALONZO DRESSER, Charlestown, 35, m; carpenter. Dec. 19, '63. Died Aug. 20, '64, Washington, D.C.
- JOHN C. DRISCOLL, Lawrence, 36, m; farmer. June 2, '62. Trans. to 35th Regt. M.V. Aug. 14, '62.
- JOHN FINNERTY, West Roxbury, 25, m; farmer. June 28, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64. Unof.
- JOHN FOLEY, Roxbury, 30, m; laborer. July 18, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. '63.
- WILLIAM T. FOSTER, Roxbury, 40, m; cigar-maker. July 18, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64. Unof.
- JAMES L. GARRITY, Boston, 28, m; printer. July 26, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- EDWARD F. GEER, Randolph, 21, s; engineer. June 13, '62. Disch. disa. April 23, '63. Unof.
- STEPHEN GERNET, Roxbury, 55, s; engineer. July 18, '62. Present, Oct. 30, '62. No further record. (Reported as remaining with the 33rd Regt.) Unof.
- THOMAS J. GIBBONS, Provincetown, 23, s; tailor. July 30, '62. Died Nov. 10, '63, of wounds received in action, Port Hudson, La.
- RUSSEL W. GIFFORD, Wellfleet, 22, s; farmer. June 29, '62. Wounded at Red River, also at Opequon, Oct. 19, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
- PETER GLYNN, Roxbury, 44, m; laborer. July 16, '62. Disch. disa. No date.
- ANDREW J. GRAY, Boston, 44, m; trader. June 23, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- JAMES GRAY. En. Lynnfield, Aug. 9, '62. Died, Brashear City, La. July 17, '63.
- SAMUEL J. HAM, South Boston, 24, s; varnisher. June 4, '62. Disch. disa. March 13, '63. Sub. serv.
- JOSEPH A. HAMILTON, Roxbury, 25, m; machinist. July 18, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JOHN HEALEY, E. Cambridge, 27, s; laborer. July 21, '62. Absent sick since Aug. 14, '64. No further record.
- STEPHEN HERMON, Roxbury, 40, m; laborer. July 23, '62. Disch. disa. March 13, '63.
- GEORGE O. HEARN, S. Boston, 30, s; laborer. July 18, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. '63.
- JOHN HESS, Roxbury, 40, s; pedler. July 5, '62. Wounded at Baton Rouge, La. Trans. to Co. I, 3d Regt. V.R.C.

- CHARLES HOWARD, London, Eng. En. Boston, 30, s; soldier. Oct 19, '63. Captured at Morganza, La. Disch. July 10, '65. Unof.
- CHARLES E. HUNT, Randolph, 23, m; farmer. Jan. 5, '64. Died of wounds May 20, '64. New Orleans, La.
- EDWARD S. JAMES. En. Lynnfield, 44, Aug. 5, '62. Died Sept. 7, '62. Alexandria, Va. while the company was in 33rd Regt. Unof.
- ALBERT JONES, Charlestown 21, m; fireman. Dec. 3, '63. Disch. June 13, '65. Prior serv.
- WALTER A. JONES, Randolph, 18; farmer. June 9, '62. Trans. to 14th Co. 2nd Batt. V.R.C. May 31, '64. Disch. June 30, '65.
- JOHN KENNEDY. Roxbury, 35, m; tailor. June 30, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 20, '63. Unof.
- JOHN KENNY, Roxbury, 31, s; laborer. July 18, '62. Reported to have deserted at Bull Run, Va. Nov '62. Unof.
- PHILANDER M. KING. En. Lynnfield, Aug. 9, '62. Absent since Dec. '62. No further record. Unof.
- BERNARD KIRLIN. Roxbury, 36, m; carpenter. June 26, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. '63.
- SAMUEL KNOWLES. North Truro, 39, m; farmer. July 29, '62. Disch. disa. June, '63.
- MICHAEL LAMB, Roxbury, 32, m; stone-cutter, July 9, '62, Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- CHRISTIAN LIND, Lowell, 18, s; dyer. June 3, '62. Disch. June 2, '65, Boston, Mass.
- PEGOLT LORENTZ BENNENTH, Prus. 26; carpenter. May 9, '62.
- MOSES MANN, West Randolph, 28, m; farmer. Jan. 5, '64. Absent, sick since Aug. 1, '64.
- HENRY MILLER, Randolph, 38, s; farmer. Jan. 9, '62. Disch. disa. March 13, '63.
- THOMAS MORRIS. Roxbury. 38, m; printer. July 5, '62. No further record, A.G.O. Mass. (Reported Disch. disa. Unof.)
- ELIJAH H. NICHOLS, North Reading, 21, s; farmer. July 18, '62. Died, July 25, '63, Raton Rouge, La.
- THOMAS C. NICKERSON. Boston, 35, m; laborer. July 22, '62. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- JAMES NUGENT, Lynn, 35, m; shoemaker. June 4, '62. Disch. May 24, '65. Unof.
- JOHNY PALTONG, New York, City. Cr. Scituate, 28, s; harness-maker. Feb. 2, '64. Died June 8, '65, Cumberland, Md.
- WILLIAM M. PECKHAM, Petersham, 18 s; printer. Oct. 21, '63. No further record, A. G. O. Mass. (Reported wounded, Red River, La. Unof.)

- MARTIN S. POPPY, Randolph, 29, m; carpenter. June 10, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 29, '62.
- JOHN PUNCH, Boston, 39, s; laborer. June 6, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. '63.
- DANIEL QUINN, Boston, 19, m; mason. June 26, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. '63.
- GEORGE REEB, Boston, 25, s; carpenter. June 5, '62. Trans. to 33rd Mass. Vol. and M. O. June 11, '65.
- THOMAS O. REILY, Roxbury, 19, s; laborer. July 24, '62. Died of wounds Oct. 11, '64, Frederick, Md.
- JAMES RIVETT, Provincetown, 20, s; seaman. July 30, '62. Wounded Oct. 19, '64. Disch. May 20, '65.
- CURTIS B. ROBINSON, Chesea, 32, s; blacksmith. Dec. 2, '63. Disch. Disa. Aug. 19, '64.
- WILLIAM L. SCHMALHOF, Roxbury, 22, s; printer. July 18, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Trans. to V.R.C.
- JEREMIAH O. SULLIVAN, Boston, 44, s; tailor. June 20, '62. Disch. Feb. 24, '63. Unof.
- OREN T. THAYER, Randolph, 22, m; bootmaker. June 23, '62. Disch. disa, March 13, '63. Unof.
- EUGENE VANDENKERCHOVEN, Boston, 24, s; clerk. June 12, '62. Disch. disa. April 18, '64.
- MICHAEL WELSH, South Bridgewater, 38, m; engineer. Aug. 6, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. 28, '63.
- HENRY W. WINSBY, South Boston, 21, m; tailor. July 24, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. '63.
- SAMUEL H. WHORF, Truro, 32, s; seaman. July 30, '62. Disch. May 2, '65. Unof.
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COMPANY K.

- JOHN T. AYERS, Sergt. Braintree, 32, m; mechanic. July 18, '62. Died of wounds, Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek, Va.
- EDWARD BANNON, Sergt. Braintree, 19, s; mechanic. July 22, '62. Wounded Sept. 22, '64. Disch. May 21, '65.
- LEWIS D. BATES, Sergt. Braintree 26, m; bootmaker. July 16, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- MARCUS CRAM, Sergt. Braintree, 22, m; bootmaker. July 21, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 26, '64.
- OLIVER S. HARRINGTON, Sergt. Braintree, 32, s; bootmaker. July 31, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- HERBERT G. HORTON Sergt. Bernardston, 21, s; merchant. July 26, '62. Disch. May 30, '63. Unof.
- DAVID H. NEWELL, Sergt. Bernardston, 33, m; farmer. Aug. 12, '62. Disch. May 21, '65.
- WILLIAM W. REYNOLDS, Sergt. Boston, 34, m; shoemaker. June 6, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 6, '65.
- MAJOR TIRRELL, Sergt. Braintree, 21, s; bootmaker. July 16, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM P. CORNING, Corp. Stockbridge, 18, s; student. Aug. 6, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 24, '63.
- STEPHEN CONNOR, Corp. Braintree, 19, s; bootmaker. July 18, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- TIMOTHY CURRAN, Corp. Braintree, 18, s; bootmaker. July 21, '62. Trans. to V.R.C. Aug. 20, '64.
- WILLIAM H. FRENCH, Corp. Braintree, 21, s; teamster. July 16, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- MARTIN HUNT, Corp. Franklin, 19, s; laborer. July 22, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- JOHN G. INGRAHAM, Corp. Braintree; 31, s; clerk. July 16, '62. Disch. Jan. 17, '63, New York city. Unof.
- MOSES A. KEMP, Corp. Boston, 25, s; stone-cutter. Aug. 3, '62. Deserted Dec. 5, '62.

- JONATHAN S. PAINE, Corp. Braintree, 30, m; bootmaker. July 29, '62. Trans. to V.R.C. Aug. 20, '63.
- LEWIS W. POTTER, Corp. Leyden, 21, s; farmer. July 26, '62. Killed in action, Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek, Va.
- FAYETT A. THOMPSON, Corp. Bernardston, 22, s; farmer. July 30, '62. Disch. May 31, '65.
- WILLIAM A. BISHOP, Bugler, Braintree, 42, m; bootmaker. July 29, '62. Disch. May 30, '65.
- DANIEL W. NILES, bugler, Braintree, 18, s; bootmaker. July 23, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- SETH W. BENNETT, Musician. Abington, 31, m; musician. Aug. 9, '62. Trans. to Co. K, 33rd Regt. M.V. Inf. and M. O. June 11, '65.
- EDWARD E. PATTEN, Saddler, Amesbury, 25, s; harness-maker. July 18, '62. Wounded Oct. 19, '64. Died of wounds, Nov. 15, '64.
- ISAAC RAYMOND, Wagoner, Braintree, 20, s; hostler. July 22, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- JOHN F. ABBEE, South Braintree, 18, s; hostler. Feb. 29, '64. Died, June 22, '64, Morganza, La.
- FRANK F. ABBOTT, Wilmington, 19, s; painter. Aug. 5, '62. Disch. June 5, '65.
- JOHN BARRY, West Randolph, 19, s; sailor. July 22, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Unof.
- LEONARD BELCHER, Braintree, 21, s; bootmaker. July 16, '62. Disch. disa. March 1, '63.
- ELISHA S. BOWDITCH, Braintree, 21, s; bootmaker. Dec. 7, '63. Died Sept. 19, '64.
- JAMES E. BURPEE, Braintree, 28, m; bootmaker. July 17, '62. Trans. to 14th Regt. V.R.C., and disch. Nov. 27, '65.
- ENOS H. BURT, Bernardston, 42, m; farmer. July 26, '62. Trans. to Co. K, 3rd Regt. V.R.C. and disch. July 5, '65.
- PATRICK CAHILL, Braintree, 23, s; boot-treer. Dec. 12, '63. Disch. July 5, '65.
- JOSEPH O. CARPENTER, Leyden, 35, m; farmer, July 30, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. June 3, '65.
- J. E. CASWELL ——— Deserted March 1, '63.
- CHANDLER COX, Braintree, 24, s; bootmaker, July 22, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM L. CRAM, Braintree, 18, s; bootmaker. July 22, '62. Disch. disa. June 10, '63. En. in 4th Cav. Jan. 1, '64. M.O. as Corp. Nov. 14, '65. Unof.
- JOHN CRADDOCK, South Braintree, 32, s; carriage-maker. July 24, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.

- BIRDSEY CURTIS, Braintree, 42, s, tinsmith. July 22, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. '63.
- CHARLES C. DAVIS, Braintree, 23, s; bootmaker. July 16, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 23, '63.
- JOSEPH DISSOTELLE, Braintree, 27, m; bootmaker. July 17, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- MASON DRURY, en. Bernardston, July 26, '62. Disch. March 18, '63. Unof.
- CORNELIUS DUGAN, Franklin, 23, s; laborer. July 22, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 5, '63.
- ANTONY DUGOLFS, East Boston, 21, s; fisherman. Oct. 17, '63. Disch. May 31, '65.
- DWIGHT S. FAIRMAN, Bernardston, 22, s; farmer. July 26, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- JEWETT FAIRMAN, Bernardston, 18, s; farmer. July 26, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- JOHN W. FALCONER, Leyden, 24, s; farmer. July 30, '62. Died Jan. 23, '64, New Orleans, La.
- GILBERT FANNING, Boston, 21, s; sailor. July 7, '62. Disch. disa. March 24, '63.
- JOHN FLOOD, Braintree, 38, m; tailor. July 21, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- CHARLES E. FOGG, Braintree, 20, s; bootmaker. July 21, '62. Disch. Aug. 9, '65.
- HUGH GALLAHER, Boston, 29, s; blacksmith. Aug. 13, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. '63.
- NELSON GAMMONS, South Boston, 40, m; machinist. June 9, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 27, '62.
- THOMAS C. GARDNER, Braintree, 27, m; bootmaker. July 28, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- HENRY L. GLYNN, Boston, 21, s; clerk. June 3, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- RANSOM GUILLON, Bernardston, 42, s; farmer. Aug. 3, '62. Trans. to Co. E, 1st Regt. U. S. Cav.
- DANIEL R. HANWELL, Boston, 18, s; bootmaker. June 7, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 20, '63.
- ROBERT HANWELL, Boston, 35; bootmaker. June 17, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 28, '63.
- MICHAEL J. HAWLEY, Quincy, 25, m; bootmaker. June 16, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 17, '63.

- GEORGE B. HAYDEN, Scituate, 38, m; shoemaker. Dec 8, '63. Disch. disa. June 20, '65. Unof.
- CHARLES M. HIGHT, Boston, 22, s; clerk. June 3, '62. Disch. disa. March 6, '63.
- CHARLES I. HUTCHINS, Bernardston, 21, s; farmer. July 26, '62. Trans. to V.R.C., and disch. April 18, '64.
- ALMOND (or, ELMER) INGALLS, East Bridgewater, 20, s; bootmaker. Dec. 21, '63. Trans. to V.R.C. Jan. 17, '65.
- GEORGE A. JOY, Braintree, 18, s; bootmaker. July 31, '62. Disch. April 27, '63. Unof.
- WILLIAM KELLY, Middleton, 21, m; farmer. Aug. 5, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. '63.
- JAMES KENNEDY, W Randolph, 20, s; bootmaker. Jan. 4, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Trans. to 9th Regt. V.R.C. Feb. 16, '65. Disch. Oct. 7, '65.
- WILLIAM S. LEACH, Brighton 23, s; dentist. July 24, '62. Died Aug. 7, '63.
- WILLIAM B. LEONARD, South Boston, 39, s; carpenter. July 17, '62. Disch. disa. Aug. 22, '63.
- MICHAEL LYNCH, Cork, Ireland, Cr. Randolph, 20, s; bootmaker. Oct. 23, '63. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. May 22, '65.
- MICHAEL J. MAHONEY, Boston, 21, s; teamster. July 10, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM P. MARTIN, South Braintree, 18, s; laborer. Feb. 22, '64. Trans. to V.R.C. Disch. Nov. 10, '64. Unof.
- THOMAS P MARTIN, Newburyport, 24, s; shoemaker. Aug. 6, '62. Deserted
- FRANK McCONETTY, Braintree, 23, s; bootmaker. July 16, '62. No further record.
- MICHAEL McMURPHY, S. Braintree, 42, m; laborer. July 19, '62. Deserted. Dec. 8, '62. Charge of desertion removed. En. in Co. F, 4th Regt. U.S. Inf. Dec. 8, '62. Trans. to V.R.C. July 8, '68. Deserted, and dishonorably discharged, Nov 21, '64.
- WILLIAM W. MOWER, South Braintree, 20, s; bootmaker. Dec. 21, '63. Deserted Aug. 14, '64.
- ALBERT S. NASON, Braintree, 23, s; teamster. July 3, '62. Disch. May 21, 65. Unof.
- PAUL W NEWCOMB, Quincy, 35, m; stone-cutter. June 6, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 30, '63. Unof.
- RICHARD OULDIN — Disch. Jan. 29, '63. Unof.
- CHARLES E. PACKER, Leyden, 21, s; farmer, July 26, '62. Died Oct. 9, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- SAMUEL H. PAINE, Braintree, 28, m; bootmaker. July 29, '62, Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.

- PATRICK PHILLIPS, Andover, 21, s; farmer. Aug. 6, '62. Deserted March 1, '63.
- CHARLES E. PRATT, Braintree, 24, m; machinist. July 19, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 15, '63.
- THOMAS L. SHELDON, Bernardston, 44, m; farmer. July 26, '62. Re-en. Aug. 30, '64. Trans. to Co. E, 10th Regt. V.R.C. and M. O. Nov. 16, '65.
- OLIVER SIMMONS, South Braintree, 43, m; shoemaker. July 19, '62. Reported disch. disa. July 18 '63. No evidence in A. G. O. Mass. as to discharge.
- SAMUEL L. SNELL, North Abington, 43, m; shoemaker. Jan. 1, '64. Disch. disa. April 29, '64.
- QUINCY SPRAGUE, Randolph, 29, s; bootmaker. July 21, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- NORMAN P. STEBBINS, Leyden, 35, m; farmer. July 30, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- GEORGE H. STEVENS, South Braintree, 18, s; bootmaker. Dec. 21, '63. Trans. to V.R.C. Dec. 30, '64.
- ENOCH E. STEVENS, Boston, 18, s; clerk. June 9, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM STRANG, E. Leyden, 23, s; farmer. July 30, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM SULLIVAN, Franklin, 38, m; laborer, July 24, '62. Disch. Sept. 29, '64.
- WILLIAM F. TERRILL, Acushnet, 21, m; farmer. Aug. 6, '62. Disch. and en. in Batt. L, 2nd Regt. U. S. Art. Dec. 24, '62. Disch. Dec. 24, '65.
- ANSEL P. THAYER, Braintree, 21, s; farmer. July 25, '62. Died of wounds Sept. 19, '64. Winchester, Va.
- EPHRAIM F. THAYER, South Braintree, 40, s; boot-cutter. Dec. 31, '63. Disch. Aug. 8, '65.
- AMERICUS V. TIRRELL, Arlington, 30, m; bootmaker. July 22, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64. Unof.
- MARCUS TWOHIG, Randolph, 39, m; bootmaker. Aug. 6, '62. Died Aug. 18, '63. Port Hudson, La.
- B. F. UPTON, Wilmington, 21, s; farmer. Aug. 6, '62. No further record, A. G. O. Mass.
- E. L. WALES, East Stoughton, 21; mechanic. Aug. 6, '62. No further record A.G.O. Mass.
- WILLIAM R. WALSH, Boston, 19. June 7, '62. Absent without leave since Feb. '63.
- JOHN H. WEEKS, Bernardston, 18, s; farmer. July 26, '62. Disch. June 8, '65.

DANIEL WHITING, Franklin, 38, m ; farmer. July 22, '62. Deserted March 1, '63.

O. S. WHITING, Randolph, 23, s ; bootmaker. July 22, '62. Absent with out leave since Feb. '63.

JOHN F WILD, South Braintree, 44, s ; blacksmith, Dec. 26, '63. Killed in action, April 8, '64, Sabine Cross Roads, La.

CHARLES E. WILLIAMS, Raynham, 18, m ; nailer. Dec. 29, '63. Died Oct. 2, '64, Washington, D. C.

THOMAS S. WILLIAMS, North Bridgewater, 18, s ; boot-stretcher. Dec. 5, '63. Trans. to Co. H, 9th Regt. V.R.C. Jan. 10, '65. M. O. July 21, '65.

ALBERT A. WOODS, Needham, 21, s ; farmer. Aug. 1, '62. Died March 21, '63, New Orleans, La.

COMPANY L.

- FREDERICK M. VINCENT, 1st Sergt. West Tisbury, 24, m; machinist. Oct. 2, '61. Died March 24, '62.
- WILLIAM A. SNOW, 1st Sergt. Chelsea, 21, s; clerk. Nov. 25, '61. Disch. for promotion March 4, '63. 2nd Lieut. 1st Louisiana Cavalry, March 4, '63, 1st Lieut. Aug. 14, '63. Capt. July 22, '64. Disch. Dec. 18, '65.
- DAVID W. DOWNS, 1st Sergt. Rochester, N. H. 23, s; mason. Dec. 2, '61. Disch. for promotion, August 14, '63.
- OSWELL NOBLE, 1st Sergt. Lynnfield, 21, s; Cordwainer. Dec. 27, '61. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Dec. 27, '64.
- JOHN S. COLLINS, 1st Sergt. en. Boston, Cr. Newton, 22; teamster. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- THOMAS P. VAN BENTHUYSEN, Q.-M. Sergt. Middleboro, 35, m; editor. Dec. 2, '61. Deserted Feb. 18, '62. Ship Island, Miss.
- CORNELIUS IRISH, Q.-M. Sergt. Chelsea, 23, s; tradesman. Nov. 28, '61. Disch. for promotion April 16, '64. 1st Lieut. 1st Regt. Louisiana Cav. Oct. 10, '64.
- JAMES W. B. GRAY, Q.-M. Sergt., en. New Orleans, La. 26. May 29, '62. M. O. Dec. 27, '64.
- HENDRICK A. CLOUGH, Com. Sergt. Malden, 19, s; coachman, Oct. 28, '61. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Dec. 27, '64.
- PARKER MERRILL, Com. Sergt. Salem, 27, s; clerk. Nov. 2, '61. Trans. to V.R.C. March 11, '64.
- CHARLES H. BLESDALL, Sergt. Charlestown, 22; painter. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ERASTUS F. FIELD, Sergt. en. New Orleans, La., 28. Sept. 23, '62. Disch. May 19, '65.
- CHARLES HAUSLER, Sergt. en. New Orleans, 24. Dec. 3, '62. Killed Oct. 19, '64.
- SIMON F. MARSHALL, Sergt. East Boston, 23, s; conductor. Dec. 4, '61. Died of wounds, Aug. 18, '62.
- RICHARD S. PIGGOTT, Sergt. en. New Orleans, La. 32. Sept. 23, '62. Disch. June 13, '65.

- FRANK RICE, Sergt. Springfield, 21; bookkeeper. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM B. RAYMOND, Sergt. Wareham, 19, s; nailer, Sept. 26, '61. M. O. Dec. 27, '64.
- RALPH A. ROWLEY, Sergt. Andover, 19, s; clerk. Oct. 31, '61. Disch. for promotion Feb. 1, '64. 1st Lieut. 4th Regt. U.S.C. Cav.
- SAMUEL SWEET, Sergt. Wareham, 38, m; teamster. Oct. 2, '61. Trans. to Co. K, 3rd Regt. V.R.C. March 11, '64. Disch. Oct. 1, '64.
- FREDRICK W. TROWBRIDGE, Sergt. En. Boston, Cr. Marlboro, 23; soldier. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- AMORY W WEBBER, Sergt. Vassalboro, Cr. Lowell, 22, s; carpenter. Oct. 24, '61. Re-en. Feb. 20, '64. Trans. to 9th Regt. V.R.C. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Oct. 7, '65.
- JOHN B. WHEELER, Sergt. en. Boston, Cr. Stoneham, 31, soldier. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN FAULKS, Corp. en. New Orleans, La. 21. Jan. 5, '62. Deserted July 15, '64. New Orleans, La.
- WILLIAM P GILMORE, Corp. Chelmsford, 18, s; printer. Nov. 2, '61. Trans. to Co. K, 3rd Regt. V.R.C.
- ALVIN E. HERSEY, Corp. en. Boston, Cr. Stoneham, 18, shoemaker. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- LEROY A. HOLBROOK, Corp. Haverhill, 19; heeler. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- NATHAN E. HAMBLIN, Corp. Gloucester, 26 s; soldier, Nov. 2, '61. Died Aug. 7, '62.
- HENRY C. LEWEY, Corp. en. Greenfield, Cr. Deerfield, 18, telegraph operator. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HENRY O. LUND Corp. Nashua, N. H., 21, s; machinist. Oct. 23, '61. Disch. disa. April 3, '62.
- JAMES MILLER, Corp. Boston, 33, s; soldier. Nov. 9, '61. Disch. for promotion, March, '63. Capt. Co. D, 76th Regt. U.S.C.T. Resigned Aug. 9, '64.
- GEORGE MINER, Corp. en. Boston. Cr. Stoneham, 20; shoemaker. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOSEPH OAK, Corp. West Amesbury, 32, m; carriage-maker. Nov. 19, '61. Disch. disa. Dec. 5, '62.
- BENJAMIN W PARKER, Corp. Boylston, 32; farmer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES O. PATRICK, Corp. Lawrence, 28; machinist. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE PIPER, Corp. en. New Orleans, La. 35. June 1, '62. Disch. May 1, '65. Unof.

- QUINTON R. READ, Corp. Stoneham, 22, s; shoemaker. Dec. 6, '61. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64. Sub. serv.
- MARCUS M. ROBINSON, Corp. en. Boston, Cr. Dorchester, 26, laborer. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES SUMMERS, Corp. Princeton, N. J. Cr. Chelsea, 19, s; clerk. March 17, '64. Died of wounds received in action, Feb. 14, '65.
- DANIEL A. TWIGG, Corp. en. Boston, Cr. W. Brookfield, 21; shoemaker. January 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- VICTOR VICTORINE, Corp. Guttenberg, Sweden, 26, s; painter. Oct. 14, '61. Disch. disa. Sept. 2, '63. Sub. serv.
- JOHN H. WALKER, Corp. en. New Orleans, La. 25. Nov. 3, '62. Deserted July 15, '64.
- JOHN A. WEISS, Corp. en. New Orleans, La. 20. June 2, '62. No further record.
- WILLIAM C. WEST, Corp. Salem, 18, s; no occupation. Oct. 5, '61. Disch. for promotion, Aug. 4, '63. 2nd Lieut. 1st Regt. Louisiana Cav. Disch. Jan. 30, '64.
- EDWARD WRIGHT, Corp. en. New Orleans, La. 37. Sept. 25, '62. No further record.
- AUGUSTUS R. REDELGKY, Bugler, en. New Orleans, La. June 18, '62. Deserted April 1, '63. Baton Rouge, La.
- CHARLES W. MORRISON, Bugler, Andover, 18, clerk. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ALLEN COOLEY, Bugler, en. Greenfield, Cr. Deerfield, 19; farmer. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- FRANK SMITH, Bugler; Boston, 18, s; clerk. Nov. 25, '61. M. O. Dec. 7, '64.
- CHARLES HALGEL, Farrier, en. New Orleans, La. May 29, '62. Killed April 8, '64.
- AUGUST IHRINGER, Farrier, en. New Orleans, La., 25. June 2, '62. Disch. May 21, '65.
- BENJAMIN K. BROWN, Wagoner, Salem, 29, s; shoemaker. Oct. 21, '61. M. O. Dec. 27, '64.
- RICHARD EVANS, Cook, en. Port Hudson, La. 25. May 29, '62. Deserted April 8, '64.
- MARTIN FREEMAN, Cook, Rochester, 24, m; nailer. Oct. 21, '61. M. O. Dec. 27, '64.
- PETER SNYDER, Cook, en. Port Hudson, 23, Aug. 1, '63. Detailed as teamster at New Orleans, Oct. '64. No later record.

- ANTHONY ABBOTT, en. New Orleans, La. May 24, '62. Deserted Dec. 19, '62, New Orleans.
- ROBERT T. ADAIR, cn. Greenfield, 18; cutler. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HIRAM R. ADAMS, en. Milford, 19; hostler. Dec. 31, '64. M.O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN R. ADAMS, en. Lawrence, 18, machinist. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GILMAN D. ANDREWS, Manchester, 44, m; mechanic. Nov. 11, '61. Disch. disa. April 3, '62.
- CHARLES ARMSTRONG, Portsmouth, N. H. Cr. Fairhaven, 19, s; seaman. March 17, '64. Disch. June 13, '65.
- CHARLES ARNDEL, en. New Orleans, La. June 2, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- CHARLES O. ATKINSON, Lynn, 21, s; printer. Dec. 27, '61. Disch. disa. Jan. 11, '62.
- JOHN F. BAILEY, Amesbury, 29, s; mechanic. Nov. 8, '61. Disch. disa. Dec. 5, '62.
- ORIN A. BAILEY, en. Greenfield. Cr. New Salem, 24; farmer. Dec. 30, '64. Disch. Aug. 2, '65.
- OLIVER BAMISH, en. Greenfield, Cr. Deerfield, 20; farmer. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM J. BARTLETT, Marblehead, 36, m; farmer. Dec. 3, '61. Disch. disa. June 11, '62.
- JOHN S. BARRETT, Gloucester, 22, s; painter. Dec. 2, '61. Disch. disa. June 15, '62, New Orleans, La.
- THOMAS BARRY, en. Boston, Cr. Newton, 19, m; machinist, Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CLARK D. BASS, en. Greenfield, Cr. Buckland, 26; farmer. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- DAVID BASSETT, en. Boston, Cr. Woburn, 30; shoemaker. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- FRANK E. BATEMAN, Bradford, 18; shoemaker. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES C. BEAN, Boston, 22; currier. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES W. BEAN, Boston, 27, s; tradesman, Sept. 23, '61. Trans. to Co. K, 3d Regt. V.R.C. March 11, '64. No further record.
- BOWERS H. BELL, Marlboro, N. H. 21 s; mechanic. Oct. 14, '61. Disch. disa. June 16, '62.
- WILLIAM BELL, en. New Orleans, La. 19. Sept. 26, '62. Disch. May 21, '65. Unof.

- WILLIAM BELTER, en. New Orleans, La. 21. June 2, '62. Disch. May 21, '65.
- JOSEPH B. BRAMAN, Brighton, 16, s; student. Dec. 9, '61. Disch. disa. June 14, '62.
- LEVI P. BICKNELL, Lowell, 23, m; farmer. Oct. 26, '61. Disch. disa. Sept. 24, '62.
- CHARLES C. BISHOP, en. Greenfield, Cr. Buckland, 18; machinist. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- PAUL BARNE, en. New Orleans, La. May 30, '62. Died of wounds, Aug. 11, '62.
- CHARLES BROGAN, en. Quincy, 19; quarryman. Dec. 29, '64. M. O. September 28, '65.
- DANIEL A. BROWN, Boston, Cr. Northbridge, 19; clerk. Dec. 31, '64. M.O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ROBERT K. BROWN, en. Boston, Cr. Stoneham, 21; soldier. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- HENRY BUBIER, Lynn, 42, m; tradesman. December 16, '61. Disch. disa. June 11, '62.
- WILLIAM BUCKLEY, en. New Orleans, La. May 28, '62. Trans. to V. R. C. March 11, '64.
- JOHN BUCKNER, en. New Orleans, La., May 29, '62. Deserted about Jan. '63. Baton Rouge, La.
- SAMUEL C. BUGBEE, en. Greenfield, Cr. Buckland, 30; millwright. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- REINHARDT BURCHER, en. New Orleans, La., 31. June 2, '62. Disch. May 21, '65.
- THOMAS BURKE, New Bedford, 32 s; ship carpenter. Nov. 26, '61. Died July 2, '63.
- JOHN B. BURNES, Nottingham, N. H., 26, s; seaman. Nov. 14, '61. Disch. Disa. June 11, '62.
- MARSHALL C. CANNELL, Lowell, 26 m; machinist. Dec. 13, '61. Disch. Disa. June 14, '62.
- ISAAC W. CARPENTER, Salem 23, s; cordwainer. Nov. 5, '61. Disch. Disa. June 11, '62.
- ISAAC N. CASS, Andover, 18; shoemaker. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MICHAEL CASSADY, en. Boston. Cr. Newton, 21; cordial-maker. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- EZEKIEL H. CHASE, E. Boston, 30, m; carpenter. Dec. 2, '61. M. O. Dec. 27, '64.
- GEORGE C. CLAIBORNE, Salem, 42 m; farmer. Nov. 6, '61. Disch. Disa. June 11, '62.

- HERMAN CLAPP, en. Greenfield, Cr. Gill, 20; machinist. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN CLASS, en. New Orleans, 24. June 2, '62. Deserted July 15, '64. New Orleans, La.
- JOHN H. CLEMENT, Hillsboro, N. H., Cr. Roxbury, 22, s; clerk. March 14, '64. Died July 14, '64, New Orleans, La.
- HENRY S. CLIFFORD, New York, 25, s; engineer. Nov. 9, '61. Disch. Disa. Nov. 27, '62.
- PETER COLLINS, en. New Orleans, La., 24. May 22, '62. Disch. May 17, '65.
- FRANCIS M. CONNOR, en. Greenfield, Cr. New Salem, 20; miller. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN CONNORS, en. New Orleans, La. Deserted about Jan. '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- GEORGE H. COOK, Scituate, 18, s; glass cutter. Nov. 1, '61. Disch. Disa. June 11, '62.
- SAMUEL B. COOK, Boston, 34, m; manufacturer. Dec. 17, '63. Died June 9, '64.
- WILLIAM COOK en. New Orleans, La. May 27, '62. Deserted April 8, '63, New Orleans, La.
- WILLIAM CORSE, en. Boston, Cr. Lee, 21; machinist. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN J. CURRIER, en. Boston, Cr. Dorchester, 22; clerk. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- WALTER S. DANIELS, en. Middleton, 18; shoemaker. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES R. DAVIS, en. Greenfield. Cr. Buckland, 21; polisher. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOSEPH S. DEFREES, Boston, 26, s; mechanic. Oct. 17, '61. Disch. disa. April 3, '62.
- JAMES G. DEVLIN, en. New Orleans, La. Deserted April 11, '63, Algiers, La.
- MARTIN DINEGAN, en. Boston, Cr. Quincy, 18; stone-cutter. Dec. 29, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MATTHEW DOOLEY, en. Greenfield. Cr. Deerfield, 27; cutler. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MARCUS DOR, Marblehead, 18, s; shoemaker. Feb. 29, '64. Trans. to V.R.C. and discharged Oct. 10, '65.
- BENJAMIN F. DOTY, Wareham, 23, s; nailer. Oct. 14, '61. Disch. disa. June 11, '62.
- MICHAEL DOYLE, en. Haverhill, 21; laborer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- MICHAEL DOYLE, Lenox, 27, m; blacksmith. Feb. 27, '64. Died of wounds Sept. 19, '64.
- HENRY DWIGHT, en. Boston, Cr. Lawrence, 21; laborer. Dec. 31, '64. Deserted July 30, '65, Grasshopper Creek, Kan.
- THOMAS S. ELLIS, en Boston, 35. Dec. 3, '61. Disch. disa. Sept. 24, '62.
- CHARLES H. FARMER, E. Randolph, 37, m; bootmaker. Dec. 10, '61. Disch. disa. June 14, '62.
- GREENLIEF FARRAR, Whitfield, Me., 21, s; farmer. Dec. 6, '61. Disch. Disa. July 20, '64. Unof.
- WILLIAM F. FISHER, New Bedford, 19, s; farmer. Oct. 16, '61. Disch. disa. June 14, '62.
- TERRANCE FITZGERALD, Salem, 30, m; tradesman. Nov. 2, '61. Disch. disa. June 14, '62.
- MATTHEW FLANIGAN, en. Charlestown, 18; baker. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- PETER FLYNN, en. New Orleans, La. Deserted Feb. '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- DENIS FOLEY en. Boston, Cr. Dorchester, 24; japanner. Jan. 2, '65. Deserted July 29, '65, Mount Pleasant, Kan.
- CHARLES FOSTER, en. Boston, Cr. Templeton, 21; barber. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- DUDLEY E. GALE, Salisbury, 17, s; hatter. Nov. 8, '61. Disch. Nov. 14, '64.
- JAMES E. GALLAGHER, Chelsea, 18, s; painter. Nov. 19, '61. M. O. Dec. 27, '64.
- BERNARD GARRITY, en. Boston, Cr. Quincy, 31; laborer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JACOB GENGNAGLE, en. New Orleans. June 2, '62. Disch. disa. Nov. 20, '63.
- LEWIS E. GILMORE, en. Boston, Cr. Dover, 21; seaman. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES A. GLEASON, Boston, 31, m; tradesman. Oct. 5, '61. Died of wounds Oct. 22, '64.
- HENRY F. GOLDIE, en Boston, Cr. Quincy, 18; machinist. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HENRY GOZZENBERGER. New Orleans, La., May 28, '62. Deserted April 8, '63, New Orleans, La.
- SAMUEL C. GRAFFUM, Lawrence, 25; farmer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- TIMOTHY HALEY, Boston, 21; s. laborer. Nov. 19, '61. M. O. Dec. 27, '64.
- WILLIAM H. HALL, Ipswich, 21; morocco dresser, Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- PETER HANEY, en. New Orleans, La. June 2, '62. Killed Nov. 4, '62.
- JASON H. HANSON, en. Greenfield, Cr. New Salem, 41; stonecutter. Dec. 30, '64. Died June 5, '65, Baltimore, Md.
- WILLIAM H. HANSON, Lynn, 23, s; shoemaker. March 22, '64. Disch. July 1, '65.
- BERDICT W. HARWOOD, en. Washington, D. C. Jan. 12, '64. Disch. disa. Nov. 25, '64.
- OTIS B. HARDY, Boston, 23. Sept. 26, '61. Disch. disa. June 14, '62.
- SOLOMON A. HATHAWAY, Chelmsford, 18, s; printer. Dec. 2, '61. Disch. disa. June 14, '62.
- HENRY HOLLEY, en. Greenfield, Cr. New Salem, 42; Carpenter. Dec. 30, '64. Disch. Aug. 8, '65.
- GEORGE E. HOOPER, en. Boston, Cr. Bradford, 21; shoemaker. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- FRANK E. HOWARD, Bolton, 21, s; farmer. Nov. 19, '61. M. O. Dec. 27, '64.
- CHARLES E. HOYT, Tilsbury, N. H., 32 m; painter. Sept. 18, '61. Disch. for promotion Sept. 13, '63. 1st Lieut. 4th Regt. U. S. C. Cavalry. Disch. Dec. 22, '64.
- AUGUSTUS H. HUBBY, Lenox, 20, s; farmer. Feb. 27, '64. Wounded Oct. '64. Disch. disa. May 11, '65.
- JOSEPH T. HUNT, Boston, 18, s; salesman. Oct. 25, '61. Disch. disa. Dec. 5, '62.
- JOHN H. JACKSON, en. Boston, Cr. Stockbridge, 19; last-maker. Dec. 31, '64. Died May 19, '65, Cumberland, Md.
- WILLIAM P. JAKUES, en. New Orleans, La. Nov. 25, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- GEORGE W. JEWETT, Bridgeton, Me. 22, s; bootmaker. Nov. 15, '61. Died March 3, '62.
- WILLIAM JOHNSON, Middleton, 22; shoemaker. Dec. 31, '64. Disch. July 30, '65.
- FRED O. JONES, Lawrence, 25, m; painter. Sept. 19, '61. Disch. disa. April 3, '62.
- JOHN L. KEATING, Salem 29, m; sailmaker. March 14, '64. Trans. to Navy July 2, '64.
- JAMES KERVIN, Quincy, 18; laborer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MOSES KIMBALL, en. Boston, Cr. Haverhill, 21, cordwainer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- JOSEPH KERRIGAN, Quincy, 21; carpenter. Dec. 30, '64. Disch. July 19, '65.
- ANDREW LANE, en. Boston, Cr. Newton, 20; printer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES LEE, Rochester, N. Y., Cr. Dartmouth, 23, s; laborer. Jan. 11, '64. Trans. to V. R. C.
- OLIVER S. LOCKE, Bradford, 28, s; farmer. Oct. 21, '61. Disch. disa. Aug. 28, '63.
- JOHN W. LOWE, Medford, 34; machinist. Dec. 30, '64. Disch. Aug. 17, '65. Prior. serv.
- OZIAS M. LOWE, Buckfield, Me., 22, s; farmer. Nov. 23, '61. Died Aug. 23, '63.
- EDWARD E. LYMAN, Andover, 22; printer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GRANVILLE LYNDE, en. Boston, Cr. Woburn, 21; shoemaker. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GREENWOOD E. LYON, Lowell, 21, m. Oct. 29, '61. Disch. disa. June 14, '62.
- ABRAHAM MALCOLM, Pittsfield, 21, s; woollorter. Feb. 23, '64. Died Oct. 13, '64.
- PATRICK MANNING, en. New Orleans, La., 29. May 22, '62. Disch. May 17, '65.
- DANIEL MASON, en. Lawrence, Cr. Charlestown, 21; teamster. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- DAVID M. McCARTY, en. Boston, Cr. Newton, 19; carpenter. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN J. McDONALD, en. Boston, Cr. Newton, 26; carpenter. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ANGUS MCGINNIS, Boston, 26, s; seaman. March 31, '64. Deserted July 15, '64. New Orleans, La.
- HIRAM McGLAUFFLIN, Middleton, 40, m; mason. Nov. 27, '61. Disch. disa. July 27, '63.
- SYLVESTER McINTIRE, North Reading, 40; shoemaker. Dec. 27, '64. Disch. July 28, '65.
- OWEN McKENNA, en. New Orleans, La., 24. May 22, '62. Disch. May 19, '65. Unof.
- JAMES McWATERS, en. New Orleans, La. Killed Dec. 29, '62.
- JOHN MEARS, Andover, 18; laborer. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN MESNER, en. New Orleans. May 31, '62. Deserted Aug. 22, '62. Baton Rouge, La.
- BENJAMIN F. MILLER, Greenfield, Cr. Colerain, 26; farmer. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES MILLER, en. New Orleans, La. Deserted Dec. 22, '63. New Orleans, La.

- ALBERT MOODY, Lynn, 33, m; shoemaker. Dec. 9, '61. Trans. to V.R.C. March 11, '64.
- PATRICK MOONEY, en. New Orleans, La., 24. Oct. 2, '62. No further record.
- HORACE MORSE, Haverhill, 31, s; shoemaker. Dec. 25, '61. Disch. for promotion July 5, '63. 2nd Lieut. 95th Regt U. S. C. Inf., May 26, '63. Trans. to 97th Regt. U. S. C. Inf., and honorably discharged July 19, '64.
- ALEXANDER MULLEN, en. Boston, Cr. Templeton 18; laborer. Dec. 30, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CORNELIUS MURPHY, en. Boston, Cr. Dorchester, 19, coachman. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 21, '65.
- GEORGE MURRY, Middleton, 20; shoemaker. Dec. 31, '64. Disch. Aug. 8, '65.
- PATRICK MURRAY, en. New Orleans, La., 21. June 2, '65. Disch. May 25, '65. Unof.
- CHARLES A. NORTON, Bangor, Me. Cr. Chelsea, 21, m; picture framer. Dec. 17, '63. Disch. disa. April 18, '64.
- CHARLES A. NUTTING, Quincy, 22; stone-cutter. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HENRY B. PEARL, Newburyport, 19, s; seaman. Nov. 14, '61. Disch. disa. June 14, '62.
- JAMES E. PEIRCE, en. Boston. Cr. Cambridge, 18; clerk. Dec. 30, '64, on detached service. No further record.
- JAMES P. PRATT, Boston, 21, m; stage driver. Dec. 7, '61. Disch. disa. Sept. 23, '63.
- JOHN B. PRESHOW, Boston, 21, s; farmer. May 19, '61. Disch. for promotion, Dec. '62.
- THOMAS QUINN, Pittsfield, 21, s; carder. Feb. 23, '64. Disch. June 24, '65.
- GUSTAVUS RODETZKY, en. Baton Rouge, La., June 15, '62. Disch. for promotion, October '62. Capt. 1st Regt. Texas Cav. Sept. 26, '64. M. O. Nov. 4, '65.
- WILLIAM H. RAND, Amesbury, 33, m; shoemaker. Dec. 2, '61. Disch. disa. Dec. 5, '62.
- DANIEL RAYMOND, Lynn, 23, s; shoemaker. Dec. 9, '61. Disch. Dec. 26, '64.
- GEORGE REEDY, en. New Orleans, La., 21. May 23, '62. Died of wounds Oct. 24, '64.
- JAMES REGAN, en. Boston, Cr. Dracut, 18; laborer, Dec. 31, '64. Deserted July 29, '65, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.
- GILLIAN REID, en. Boston, Cr. Brighton, 18; laborer. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- BARNEY C. REYNOLDS, Dartmouth, 18, s; farmer. Nov. 7, '61. Captured by the enemy, May, '64. No further record.

- CHARLES RIBE, en. New Orleans, La., Dec. 3, '62. Deserted, July 15, '64, New Orleans, La.
- WILLIAM G. A. RICKER, Lowell, 20, s; carpenter. Nov. 19, '61. Disch. for promotion Dec. '62. Capt. 1st Regt. U. S. C. Cavalry.
- HENRY ROSEMAN, en. New Orleans, La. June 17, '62. Killed by accidental discharge carbine, March 15, '63.
- JAMES F. RYAN, en. Boston, Cr. Lowell, 33; hostler. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HERBERT SARGENT, Andover, 19, shoemaker. Dec. 31, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HENRY SARGENT, en. Boston, Cr. Dorchester, 22; machinist. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Dec. 31, '65.
- JOSEPH SCHOENER, en. New Orleans, La., June 1, '62. Killed in action, June 28, '62.
- WILLIAM SCHALLAMZEE, en. New Orleans, La., June 2, '62. Disch. disa. Dec. 21, '63.
- THOMAS A. SEARS, en. Greenfield. Cr. Deerfield, 19; laborer. Jan. 2, '65. Disch. July 28, '65.
- FERDINAND, SHULTZ, en. New Orleans, La., 23; gardener. July 1, '62. Disch. July 3, '65.
- JOHN SIMPSON, en. New Orleans, La., 26. Nov. 3, '62. Deserted July 15, '64. New Orleans, La.
- THOMAS C. SMITH, en. New Orleans, La., 29. Sept. 23, '62. Deserted July 15, '64. New Orleans, La.
- TIMOTHY F. SULLIVAN, Boston, 19, s; printer. Dec. 23, '61. Re-en. Feb. 20, '64. Disch. June 21, '65.
- ROBERT STORES, en. New Orleans, La., June 1, '62. Trans. to V. R. C. June 30, '64.
- MARTIN STEWART, Newark, N. J., Cr. Acushnet, 20, s; hatter. March 5, '64. Died July 16, '64. New Orleans, La.
- LUDWIG SWALEBAEG, en. New Orleans, La., 26. Nov. 5, '62. Deserted March, '63. Baton Rouge, La.
- HENRY TALBOT, en. Boston, Cr. Reading, 21; currier. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- PETER THOMAS, en. Boston, Cr. Quincy, 21; stone-cutter. Jan. 2, '65, M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES G. TILTON, en. Greenfield, Cr. Deerfield, 19; farmer. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOSEPH TRACY, Salem, 18; laborer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CALVIN G. TUTTLE, Eastport, Me., 20, s; farmer. Sept. 26, '61. Died April 14, '63. Baton Rouge, La.
- HERMAN WAGNER, en. New Orleans, La., June 2, '62. Died June 28, '62.

- PETER WAGNER, en. New Orleans, La., June 2, '62. Died Aug. 20, '63.
- GRANVILLE WALLINGFORD, en. Boston, Cr. Oakham; machinist. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- DANIEL WELCH, en. Boston, Cr. Woburn, 19; laborer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MERRILL WENTWORTH, en. Lowell, Cr. Lawrence, 24; carpenter. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- SOLOMON WESCOT, Andover, 22; farmer. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MATHIAS WESTOVER, en. New Orleans, La. May 30, '62. Trans. to V. R. C. March 11, '64.
- SANFORD WESTON, Middleboro, 26, m; farmer. Nov. 19, '61. Disch. disa. Sept. 24, '62.
- CHARLES WHITING, en. Lawrence, Cr. Haverhill, 20, printer. Dec. 29, '64. Disch. July 28, '65.
- WILLIAM G. WILCOX, en. Boston, Cr. Cambridge, 20; baker. Dec. 31, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- FREDERICK G. WILLIAMS, Milford, 21; hostler. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOSEPH W. WILSON, en. Boston, Cr. Stoneham, 36; soldier. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- LEWIS E. WINSLOW, en. Greenfield, Cr. New Salem, 18; farmer. Dec. 30, '64. Disch. July 3, '65.
- WILLIAMS WOODMAN, Bradford, 21; shoemaker. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES W. WORTHEN, en. Boston, Cr. Marlboro, 22; machinist. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
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COMPANY M.

- RICHARD BARRETT**, 1st Sergt. Lowell, 32, s; soldier. Nov. 25, '61. Disch. and commissioned Capt. 1st Louisiana Cavalry, Aug. '62. Resigned Sept. 24, '64.
- ANDREW J. CLEAVES**, 1st Sergt. Gloucester, 25, s; fisherman. Nov. 28, '61. M. O. Dec. 28, '64.
- GERRETT G. BERRY**, Sergt. Randolph, 19, s; teamster. Dec. 13, '61. Killed in action, April 8, '64. Sabine Cross Roads, La.
- ELI S. DUMPHEE**, Sergt. Brooklyn, N. H., 21, s; cooper. Nov. 6, '61. Killed in action June 3, '63. Clinton, La.
- LEWIS FREEMAN**, Sergt. Mason, N. H., Cr. Boston, 19, s; farmer. Nov. 7, '61. Disch. and commissioned 2nd Lieut. 1st Louisiana Cavalry, April 15, '64.
- WILLIAM H. GRAY**, Sergt. Boston, 22, s; shoemaker. Oct. 18, '61. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.
- NATHANIEL N. LAWRENCE**, Sergt. Waltham, 28, s; farmer. Dec. 6, '61. Disch. disa. June '62.
- CHESTER C. LOOMIS**, Sergt. Springfield, 26, m; engineer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- RUFUS A. LOVERING**, Sergt. Lee, 30, m; brakeman. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES P. MARDEN**, Sergt. Lowell, 25, m; baker. Nov. 22, '61. Died June, '62. New Orleans, La.
- CORNELIUS SACKETT**, Sergt. Springfield, 22, s; butcher. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- EDWARD A. THAYER**, Sergt. New Ipswich, 18, s; clerk. Dec. 12, '61. Disch. and appointed 2nd Lieut. 1st Louisiana Cavalry, Aug. '62. Capt. — Disch. Dec. 20, '66.
- DANIEL F. TITUS**, Sergt. en. Boston, Cr. Lowell, 21, s; clerk. Dec. 31 '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE A. VARNEY**, Sergt. Pembroke, Me., 25, s; nailer. Nov. 27, '61. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- GEORGE W. WRIGHT**, Sergt. Quincy, 26, s; shoe cutter. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.

- EDWARD BURKE, Corp. Springfield, 22, s; car maker. Dec. 30, '64. Deserted July 26, '65. Fort Leavenworth, Kan.
- JOHN CALLANAN, Corp. Springfield, 24, m; sailor. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GROSVENER A. COLBY, Corp. Lowell, 24, m; harness maker. Nov. 23, '61. Died of wounds Sept. 2, '63. Baton Rouge, La.
- LEWIS J. COOLEY, Corp. Springfield, 21, s; baker. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN M. DAY, Corp. en. Boston, Cr. Salem, 22, s; carpenter. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HIRAM H. DEANE, Corp. Springfield, 21, s; carpenter. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- RICHARD FINNEY, Pembroke, Me., Cr. Boston, 18, s; nailer. Nov. 19, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- THOMAS M. HAZELTON, Corp. Springfield, 24, s; carpenter. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MICHAEL McDONALD, Corp. New Ipswich, m; farmer. Nov. 21, '61. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.
- GEORGE McLANE, Corp. Lowell, 19, s; farmer. Nov. 9, '61. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.
- JOHN F. MILLER, Corp. Charlestown, 21, s; boat-builder. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- LUCAS A. NICKERSON, Corp. Lee, 21, s; clerk. Dec. 30, '64. Deserted July 26, '65. Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.
- FREEMAN H. SEWELL, Corp. en. Lawrence, Cr. Charlestown 23, s; morocco dresser, Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE A. WHELOCK, Corp. Springfield, 20, s; machinist. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN R. TRAFTON, bugler, Taunton, 18, s; farmer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM FERGUSON, bugler, en. Boston, Cr. Cambridge, 21, s; plumber. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- AND, J. POPE, bugler, en. New Orleans, La. 22, m; May 21, '62. Disch. May, '65.
- LEWIS N. PHILLIPS, Cook, en. Plaquemine, La. 21. Jan. 20, '63. Deserted July 12, '64, Algiers, La.
- PETER THOMPSON, Cook, en. Alexandria, 23. May 12, '63. Deserted July 29, '64, Washington, D. C.
- EDWARD B. BALDWIN, Taunton, 17, s; engine turner. Dec. 30, '64. Disch. July 20, '65.

- CHARLES A. BARBER, Worcester, 36; book-binder. Dec. 31, '64. Absent on detached service, Aug. 8, '65. Unof.
- JOSEPH P. BARBER, en. Springfield, Cr. Pittsfield, 18, s; laborer. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES H. BARTON, JR., en. Boston, Cr. Templeton, 21, s; musician. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES H. BEEDE, Salisbury, 21, s; shoe cutter. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HENRY BETZLER, Springfield, 25, s; carriage trimmer. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ANDREW BLAIR, en. Brookfield, 18, s, farmer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM B. BLAISDELL, Lowell, 30, m; shoemaker. Nov. 26, '61. Disch. disa. June 16, '62.
- CHARLES F. BOLSER, en. Salem, Cr. Amesbury, 21, s; shoemaker. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- STEPHEN BRENDEN, Boston, 24, m; shoemaker. Dec. 14, '61. Trans. to V. R. C. Feb. 29, '64. Died Nov. 22, '64. Boston.
- JOSEPH BRODEUR, Hillsboro Bridge, 29, m; shoemaker. Nov. 30, '61. Disch. disa. Sept. 2, '63.
- LEVI H. BROOKS, Bradford, Vt., 20, s; teamster. Nov. 27, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.
- NELSON S. BROWN, en. Springfield, Cr. Pittsfield, 35, s; laborer. Dec. 29, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM BUCKMAN, en. Boston, Cr. Templeton, 19, s; teamster. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HENRY BUNCHER, Lowell, 27, m; engraver. Oct. 27, '61. Disch. disa. Aug. '62.
- GEORGE P. BURLINGAME, Salem, Cr. Amesbury, 29, m; teamster. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE L. BYAM, en. Boston, Cr. West Roxbury, 18, s; farmer. Dec. 28, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- LAMBERT W. CADY, Springfield, 19, s; blacksmith. Dec. 31, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN CAMBELI, Pembroke, Me. 44, m; carpenter; Oct. 19, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62. New Orleans, La.
- LEVI N. CALL, Pembroke, Me. Cr. Rowley, 18, m; fisherman. Oct. 19, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64. Deserted Aug. 28, '64.
- A. J. K. CAMERON, Pembroke, Me. 41, m; tailor. March 27, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.

- FRANK CLIFFORD, Boston, 42, m; laborer. Oct. 23, '61. Died July 3, '63
Springfield Landing, La.
- LOREN C. CLIFFORD, en. Boston, Cr. Marlboro, 21, s; clerk. Dec. 31, '64.
M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOSHUA P. COGGESHALL, en. New Bedford, Cr. Cambridge, 18, s; farmer.
M. O. September 28, '65.
- CORNELIUS CONLEY, en. Boston, Cr. Wrentham, 21, s; machinist. Dec.
31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- AUGUSTUS COUTHER — 32. Nov. 6, '61. Trans. to Co. I. 30th Mass
Vol. Dec. 6.
- MARCUS CORRON, en. Springfield, Cr. Pittsfield, 21, s; laborer. Dec. 29,
'64. Disch. June 8, '65.
- JAMES COX, Lowell, 24; shoemaker. Dec. 3, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.
- TIMOTHY F. CRANE, en. Boston, Cr. Lee, 21, s; Dec. 31, '64. Disch. July
20, '65.
- WILLIAM CURRAN, en. New Orleans. June 16, '62. Died Oct. 21, '63.
Prisoner of war, Richmond, Va.
- ZACHARY DAMON, Springfield, 19, s. armoror. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept.
28, '65.
- MICHAEL DONLAN, Lowell, 31, m; fireman. Nov. 7, '61. Disch. disa.
May 21, '64.
- DENNIS DRISCOLL, en. New Bedford Cr. Cambridge, 18, s; laborer. Dec.
31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- THOMAS F. DUNN, Lowell, 19, m; laborer, May 22, '61. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.
- OSBORNE E. EATON, en. Taunton, 19, s; nailer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O.
Sept. 28, '65.
- ELBRIDGE W. EDDY, en. Lowell 29; Nov. 26, '61. Trans. to C. Batt.
Dec. '61.
- GEORGE F. EDWARDS, New Ipswich, 18, s; farmer. Nov. 18, '61. Disch.
disa. June '62
- CHARLES ESBE, en. New Orleans, La. May 26, '62. Died prisoner of
war, Oct. 21, '63, Richmond, Va.
- DENNIS A. FAGAN, Pittsfield 21, s; clerk. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28,
'65.
- ALBERT A. FIELD, Springfield, 24, s; bookbinder. Dec. 31, '64. M. O.
Sept. 28, '65.
- EBENEZER B. FISHER, Springfield, 29, s; clerk. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept.
28, '65.
- HARRISON FISHER, en. Gloucester, 27. Nov. 25, '61. Disch. disa. Dec. '61.
- JOHN A. FITZPATRICK, Boston, 20, s; seaman. Oct. 12, '62. Trans.
to V.R.C. June, '64. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.

- FREDERICK FORD, Boston, 22, s; seaman. Dec. 5, '61. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.
- SIMON A. FREEMAN, Lowell, 20, s; clerk. Dec. 27, '61. Disch. Jan. 22, '64, and appointed 2nd Lieut. Co. C, 2nd Texas Cav. M. O. as 1st Lieut. Oct. 31, '65.
- SILAS GARDNER, en. New Orleans. June 1, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 2, '64.
- JOHN GATES, en. New Orleans, La. May 21, '62. Deserted July 15, '64, Algiers, La.
- BERNARD GERRA, Lowell, 25, m; operative. Nov. 7, '61. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.
- MOSES D. GLIMAN, Boyleston, 19, s; teamster. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- TRUMAN N. GOFF, Taunton, 19, m; farmer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- BENJAMIN GORRELL, Dedham, 35, m; farmer. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- FRANK B. GOWELL, Dedham, 18, s; farmer. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES H. GRANT, Lanesboro, 20, s; butcher. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- DAVID F. GRANT, Dedham, 21, s; farmer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE W. CRANT, Dedham, 22, m; farmer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN GRANT, Middleboro, 19, s; printer. Dec. 28, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JERRY GREEN, Pittsfield, 23, s; hackman. Dec. 29, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- S. C. GRIFFIN, en. Lowell, 22. Nov. 26, '61. Trans. to 30th Mass. Vol. Dec. '61.
- JOSEPH S. GRUSH, Lowell, 45, m; book-agent. Nov. 30, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.
- EBEN GUPTILL, Gloucester, 19, s; fisherman. Nov. 26, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.
- JOSIAH S. HARDY, Lowell, 45, m; farmer. Nov. 2, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.
- JOHN HARRIS, Quincy, 23, stone-cutter, Dec. 31, '64. Deserted Sept. 1, '65.
- MILAN A. HARRIS, Leominster, 18, s; farmer. Nov. 13, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.
- MARCUS HASKINS, Colerain, 31, m; farmer. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE K. HATCH, Pembroke, Me. 26, m; merchant. Oct. 17, '61. Disch. Aug. 26, '62, and appointed 2nd Lieut. 1st Regt. La. Cav. Disch. July 23, '63.
- EDWARD A. HAYDEN, Dighton, 19, s; laborer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.

- PATRICK FLANNIGAN, Lowell, 35, m; laborer. Nov. 1, '61. Disch. disa. March, '63, Brashear City, La.
- TIMOTHY HENNESEY, Newton, 21, s; varnisher. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM HILAND, Boston, 22, s; hostler. Dec. 2, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.
- GEORGE W. A. HILL, en. N. Brookfield, Cr. Worcester, 24, s; shoemaker. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- PETER HOLDEN, Lowell, 22, m; laborer. Nov. 8, '61. Re-en. Feb. 19, '64. Deserted, Aug. 28, '64.
- PATRICK HOLLIHAN, Lowell, 23, m; laborer. Nov. 4, '61. Died June, '62.
- SAMUEL HOPKINS, Lowell, 20, s; machinist. Nov. 7, '61. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- STEPHEN HOWARD Shirley, 40, m; farmer. Nov. 25, '61. Died June, '63, Brashear City, La.
- ROBERT HUNTER, Eastport, Me. 22, s; painter. Nov. 19, '61. Disch. disa. Aug. 29, '63, Port Hudson, La.
- JOSEPH JACOB, en. New Orleans, La. May 16, '62. Disch. disa. Jan. 18, '64.
- SOREN JANSAN, Denmark, Cr. Rehoboth, 28, s; laborer. March 18, '64. Died July 16, '64, New Orleans, La.
- NATHANIEL B. JELLISON, Boston, 22, m; sailor. Nov. 22, '61. Disch. disa. June 16, '62.
- ALLEN JOHNSON, Boston, 28, m; carpenter. Nov. 28, '61. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.
- OLIVER JONES, Dighton, 19, s; bootmaker. Dec. 31, '64. Disch. July 21, '65.
- THOMAS L. JONES, en. New Orleans, La. — Nov. 25, '62. Died Nov. 12, '63, Port Hudson, La.
- DAVID KIEF, Springfield, 21, s; moulder. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN M. KINGSLEY, en. New Orleans, La. — May 23, '62. Died May 14, '64, Alexandria, La.
- ALBERT KITTRELL, Quincy, 29, m; expressman. Jan. 2, '65. Deserted July 26, '65, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.
- GEORGE F. LORD, Cambridge, 21, s; clerk. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- WILLIAM J. LOWERY, Springfield, s, 19; mechanic. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES MAHAN, Pembroke, Me. 18. Nov. 27, '61. Trans. to Co. I, 30th Mass. Vol. Dec. '61.

- MORRIS MARCH, Lowell, 21, s; operative. Nov. 27, '61. At M. O. Roll date Dec. 5, '64, reported absent sick.
- BENJAMIN B. MAYBERRY, Lowell, 36. Nov. 30, '61. Disch. Dec. '61.
- DANIEL MCAULEY, Gloucester, 26; fisherman. Nov. 20, '61. Killed in action, May, '63, Bayou Jack, La.
- JOEL McALEB, Gloucester, 19, s; fisherman. Nov. 25, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62, New Orleans, La.
- JOHN W. McCracken, Boston, 25, m; shoemaker. Nov. 18, '61. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.
- JOHN McDONALD, Boston, 23, m; carpenter. Dec. 3, '61. Disch. and promoted to be 2nd Lieut. 2nd Regt. Louisiana Vol. Inf. Aug. '62. Resigned March 16, '65.
- JAMES McGRAVEY, Springfield, 25, s; laborer. Dec. 30, '64. Disch. Aug. 2, '65.
- ALEXANDER McKENZIE, South Reading, 21, s; blacksmith. Dec. 31, '64. Deserted July 26, '65, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.
- JAMES McMAHON, Dedham, 24, m; driver. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- THOMAS McMANUS, Newton, 23, s; saddler. Dec. 31, '62. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JOHN MORAN, en. New Orleans, La. Sept. 29, '62. Deserted Nov. 19, '63, Port Hudson.
- EDWARD MOULTON, Lynnfield, 21, s; shoemaker. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MANSFIELD A. MOULINS, Gloucester, 22, m; fisherman. Nov. 14, '61. Disch. disa. Sept. 16, '62.
- JOHN H. MURPHY, Bradford, 19, s; currier. Jan. 2, '65. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HENRY W. NIBBS, en. Boston, Cr. Haverhill, 18; shoemaker. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- HUGH S. O'NIEL, Lowell, 22, m; currier. Oct. 22, '61. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.
- WILLIAM O. OSGOOD, Lowell, 25, m. farmer. Dec. 2, '61. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.
- JAMES OSMOND, Pembroke, Me. 19, s; mason, Nov. 19, '61. Killed in action, May, '63, Bayou Jack, La.
- ALBERT W. PATTEN, Salisbury, 19, s; farmer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- MOSES S. PAUL, Lowell, 21, s; clerk, Dec. 2, '61. Died Nov. '62, Thibadeaux, La.
- OLIVER PLUMATO, Lowell, 34, m; barber. — Died July 1, '63, New Orleans, La.

- HIRAM PLUMMER, JR. Ipswich, 19, s; carrier. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CLARENCE O. POLAND, en. Salem, Cr. Lee, 18, s; blacksmith, Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- RICHARD POWERS, JR., Salem, 23, m; laborer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ALLEN PRITCHARD, Pittsfield, 21, s; laborer. Dec. 30, '64. Died Aug. 11, '65, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.
- IRA H. PROCTER, Peterboro, N. H. 21, m; shoemaker. Nov. 21, '61. Trans. to V. R. C. Feb. 29, '64.
- CHARLES RAY, Pittsfield, 20, s; spinner. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ROMAN REED, Springfield, 36, s; laborer. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- SAMUEL REYNOLDS, Pembroke, Me, 27. — Nov. 27, '61. Disch. disa. Dec. '61.
- STEPHEN RICHARDSON, JR., Lowell, 26, m; teamster. Nov. 3, '61. Disch. disa. July 19, '64.
- THOMAS ROBERTS, Boston, 23, s; seaman, Nov. 30, '61. Trans. to Navy July 14, '64.
- DANIEL ROZENQUAT, en. New Orleans, La. — Sept. 17, '62. Trans. to V. R. C. Feb. 29, '64.
- EDWARD A. SAUNDERS, New Ipswich, 18, s; tinker. Nov. 12, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.
- GEORGE E. SEYMORE, Pembroke, Me. 18, s; farmer. Nov. 19, '61. Died June, '62.
- WILLIAM SHIRMIRSTER, Disch. disa. Sept. 28, '63.
- AUGUSTUS SHUTES, en. New Orleans, La., Dec. 23, '62. Died March 28, '64. Annapolis, Md.
- A. SHUTTLE, Died March 27, '64, Annapolis, Md. Unof.
- CHARLES B. SIMONDS, Hancock, 23, s; farmer. Nov. 30, '61. Disch. disa. June '62.
- WILLIAM SIMPSON, Cambridge, 20, s; laborer. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- DAVID SLOAN, Waterloo, N. J., Cr. Yarmouth, 20, s; farmer. March 8, '64. Deserted July 13, '64, Algiers, La.
- ALFRED SMALL, Pembroke, Me., 22, m; Alrotypist. Nov. 27, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.
- CHARLES F. SMITH, New Jersey, Cr. Middleboro, 20; laborer. Dec. 30, '64. Disch. July 8, '65.

- JAMES SMITH, JR., Pembroke, Me., 33, m; trader. Nov. 27, '61. Absent on detached serv., since Oct. '64. No later record.
- JOSEPH A. SNELL, Cambridge, 19, s; laborer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ALPHEUS SPAULDING, Lowell, 44, m; fruit dealer. Nov. 14, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.
- CHARLES A. SPAULDING, Lowell, 18, s; school boy. Nov. 11, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62, New Orleans, La. Sub. serv.
- HORACE W. STIMSON, Springfield, 24, s; pedler. Dec. 30, '64. Disch. June 13, '65.
- JOHN F. STODDARD, East Abington, 18, s; seaman. Jan. 5, '64. Trans. to Navy, July 14, '64.
- CHARLES E. STUDLEY, Pembroke, Me., 21, s; pedler. Nov. 19, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.
- EDWARD E. H. STURTEVANT, Boston, 21, s; salesman. Oct. 1, '61. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.
- JEREMIAH SULLIVAN, en. Boston, Cr. Wrentham, 21, s; packer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES H. SYMONDS, Boston, 21, s; teamster. Dec. 2, '61. M. O. Dec. 5, '64.
- EUGENE H. TODD, Topsfield, 19, m; shoemaker. Died Sept. 30, '63. Port Hudson.
- FREDERICK G. TREES, en. Boston, Cr. Cambridge, 23, s; laborer. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Prior serv.
- CHARL ULXBREN, Germany, Cr. Rehoboth, 21, m; carpenter. March 18, '64. Died Nov. 10, '64, Baltimore, Md.
- THEODORE VIEWIG, deserted Aug. 10, '63, Port Hudson.
- ALBERT S. WARD, Springfield, 18, s; carpenter. Dec. 30, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- CHARLES WERNER, Charlestown, 21, s; clerk. Jan. 5, '64. Deserted July 15, '64, Algiers, La.
- WILLIAM L. WESTON, New Ipswich, 18, s; cigar-maker. Nov. 12, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.
- BENJAMIN P. WHEELER, en. Worcester, Cr. North Brookfield, 27, m; moulder. Dec. 29, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- GEORGE E. WHITE, en. Boston, Cr. Princeton, 21, m; laborer. Dec. 27, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- ZACHARY T. WILEY, en. Salem, Cr. Lynnfield, 21, s; farmer. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- JAMES K. WILLIAMS, Baron, Me. Cr. Norton, 21, s; seaman. Dec. 14, '63. Trans. to Navy, July 14, '64.
- THOMAS J. WILLIAMS, Salem, 33, m; shoemaker. Dec. 31, '64. M. O. Sept. 28, '65.
- FRANCIS WYMAN, Lynn, 21, s; shoemaker. Nov. 14, '61. Disch. disa. June, '62.

READ'S COMPANY.

(See "History of Read's Company," by Lieut. F. D. Pope, printed in this work, p. 277)

- ANDREW MORSE, JR., 1st Sergt. Wareham, 28, s; carpenter. Sept. 24, '61. Disch. to accept commission in 1st Louisiana Cavalry, Aug. 26, '62. Capt. Dec. 20, '63. Prior serv.
- CHARLES F. READ, 1st Sergt. Gardner, 26, m; clerk. Sept. 30, '61. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- HADIJAH LINCOLN, Q.-M. Sergt. Wareham, 34, m; merchant. Oct. 1, '61. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- CLARENCE S. BAILEY, Sergt., Gardner, 30, m; mechanic. Sept. 30, '61. Disch. to accept commission in 2nd Louisiana Cavalry, Oct. 8, '63. Capt. May 12, '64. Disch. Sept. 7, '64.
- HERMAN BECK, Sergt. en. New Orleans, La., May 9, '62. Trans. to 1st Texas Cavalry, Dec. 13, '62.
- MOSES W. EMERY, Sergt. Gardner, 30, m; mechanic. Sept. 30, '61. Disch. disa. July 1, '62, New Orleans, La.
- CHARLES HOUGHTON, Sergt., Boston, 21, s; clerk. Dec. 11, '61. Disch. to accept commission in 2nd Louisiana Cavalry, Nov. 3, '63.
- SAMUEL Q. JONES, Sergt. Essex, 21, s; ship joiner. Oct. 16, '61. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- HERMAN I. STARK, Sergt. Boston, 22, s; soldier. Oct. 14, '61. Died of wounds received in action, Oct. 20, '63.
- HIRAM F. STEWART, Sergt., Wareham, 24, m; cooper. Sept. 27, '61. Disch. to accept commission as 1st Lieut. in 1st Louisiana Cavalry, Aug. 26, '62. Resigned Sept. 5, '63.
- CHARLES I. TAYLOR, Sergt., Lowell, 26, s; carpenter. Oct. 28, '61. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- BURRAGE Y. WARNER, Sergt., New Bedford, 33, m; miller. Oct. 2, '61. Disch. disa. June 28, '62, New Orleans, La.
- HENRY WESTHUS, Sergt. en. New Orleans, La., 31; painter. May 12, '62. Disch. May 12, '65, from Company 1, exp. serv.

- HENRY F WILLIAMSON, Sergt., New Bedford, 21, m; butcher. Sept. 29, '61. Disch. to accept commission 1st Louisiana Infantry, Aug. 26, '62. Promoted to be major 2nd Louisiana Cavalry, May 4, '64.
- WILLIAM A. WRIGHT, Sergt., Marblehead, 28, s; stone cutter. Nov. 27, '61. Disch. Jan. 2, '65, exp. serv.
- EDWARD A. BRALEY, Corp.; 25, m; farmer. Nov. 5 '61. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- CHARLES CORCORAN, Corp., en. New Orleans, La., May 9, '62. Disch. disa. from wound, March 19, '64.
- WILLIAM D. COOSE, Corp., Essex, 23, m; salesman. Oct. 14, '61. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- JOSHUA W. DOWST, Corp., Salem, 26, s; painter. Dec. 2, '61. Disch. disa. June 30, '63.
- WILLIAM S. DOTY, Corp., Wareham, 18, s; farmer. Oct. 7, '61. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- ARTHUR P. GALLEY, Corp., Mount Desert, Me., 22, s; sailor. Nov. 12 '61. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- NICHOLAS HEISHOFF, Corp., en. New Orleans, May 9, '62. Deserted July 20, '64, New Orleans, La.
- JOHN W. LANGLEY, Corp., en. Boston, 19, s; coachman. Sept. 20, '61. Disch. disa. June 15, '62.
- ALONZO. W. PERSONS, Corp. Woburn, 28, m; merchant, Dec. 18, '61. Disch. and appointed Capt. Co. G, 1st La. Inf. Aug. 2, '62. M. O. July 12, '65.
- LORENZ PEZOLD, Corp. en. New Orleans, La. 26; carpenter. May 9, '62. M. O. '65.
- ISAIAH ROBBINS, Jr. Corp. Keene, N. H. 22, s; carpenter. Sept. 27, '61. Disch. disa. July 15, '62, New Orleans, La.
- ELLIS S. RUSSELL, Corp. Hartford, Me. 23, s. Oct. 25, '61. Disch. to accept com. in 1st. Louisiana Inf. Aug. 27, '63. 1st Lieut. May 1, '64.
- FERDINAND SPEAR, Corp. en. New Orleans, La. June 14, '62. Killed by the enemy after surrendering, May 15, '63, Independent Station, La.
- WILLIAM SWEENEY, Corp. New Brunswick, 24, s; brick-layer. Oct. 24, '61. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- EDWARD TAUPSEN, Corp. en. New Orleans, La. June 13, '62. Died Nov. 4, '63, Bonnet Carré, La.
- FREKERICK J. HARTNER, bugler. en. New Orleans, La. 25; harness maker, June 8, '62. Disch. May 19, '65, from Co. D, expired service.
- WILLIAM B. HAMBLIN, Bugler, Boston, 19, s; clerk. Nov. 25, '61. Discharged Feb. 29, '64, to accept commission as 2nd Lieut. 4th Regt. U. S. C. Cav. Taken prisoner on Red River campaign, and supposed to have been shot by enemy.

- JAMES WILEY, Farmer, Framingham, 35, m; stone-cutter. Nov. 5, '61. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- GEORGE W. BURKE, Saddler, Chelsea, 19, s; saddler. Sept. 30, '61. Disch. disa. June 28, '62, New Orleans, La.
- HENRY W. BUGBEE, Wagoner, East Wareham, 33, m; teamster, Oct. 14, '61. Disch. disa. June 15, '62, New Orleans, La.
- IGNATCY HARTMAN, Saddler, en. New Orleans, La. saddler, May 6, '62, Wounded Sept. 19, '61. M. O. May 17, '65, from Co. M.
- JAMES A. WILEY, Wagoner, Framingham, 18, s; teamster. Nov. 4, '61. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- ALBERT D. AMSDEN, Grafton, 19, s; student, Sept. 26, '61. Died May 13, '62. New Orleans, La.
- FRANK ARTIGUE, en. New Orleans, La. 24; driver, July 30, '62. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- ALLEN G. ASHLEY, New Bedford, 21, s; miller. Sept. 30, '61. Disch. disa. Feb. 28, '63, Carrollton, La.
- WILLIAM H. BECK, Wenham, 32, m; shoemaker. Oct. 30, '61. Disch. dis. June, '15, '62.
- JOHN M. BENSON, Hartford, Me. 19, s; farmer, Oct. 15, '61. Disch. disa. Oct. 1, '62, New Orleans, La.
- BERNARD BLANCK, en. New Orleans, La., 24; shoemaker. May 17, '64. Disch. disa. Feb. 6, '65, from Company H.
- GEORGE F. BRALEY, Rochester, 24, s; farmer. Oct. 15, '61. Disch. disa. June 15, '62, New Orleans, La.
- ANDREW BROCHE, en, New Orleans, La., July 1, '62. Deserted Sept. 6, '63.
- ALBERT E. BURLINGAME, Brighton, 18, s; farmer. Dec. 9, '61. Disch. disa. July 1, '62, New Orleans, La.
- JOHN L. BURNHAM, Lawrence, 46, m; stone cutter. Oct. 12, '61. Disch. disa. July 1, '62, New Orleans, La.
- WILLIAM F. CARLETON, Chelsea, 20, s; trunk maker. Nov. 1, '61. Disch. and commissioned 2nd Leut. 1st Louisiana Cavalry, Aug. 26, '62. Disch. Dec. 22, '63.
- LEOPOLD CORTEL, en. New Orleans, La., Aug. 6, '62. Deserted Sept. 24, '62.
- BERNARD CASNANE, en. New Orleans, La., July 31, '62. Deserted Sept. 24, '63.
- CHARLES H. CHANDLER, Lowell, 20, Nov. 20, '61. Disch. disa. Feb. 1, '62.
- JOHN CLARK, en. New Orleans, La., June 19, '62. Deserted June 23, '62.
- JOHN K. COLLINS, Deer Island, Me., 21, s; seaman. Nov. 1, '61. Disch. disa. March 28, '64, because of wound received by accident.
- WILLIAM COSGROVE, Mendon, 19, s; bootmaker. Oct. 14, '61. Died Sept. 9, '62, Carrollton, La.

- JOHN CRAFTS, JR., Essex, 42, m; farmer. Nov. 9, '61. Disch. disa. June 15, '62.
- TIMOTHY CROUGH, en. New Orleans, Aug. 21, '62. Disch. disa. from wounds March 28, '64.
- WILLIAM DAVIS, Bristol, Me., 21, s; sailor. Nov. 15, '61. Reported on M. O. roll as absent, sick, Nov. 26, '64.
- JAMES M. DOTY, Wareham, 23, s; nailer. Oct. 7, '61. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- JOHN DOWNEY, Brooklyn, N. Y., 23, m; barber. Nov. 15, '61. Disch. by sentence of General Court Martial, April 14, '62. Unof.
- JAMES F. DRESSER, Stockbridge, 19, s; clerk. Nov. 8, '61. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- WILLIAM H. DRESSER, Stockbridge, 19, s; farmer. Nov. 27, '61. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- JOHN C. FARRAR, Buckfield, Me. 21, s; farmer. Oct. 26, '61. Disch. disa. June. 15, '62, New Orleans.
- LEWIS FINNEY, Middleboro, 24, m; shoemaker. Dec. 6, '61. Disch. and commissioned in 42nd Regt. U. S. C. Inf. 1st Lieut. March, '64.
- CHARLES FISHER, en. New Orleans, May 12, '62. Died April 14, '64, New Orleans.
- FRANK E. FLAGG, Framingham, 22, s; piano-maker. Oct. 24, '61. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- CHARLES GABLER, en. New Orleans, May 9, '62. Deserted July 20, '64. Algiers, La.
- JAMES GALLAGHER, Lowell, 25, s; tinsmith, July 19, '62. Died March 16, '65.
- JOHN H. GUILD, Nashua, N. H. 23, s; manufacturer, Oct. 30, '61. Prisoner of war, but escaped from enemy, and joined Regt. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
- GEORGE HENNAN, en. New Orleans, June 12 '62. Disch. disa. May 5, '63.
- NATHANIEL S. HARRIS, Lynn, 22, m; teamster. Dec. 9, '61. Disch. disa. April 10, '62. Ship Island, Miss.
- JASON C. HATCH, Essex, 19, s. farmer. Oct. 4, '61. Killed in action Oct. 19, '64. Cedar Creek, Va.
- GEORGE HAYWARD, Blissfield, Mich. 21, s; hunter. Sept. 20, '61. Disch. disa. June 15, '62. New Orleans.
- GEORGE D. HERBERT, N. Y. 34, m; soldier. Jan. 6, '62. Disch. and commissioned 1st Lieut. 1st Louisiana Cavalry, Aug. 26, '62. Disch. Dec. 29, '62.
- LEWIS HERMAN, en. New Orleans. May 6, '62. Deserted Oct. 26, '62, Carrollton, La.
- BENJAMIN HERRICK, JR. Topsfield, 36, m; stone-cutter. Dec. 3, '61. Disch. disa. June 15, '62, New Orleans.

- WILLIAM E. HERRICK, Beverly, 26, s; shoemaker. Nov. 13, '61. Disch. disa. June 15, '62. Unof.
- EBEN V. HITCH, Fairhaven, 27, s; clerk. Sept. 27, '61. Disch. and commissioned in 1st Louisiana Cavalry, Aug. 27, '63. Capt. July 4, '64. M. O. Dec. 18, '65.
- FRANKLIN L. HULL, Fairhaven, 39, m; engineer. Sept. 27, '61. Disch. disa. April 13, '63.
- ALVAH K. HURTER, En. Boston 21; merchant. Dec. 12, '61. M. O. Dec. 27, '64. Also a member of Co. L.
- CAWLEY R. JONES, Lowell, 21, s; clerk. Dec. 10, '61. Disch. disa. April 10, '62, Ship Island, Miss. Sub. serv.
- WILLIAM H. JONES, Cambridge, 23, s; watch maker. Dec. 21, '61. Disch. disa. April 1, '63.
- FRANK B. JORDAN, Manchester, N. H., 25, m; lumberman. Sept. 21, '61. Disch. disa. June 15, '62, New Orleans.
- GEORGE KAHLER, en. New Orleans. May 11, '62. Deserted Jan. 12, '63, Carrollton, La.
- JAMES F. KESOFF, Roxbury, 32, m; currier. Dec. 23, '61. Disch. disa. Oct. 1, '62.
- AUGUST KIRK, en. New Orleans, 29; fresco painter. May 10, '62. Disch. May 17, '65, from Company D, exp. serv.
- HENRY KNOUT, en. New Orleans, May 9, '62. Disch. disa. Feb. 28, '63, Carrollton, La.
- WILLIAM KUNZ, en. New Orleans, June 13, '62. Died of wounds Aug. 14, '63, New Orleans.
- JULIUS LASTMAN, en. New Orleans, 29; carpenter. June 4, '62. Disch. Aug. 17, '65, in Company C, exp. serv.
- FREDERICK, C. LELAND, Winchendon, 19, s; mechanic, Nov. 2, '61. Disch. and commissioned 2nd Lieut. 83d Regt. U. S. C. Inf., Aug. 29, '63.
- JAMES A. LEONARD, JR., Middleboro, 38, s; manufacturer. Sept. 30, '61. Disch. and commissioned R. Q. M., in 1st Louisiana Infantry, Aug. 16, '62. M. O. Aug. 12, '65.
- JOSIAH E. LOUD, North Weymouth, 22, s; shoemaker. Dec. 6, '61. Disch. disa. June 15, '62.
- GEORGE M. LOVERING, East Randolph, 30, m; carpenter. Dec. 4, '61. Disch. disa. June 15, '62, New Orleans.
- JOHN J. LYNCH, Roxbury, 20, s; clerk. Jan. 1, '62. Disch. and commissioned 2nd Lieut. 98th Regt. U. S. C. Inf., Sept. 17, '63. Disch. Feb. 12, '64.
- JOHN MANNING, en. New Orleans, July 31, '62. Deserted Sept. 28, '62. Camp Williams, La.

- PATRICK McHALE, Lawrence, 21, s; shoemaker. Dec. 21, '61. Deserted Aug. 12, '64.
- EDWARD McDERMOTT, en. New Orleans, 26; laborer. June 16, '62. Disch. May 18, '65, in Co. C. exp. serv.
- FRANCIS MARCEAU, en. New Orleans. Oct. 28, '62. Deserted May 1, '64.
- AUGUST MENGER, en. New Orleans, 28; baker. May 16, '62. Disch. May 3, '65, exp. serv. from Co. H.
- WILLIAM MILLER, Boston, 24 Nov. 14, '61. Died July 5, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- JOB. M. MOSHIER, Dartmouth, 19, s; farmer. Oct. 5, '61. Died Aug. 26, '62. New Orleans.
- SYLVANUS MURRAY, Boston, 30, m; tailor. Nov. 8, '61. Deserted Nov. 29, '62.
- JOHN G. NICHOLS, Middleboro, 49, m; teamster. Dec. 9, '61. Disch. disa. June 15, '62.
- HAMMOND NOLTE, en. New Orleans, La. 30, tailor. May 12, '62. Disch. May 13, '65, in Co. C. exp. serv.
- JULIUS OBERKAMP Wolfenbutte, Ger. en. St. James' Parish, La. 20; saddler. June 1, '63. Prisoner of war since Oct. 19, '64. No further record.
- GEORGE W. PEABODY Middletown 23, m; shoemaker. Nov. 27, '61. Died April 26, '62, on ship "North America" Mississippi River.
- JOHN B. PATTEN, Lynn, 42, m; shoemaker. Dec. 11, '62. M. O. Dec. 24, '64.
- HENRY T. RENNARD, North Weymouth, 21, s; bootmaker. Sept. 25, '61. Killed in action Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.
- MANUEL RUDD, en. New Orleans, Nov. 1, '62. Deserted Dec. 21, '62.
- SIMON SAHR, en. New Orleans, June 16, '62. Deserted Oct. 29, '62.
- CHARLES G. SCHAEFFER, en. New Orleans, 22; confectioner. June 14, '62. Disch. May 20, '65, from Company D. exp. serv.
- CHRISTIAN SCHMIDT, en. New Orleans, 41; blacksmith. June 16, '62. Disch. May 19, '65, from Company H. exp. serv.
- CHARLES C. SHOOF, en. New Orleans, 36; harness maker. July 1, '62. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. May 19, '65.
- AMOS P. SEARLES, Phillipston, 25, s; chair-maker. Oct. 25, '61. Died Nov. 12, '62. Carrollton, Va.
- DENNIS SEGREE, en. New Orleans, Nov. 10, '62. Died Nov. 4, '63. Bonnet Carré.
- HENRY S. SELDEN, N. Y., 19, s; druggist. Dec. 19, '61. Absent on detached serv. since Sept. 25, '63. No further record.
- GEORGE SMITH, en. New Orleans, Jan. 10, '62. Deserted, Sept. 9, '62.

- HENRY SMITH, en. New Orleans, Oct. 27, '62. Deserted Dec. 15, '62. New Bridge, La.
- ROBERT SNIDER, en. New Orleans, Oct. 9, '62. Deserted March 6, '63.
- FRANK A. STARKEY, Brighton, 20, s; clerk. Dec. 9, '61. Died April 14, '62. Ship Island, Miss.
- CHRISTIAN STROHLE, New Orleans, La. 26; shoemaker. May 9, '62. Disch. May 10, '65 in Company C, exp. serv.
- EDWARD SULLIVAN, en. New Orleans, May 9, '62. Deserted Sept. 12, '62. Camp Williams, La.
- WILLIAM THOMPSON, Warrington, Va. 18, s; sailor. Dec. 23, '61. Disch. to accept a commission in 1st Texas Cavalry Dec. 25, '62.
- CHARLES TIBBETTS, Gloucester, 21, s; sailor. Oct. 22, '61. Disch. and commissioned 2nd Lieut. 2nd Regt. U. S. C. Cavalry Sept. 21, '63. Resigned Oct. 22, '64.
- RICHARD ULHMAN, en. New Orleans, May 17, '62. Disch. disa. Oct. 15, '62. New Orleans, La.
- GEORGE WATSON, en. New Orleans, Aug. 20, '62. Died Oct. 18, '62. Carrollton, La.
- ANDREW J. WHITTIER, Lexington, Ky. 23, s; soldier. Nov. 15, '61. Disch. Feb. 29, '64, and commissioned 1st Lieut. 4th Regt. U. S. C. Cav. Resigned August 29, '65.
- CHARLES G. WINCHESTER, Gardner, 21, s; clerk. Oct. 22, '61. M. O. Nov. 26, '64.
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UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.

- JOHN BILL, Boston, 23, s; apothecary. Jan. 18, '64. Missing in action Oct. '64.
- GEORGE E. BROWN, Waltham, 18, s; watchmaker. Dec. 9, '63. Died Mar. 25, '64. Unof.
- JOHN P. BURKE, — Died July 2, '63, Baton Rouge, La.
- JOHN CALLAHAN, Boston, 27, s; blacksmith. Feb. 25, '64. Died April 28, '64, New Orleans, La.
- RICHARD H. CARTER, JR., Lynn 19, s; shoemaker. Feb. 10, '64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Disch. disa. May 27, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM CONGDON, Boston, 44, m; clerk. Feb. 4, '64. Died June 4, '64. Greenville, La.
- NATHANIEL M. DARLING, South Attleboro, 18, s; farmer. Jan. 4, '64. Missing in action, Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va. No further record.
- DANIEL FOLLANSBEE, Lowell, 25, m; painter. On gnard duty at Fort Jackson since April '62. No later records.
- DELOS B. FORD, en. Boston, 18; printer. Feb. 15, '64. Disch. July 24, '65. Unof.
- LEWIS P. GUELPA, Chelsea, Cr. Charlestown, 18, s; brassworker. March 31, 64. Wounded Sept. 19, '64. Trans. to V R. C. and disch. Nov. 20, '65.
- THOMAS HARDING, Sweden, Cr. Sandwich, 22; seaman. March 31, '64. Trans. to Navy, May 17, '64.
- JAMES JEFFREY, Halifax, N. S. en. Belmont, 24, s; seaman. Nov. 16, '63. M. O. Sept. 28, '65. Unof.
- JOHN P. JONES, Bradley, Me. Cr. Holliston, 25. m; mill-man. Dec. 14, '64. Absent without leave since June 11, '65. Unof.
- CORNELIUS KILEY, Boston, 34, s; mariner. Feb. 27, '64. Absent without leave since June 19, '65. No later record. Unof.
- JOHN LEAVITT, Portland, Me. Cr. Sterling, 19, s; printer. July 26, '64, Absent sick at Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. No later record. Unof.
- THOMAS G. MARCY, Nantucket, 21, s; clerk. Sept. 2, '64. Dishon. Disch. Jan. 17, '66. Unof.
- NICHOLAS MAXWELL, en. Yarmouth, 23; laborer. March 11, '64. Trans. to Navy April 2, 64, and deserted, April 13, 64.

- DANIEL MCCARTHY New York, Cr. Dartmouth, 28, s; laborer. Feb. 13, '64. Disch. disa. June 15, '64. Unof.
- ALEXANDER MCGREGOR, Lisbon, New York, en Littleton, 42, s; gardener. Nov. 18, '63. Disch. disa. Jan. 26, '64.
- JOHN B. MORRIS, N. Dighton, Cr. Woburn, 20, s; farmer. Sept. 8, '64. Absent without leave since June, '65.
- WILLIAM H. MORRIS, Pawtucket, R. I. 23, s; farmer, Sept. 8, '64. Absent without leave since June '65. Unof.
- HANS PETER PETERSON, Boston, Cr. Templeton, 40, m; book-keeper. June 28, '64. Disch. May 18, '65.
- JOHN QUINLAN, Brookline, 19, s; shoemaker. Dec. 26, '63. Deserted May 21, '65. Unof.
- CHARLES E. REED, Newfield, Me. 20, s; laborer. Jan. 18, '64. Disch. disa. May 16, '64. Unof.
- JOSEPH W. SHAW, Prescott, 29, m; farmer. Sept. 1, '64. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM W. SHELTON. Southampton, N.B., en. Boston, 28, s; seaman. Nov. 25, '61. Disch. disa. Dec. 1, '62. Unof.
- HEINRICH SCHMIDT. N. Y. Cr. Boston, 21, s; clerk, March 7, '64. Deserted July 12, '64. Unof.
- LOUIS SMITH, N. Y. Cr. Dorchester, 19, s; tailor. Nov. 15, '64. Absent without leave since June '65. Unof.
- WILLIAM ST. JOHNS, N. Y. Cr. Leominster, 23, s; clerk. Feb. 24, '64. Present June, 30, '65. No later record. Unof.
- HORACE A. TYRRELL, Heath, 19, s; farmer. Sept. 7, '64. Disch. Dec. 29, '64, on ground of minority.
- WILLIAM F. UPTON, North Prescott, 18, s; sailor. Sept. 17, '64. Disch. May 20, '65. Unof.
- NELSON S. WATSON, West Greenwich, R. I. Cr. Chelsea, 28, m; seaman. Aug. 5, '64. Disch. June, 3, '65.
- CALVIN O. WILKINS. Lancaster, N. H. Cr. Roxbury, 27, m; farmer. March 14, '64. Died June 30, '64, Morganza, La.. Unof.
- ANSEL W. WILLIAMS, Tewksbury, 26, m; farmer. Nov. 28, '61. Died Feb. 28, '62.

From the above statistics we learn that there were killed or died from wounds, 89; wounded, 113; died from disease, 158; discharged by reason of disability, 394; discharged for promotion in other regiments, 59; died as prisoners of war in hands of the enemy, 17. The number of wounded seems to be incorrect, owing to defective records. We find some companies reporting more killed than wounded; one company reports five killed and none wounded. The usual proportion of wounded to killed or died of wounds would make the number of wounded here reported twice as great.

Reunions of Third Mass. Cavalry.

DATE.		PLACE.	PRESIDENT.
1865.	Nov. 1	Parker House	Col. T. E. Chickering
1866.	Nov. 1	" "	Col. L. D. Sargent
1867.	Nov. 1	" "	" "
1868.	Oct. 19	Sturtevant House	" "
1869.	Nov. 1	7 Hanover Street	Col. F. G. Pope
1870.	Nov. 1	" "	" "
1871.	Nov. 1	Clarendon House	" "
1872.	Nov. 1	Arlington House	Major E. L. Noyes
1873.	Nov. 3	Clarendon House	" "
1874.	Oct. 19	Crawford House	Major D. T. Bunker
1875.	Oct. 19	American House	Capt. C. B. Stoddard
1876.	Sept. 19	" "	Capt. R. C. Elliot
1877.	Sept. 17	" "	Lieutenant J. P. Maxfield
1878.	Oct. 18	G. A. R. Hall, Lawrence	Col. L. D. Sargent
1879.	Sept. 19	Maverick House	" "
1880.	July 8	Downer Landing	Capt. W. A. Gove
1881.	Sept. 19	American House	Capt. W. A. Cunningham
1882.	Sept. 19	" "	Lieut. N. S. Dickey
1883.	Sept. 19	" "	Capt. C. E. Grover
1884.	Dec. 4	Young's Hotel	Capt. C. W. C. Rhoades
1885.	Sept. 19	New Bedford	Col. D. P. Muzzey
1886.	Sept. 3 and 4	Provincetown	Capt. J. W. Hervey
1887.	Sept. 19	Lynn	J. C. Thomas
1888.	Oct. 19	American House,	Hon. H. B. Lovering
1889.	Oct. 19	" "	" "
1890.	Aug. 12	Tremont House	Capt. R. B. Granger
1891.	Oct. 19	The Quincy	Surg. A. H. Blanchard
1892.	Aug. 31	American House	Capt. J. H. Kingsley
1893.	Sept. 22	Berkeley Halls	Capt. P. S. Curry
1894.	Sept. 19	" "	Lieut. Milan A. Harris
1895.	Sept. 22	" "	Capt. Wm. Harris
1896.	Sept. 22	Brockton	Capt. H. D. Pope
1897.	Oct. 19	Faneuil Hall	Col. John F. Vinal
1898.	Oct. 6	Berkeley Halls	Chas. T. Emery
1899.	Sept. 19	" "	Francis T. Holder
1900.	Sept. 19	" "	" "
1901.	Sept. 19	American House	William Gallagher
1902.	Oct. 19	" "	Rev. James K. Ewer
1903.	Nov. 5	" "	" "

ERRORS AND CORRECTIONS.

Page 16, 3rd line of Topics, "Major, Sergeant." should read "Major Sargent."

Page 18, John "A." Vinal, should be John "F." Vinal.

Page 19, Fred "D." Pope should read Fred. "G." Pope.

Page 55, 13th line from top, "respice" should read "surprise."

Page 77, "Simonsport" should "Simmsport," 2d line from bottom.

Page 82, "was" should read "were," 10th line from top.

Bottom of Page 121, "Darivage" should read "Durivage."

On Page 113, is an account of the capture of Lt. Gove. Since that account was written additional facts have come to light. The force fired upon was going from Port Hudson to meet another coming up from Baton Rouge. The detachment fired upon was commanded by Capt. Muzzey.

Page 413, 2nd paragraph, 4th line, should read, "he was made," instead of "he made."

Page 143, end of second paragraph, "come" should read "came."

Page 168, second paragraph in the sixth line, "cannons" should read "cannoniers."

Page 178, last word of Topics should read "Morganza," instead of "Morgania."

Page 264, 2d line, last paragraph, "62" should be "63."

Page 280, 3rd paragraph "Lieut. Weitzel" should be "Lieut. Weigel."

Page 291, the heading should be "In St. James Parish."



